

## Screenwriter's Blues

Soul Coughing

exits to freeways twisted like knots on the fingers  
jewels cleaving skin between breasts  
your cadillac reads 400 horses over blue lines  
you are going to Recida to make love to a model from Ohio  
whose real name you don't know  
you spin like the cadillac was overturning down a cliff on tele  
vision  
and the radio is on  
and the radio man is speaking  
and the radio man says women were a curse  
so men built Paramount studios  
and men built Columbia studios  
and men built Los Angeles  
it is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los Angeles  
it is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los Angeles  
and the radio man says it is a beautiful night out there  
and the radio man says rock and roll lives  
and the radio man says it is a beautiful night out there in Los  
Angeles  
you live in Los Angeles and you are going to Recida  
we are all in some way or another going to Recida some day, to  
die  
and the radio man laughs because the radio man fucks a model to  
o  
gone savage for teenagers with automatic weapons and boundless  
love  
gone savage for teenagers who are aesthetically pleasing,  
in other words, fly  
Los Angeles beckons the teenagers to come to her on buses  
Los Angeles loves love  
it is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los Angeles  
it is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los Angeles  
i am going to Los Angeles to build a screenplay about lovers  
who murder eachother  
i am going to Los Angeles to see my own name on a screen  
five feet long and luminous  
as the radio man says it is 5 a.m. and the sun has charred  
the other end of the world and come back to us  
and painted the smoke over our heads an imperial violet  
it is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los Angeles  
it is 5 a.m. and you are listening to Los Angeles  
you are listening  
you are listening  
you are listening....  
to Los Angeles.