

Centro-matic

"Fugitives Have Won, The"

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you're running,
your mouth won't help
keep stride
cantankerous the missives that force recall
you'd hide & i could taste the salt
from your dishwasher eyes

imperial & weightless
much to all of our surprise
the fugitives have won
and i will occupy abandoned station tonight
i'll call upon some invitation of light
cause the fugitives have won

if i held you up to fire
i would see a reddish frame
of rust around your soul's transparency
and you, you with your beauty
and i with my spleen
i'll hitchhike to your bonfire
in my suit of gasoline
/]

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