

Paper Thin

Hot Water Music

Send me up and give me magazine copies of open Spaces, and open
ends distant, diverted from the Medicine, and our own ends tha
t we're seeing. White white walls and hospitals, all of us feel
Trivial and relative, tentative and waiting for Our own white
white walls and hospitals, all of Us feel trivial and paper thi
n, tentative and Waiting. For just another day of no answers, a
nd No promises in the nighttime, but in the meantime Fucking ho
spitals and medicine stand towering and Cold and pallid. Send m
e up into the towering Hospitals and their medicine.