

Cymbals Eat Guitars

"Shore Points"

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Genius senses capture overlapping smeared and
dazzling grids
Some trails expanding Juarez oceanic from Horizon
City
Tasted incipient sickness in the mucus produced by a
cough
One day you'll say "you're peering top-down into me"

When the light pollution parking lot cabals
Fall asleep in ice-covered cars far from the interstate
A submerged home
A snowbanked lane

The smoke from a house fire
Refineries and water pipes
Elizabeth's smog
My friend, I pause to remember you

I gotta root it so you know
That it's human weeping through the dremel tool holes
And shaking like a leaf beneath the covers
Even though you hold me
Exit for Shore Points
I don't want to go to Spring Lake again
'Cause walking in a dream did this evil
That's staying with me

Sodium vapor lamps reflect in spin-out strips of black
ice
Cattails sway in the concrete
The wood smoke transports me
Your small human sounds haunt the street
Is it a gas leak, the last unity

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