

Split Open and Melt

Phish

In the morning I pack up my gear
and toss it in my carryall
Run the wide load to the lip
and watch the big core crack and glow

In the evening I undo my belt
Split open and melt

I wake up on my stomach
with my face between my hands
and crawl along the floor toward the doorway
Jumping to my feet
I try to put myself together
but I feel it in my knees
and the room begins to spin
and I slip and bump my head and raise a welt
Split open and melt

We breathe deep
in a steam dream
and plunge below the water line
down, down, down
between beams
to the gloom room
among the seaweed and the slime
down, down, down
Melt