## **Picture Elvis**

She breathes through the book Measures a picture there Picks up the knife Cuts it to wallet size Now she has lived Now she has breathed Now she's tasted heaven but the trip doesn't sting And all she wanted was a photograph Rain on my tongue Feels like I'm tasting god Silver and gold Drinking the riches up Back to the night And if I died I'm going to ask my questions on the other side And all she wanted was a photograph Mask of the city hangs in mock deliberation I step outside the wire while the sun strips off my cocaine Bent like a banshee while my cup is overflowing Another brutal ending I know I'm an animal story telling And she breathes through the book Said that she never knew Question is easy But answer is hard to take The binding cracks The words will fade But she keeps the picture in the frame that she made And all she wanted was a photograph...

## Moist