

# Camouflage, Camouflage

## The Blood Brothers

Alice, where's your tongue?"  
She said, "Look in the encyclopedia's ceaseless chatter."  
"Alice, where's your hair?"  
She said, "Look in the sharp of a well-worn butterfly knife."  
"Alice, where's your teeth?"  
She said, "Look at the piano. They're dangling from every single chord."  
"Alice, where's your lips?"  
"look in the empires roaring; the tyrants getting so loud and boring."  
"Alice, where's your man?"  
"Look in this black eye written like the o in the word goodbye."  
"Alice, where's your house?"  
"It's built on the hush of your favorite record's screeching halt."  
"Alice, where's your clothes?"  
"They'll be sweet sheets around your eyes when street boars eat you alive!"  
"Alice, where's your swans?"  
"Flying in hotel rooms stealing stereos."  
Mister, the sky's a contortionist.  
The streets are skipping records blaring hiss.  
Camouflage, camouflage.  
The city's draped in camouflage.  
The taxis are jaguars throwing fits.  
Subways are subterranean bullets.  
Camouflage, camouflage.  
The city's draped in camouflage.  
Can't you see the sidewalks are just snakes peeling off last year's skin?  
Can't you find your own face shining in the sky's false reflection?  
Where's your voice?  
Where's your dress?  
Where's your bones?  
Draped in camouflage.  
Where's your beach?  
Where's your sky?  
Where's your clouds?  
Draped in camouflage.  
And she says give me one good reason not to empty the heart of all its zeros  
and ones,  
not to smash that telecaster before it births a thousand useless slums.  
Love bit you in the throat while you were staring at the sea.  
All the girls in Montreal are smashing skateboards in the street.  
It's 4 a.m. and she's at your door with a suitcase, in a nightgown.  
We slip through mansions with fences full-grown.  
We slip through streetlights in crooked rows.  
I saw the sky split in two: one half jealous and one half cruel.  
I felt my chest cave in under a pile of synthetic grins.  
The fields are Day-  
Glo under sobbing rainbows dragged through filthy thoughts,  
false applause and camouflage.  
I couldn't see the solar system,  
it was camouflaged as a tape loop repeating.  
I couldn't see the glorious meadow,  
it was camouflaged as a smashed stain glass window.  
I couldn't see the love and affection,  
it was camouflaged as a jungle of erections.  
I couldn't see the skeletal lightning,  
it was camouflaged as a young machete.