

Legless, with the powerder puff
you've got light, still cannot read
and the mattress is two bored-out eyes
supposed to be a lightening bolt
but as I lie in bed
it's been middle class
middle thoughts, middle as C

tantric forms of intercourse
no divorce, drunk as a horse
and the waitress is the only one
who can speak and say what she means
as I lie awake
it's been Camelot
I can a lot, it's kennel and key

as she's waiting
stroking my hair
choking places
stroking my tie

princes with the dollar eyes
morning fries and light-up TV
and advances in the sweater vest
picking homes, picking out cheese
as i lie to them
second wallabee
second son
what happened to me