

Dear Sausage

The Mekons

he walks a desolate mile
marking every bush on the block
dousing flames with an arc of gold
searching for some final truth
and at the gate
where the boneless meet
we melt and merge back into the sea
i'm living in a mystery drinking blood, sap, milk, and wine
but in the grass a narrow snake lies solid and defined
our poor sick rose
in disordered clothes
crushes grapes in clusters with her toes
she is not flesh and blood
she is vaccine
she wears two faces -
the savage and serene
our poor sick rose
in disordered clothes
squeezes juice into her cup of gold
scarlet rain
creature comfort and pain
jack o'lantern, death's head smile
bodiless mask of fright!
and at the gate
where the boneless meet
we melt and merge back into the sea
my heart was pinched to death
and locked in the attic room
i was wearing two faces
the privileged and the doomed
our poor sick rose
in disordered clothes
crushes grapes in clusters with her toes
there's a mechanized greed
that dons the mask of nature
living under a dark cloud
but over the weather
and at the gate
where the boneless meet
we melt and merge back into the sea
it feels so nice...
but i demand a sacrifice!!
can someone direct me to the cemetery?