

## Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band

### "Hollow Smoke"

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Hollow smoke the hole transmitting  
her hair come out like red meat through uh screen door  
wiped her shoulder balanced like a ball  
her face was erect on a long thin neck  
light rubber mountains in the distance stretched  
under wind blown spider webs  
the wind puffed out drank the blue sky  
one milk cloud grazed  
the sun sailed into black bag hung t' strap around  
the girl bowed 'n rested against her cocked hip  
a row of buttons ran up her like raisins  
crisp collars folds made shadows under her loose  
breasts  
feet orange rakes wiggled sand  
the sea moved returned claimed one lace paper plate  
like a frayed damp fish it spun 'n sank in a foaming  
circle  
a sandwich corner flys in a gulls beak  
she smiles her fingers skim into green beads  
drip roll 'n line off her creased palm  
clear salt diamonds sparkle on her nose  
black horns shadows her cheeks  
turn pink red pulp darts into speech  
'n rests between glazed white  
in a moment I say  
the day caught me full hot open eyes swam blood  
graphs  
cloth grated roughly damp where I set  
black hair fur 'n wings rancid rainbows  
hummed the half eatin' dead fish silver 'n pink brine  
bubbled from the torn off fin  
I searched for a stick  
poked the bloated bulb one scale broke loose like uh  
husk  
shaped like a fingernail blew away like paper  
over my shoulder the sand made the highway crawl  
black 'n wavy my car looked important  
a fat person moved noisily by with two small children  
on either hip disappeared down the beach as  
decorated genitals  
under an umbrella rocks stuck my buttered body

I caught one under my nail 'n flicked it with my thumb  
Pena said: "You look like a sugared strawberry."  
we better get going before it gets cold 'n it makes us  
too hot  
Pena danced like a wounded stork - held her foot up  
screaming: "I have been bitten by something!"  
I consoled her - you have been attacked by a coke cap  
it's angry teeth prints fading  
Pena exclaimed: "That's the raspberries."  
uh banana like uh limp star drooped from her free  
hand  
this situation pleased the old man  
his face smiled leather laughter  
the thermos opened - the inside of the car  
tasted like a caramel you walked by  
this is cold - this is too - somebody will see if we do  
something  
about it - it's too day  
you wanted to - it was your idea - it's damp 'n cold 'n  
noisy  
at night though - cops might arrest us - who cares how  
we go  
together but Jesus?  
Pena your legs are pretty as uh crab the way they open  
"Are like pincers" said Pena innocently  
"Whales never come out of the water do they?" Pena  
tongued  
if that happened it would be uh sticky situation - listen  
to  
the ocean - I can't - all those little ears - ha ha pth pth  
ZZZZ  
Pena exclaimed: "That's the raspberries!"  
what more could you want than to be brought up?  
the old fart's heart beat like uh drum  
his mouth was dry 'n there was an angry whelk  
throbbing from where he'd been poked earlier that day  
while posing as a dead fish  
one fly had crawled through the nostrils in his intricate  
trout replica mask and had somehow got fouled-up in  
his  
intricate air-bulb atomizer breathing device 'n it  
whistled  
'n stank 'n tickled with every breath  
one leg had been torn off where the tube went in his  
mouth  
he could feel it hanging from his lip  
'n the thought of it almost made him vomit  
he was numb from the neck down  
and was too exhausted at this point t' dig himself out of  
the sand  
his whole scheme had been foiled

by the fog that gathered on the inside  
of the detailed view holes  
that even upon close inspection  
appeared to be eyes

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