

## **Cymbals Eat Guitars "Like Blood Does"**

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Nightly, empty, luminous ballrooms roll back in your skull

I resigned myself to all the disappearance  
I was sure the cops would come calling  
Some sick shivering morning

I live in Newark now where cars speed away  
And weekend freebasers bury their stems  
In shaded groves and muted clearings

In Philadelphia, we didn't know  
Clammy hands and beaming thresholds

And I'm visited by naked reality  
In the higher gloss of the cars that cut in front of me  
And depression is nothing compared to what's in store  
for them

Having hitched across America  
Like an itinerant laborer  
Or a serial killer on pulsing arterials

I numbly recline  
In a filthy slicked lawn chair  
As our garage yawns behind me with tunnels

The pinkest sky I'd ever seen  
Still pocked with dirigibles  
And flying machines that opened up

I thought it'd begun hailing but amethyst and glass  
Were raining down from an unmarked aircraft  
Covering the cooling tar totally  
In manufactured street sheen

I've been finding clipped-off Parliaments everywhere  
lately  
I take it as a sign that you're around

See J passed away  
For the first time in June  
And the last time last night in the Warren

As a warm, round, mournful sound  
Flooded my room

Like blood does from the faucets of pitch-black  
bathrooms during adolescent summoning rituals

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