

## White Zombie "Crow II"

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"he can't get away with by the time,  
he gets in front of the jury he'll be a good boy;" said  
man one.  
at a little before 5'oclock he when through the  
basement.  
"yes or no!" demanded man two bantering humor dry  
in his throat.  
"is there more than what she gave you?"  
questioned man three as a growing flicker.  
waved across his eyes. "no!"  
the space surrounds constitutes a classic climate  
this happens to now everyone in the room.  
you feel traces a dying sound listen to the time of your  
life.  
standstill panic stricken.  
ringing the bells of a empty houses someone answers  
and calls you,  
transfixed by committed you say "i ain't no guillotine"  
the girl spoke from the doorway in her rasping voice  
"what he wants is in the house" the words hung there  
for a moment.  
bending forward she plucked she plucked the ashes  
from his cigarette  
and said something nobody could understand.  
nobody could understand, nobody could understand.  
one moment of irritation you call back "why me?"  
the vantage point above the street  
can be exhilarating falling back to a perspective  
odyssey.  
a track of thunder. tower lust of decomposed intensity.  
i am i am i am i am...

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