

3000 Flowers

Destroyer

She was part of an inner circle--
Daughters of the Motherland.
Like a ship lit up at sea,
with scars where its talons used to be.
I was a slow learner, I moved in flourishes.
I was a late-bloomer, I moved in flourishes.
Last man on the scene--
Fresh face on a dying scene,
One-hundredth of a wet, black bough.
I was Clytemnestra on a good day,
Dispensing wisdom to the uninitiated.
The initiates brought out in tumbrils,
Shed out by the dawn.
Like a woman, I was kept as the wealthy
American underground wept at the sight of Rhodes Island sinking
into the sea.

And the sky still reigned supreme over the land as the music lo
vers
sat cross-legged in the sand, and in time, and in Space,
And, in other words, in a band who, much like churchgoers, fuck
themselves... up.