

T. Crane / TWO POEMS

my smoking harbourlite pistol tells no lies. . .
i will pull the flies rip the wings from flies
i will tear this wall tear the heart from this wall
for a song you sing. . .
i will beat the drum
i will beat the skin of drums
i will warm my blood warm my hands in the blood of angels
i will sing
i will sing
i will cut my feet and hands
i will cut my hands and pull the glass
pull the glass from out your steely soul
i the heart pushes
i the heart
i will take the heart to the highway
the highway of lambswool and diaper rash
i will raise the roof
beam the roof high with ultra laser
you. . . i will ultra laser you in video shock and kisses. . .
and steam your eyes cool and clear
i will disappear in a shadow of light. . . surf. . .
i will surf the moonbeam distance
crawl on my 2's and 4's
i will hang honey pots for locusts
and build homes for the gypsy moth
i will crawl
crawl on my 2's and 4's
i will embody civil war for you
for all of you. . .
i will drink with torn lips your dew

and throw the coat over your car
i will over throw your car and traffic mind
your mind. . .spin
i will spin circle endless spin the fast sun
i will spin until the world is quiet
and the machines hold
hold the machines
hold their tongues
in silence. . .

LOVE POME # 9360

tranquil steel box pulse
oil pump pumping. . .
back to caves it belong
 long
 longing. . .
oh this blood speak gushes
sweet emerald confessions. . .
perfect beneath moon
soft heaven nickle within cotton blue. . .

ask it ask asking
where are you?
where are you?
o yellow haired moon. . .?