

Duplexes Of The Dead

The Fiery Furnaces

I went on down unto the duplexes of the dead,
Where the shades are drawn and the shadows shut-
Unless you know the magic word
(Seldom said but often heard, bite your lip!)
Then spin around three times

On our honeymoon
My husband sat still
With a look in his eyes and a pen in his left hand
He wrote on the varnish the magic word
(Seldom seen and never heard)
He shushed me then slumped backwards dead asleep

I went grumpy sitting in the sun by the umbrella stand,
Making every single unreasonable demand
I covered my head and went to the office pool,
dipped in reverent a re-soled mule
and asked the chlorine fumes if there was something they
wanted to bring up