

Doors

"Poems From Tape Noon"

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We must tie all these
desperate impressions together

MONEY...

Money, the beauty of

(currency
pale green
greasy
ornate
soft
furrowed
texture)

Skin or leather

ENTER THE SLIP

Enter the slip
of the warm womb tide

Wet labyrinth kiss

digging the wells
& riding the lies

all holes & poles

Walk down a street
A drive to the beach
Drowning man's flash
A town in siege

THE DESERT

The Desert
-- roseate metallic blue
& insect green

blank mirrors &

pools of silver

a universe in
one body

BIBULOUS COMPOUND OF

Bibulous compound of
muck & mulch milk

Tenebrous connections
in forest & farm

all-swarming disk-like
elegance

Say No More

- That sure was a mouthful.
- You said it.

YOU MUST CONFRONT

you must confront
your life
which is sneaking up
on you
like a rapt coiled
serpent

snail-slime

you must confront
the inevitable
eventually
Bloody Bones has got you!

HOPE IS JUST...

hope is just a word
when you think in
Table Cloths
Laughter will not end
her funny feeling
or assuage our
strange desire
Children will be born

WELCOME TO THE AMERICAN NIGHT

Welcome to the American Night

where dogs bite
to find the voice
the face the fate the fame
to be tamed
by The Night
in a quiet soft luxuriant
car
Hitchhikers line the Great Highway

COCK-PIT

Cock-pit
I am real
Take a snapshot of me
He is real, shot
Reality is what has been
concealed from us
for so long
birth sex death
we're alive when we laugh
when we can feel the
rush & spurt of blood
blood is real in its redness
the rainbow is real in
absence of blood

SUDDEN ATTACK

Sudden attack
Stabbed & hacked but no
pain no death

Zone of silence
Sudden powered
mute strangeness
& awareness
most awkward to the mind
alive w/ love & laughter
& memory sweet of kinder
times
when we spoke & words
had soft form by
a fire

THIS IS MY FOREST

This is my forest
a sea of wires.
This gaggle of vision
is my flame.
These trees are men,

the engineers.
And a tribe of farmers
on their Sunday off.

Gods -- the directors.
Cameras, greek
Centaur on the boom,
sliding w/ silent
Mobile grace

Toward me --
a leaping clown
In the great sun's
eye.

Grand danger there
in curved thigh.
The avenging finger --
lord.

DANCING & THRASHING

Dancing & thrashing
the reptile summer
They'll be here long
before we're gone
Sunning themselves
on the marble porch
Raging w/in against
the slow heat
Of an invaded Town

The Kingdom is ours

TRANSLATIONS OF THE DIVINE

Translations of the divine
in all languages. The Blues,
The records get you high,
in armies / on swift channels.
The new dreamer will sing
to the mind w/ thoughts
unclutched by speech.
Pirate mind stations. Las Vegas T.V.
Midnite showings.

ELECTRIC STORM

electric storm
from the front
barometer at zero

forest
blue-eyed dog
strangled by snow
Night storm
flight-drive thru deserts
neon capitals, Wilderness
echoed & silenced
by angels

Angel Flight
to tobacco farm
the roadhouse
tomorrow

get ready for the Night
the rumors on waking
a gradual feeling of
learning & remembering

imagine a heaven in the
night-time
would one member be missing?

THE FORM IS AN ANGEL...

The form is an angel of soul
from horse to man to boy
& back again

Music sex & idea are the
currents of connection

friendship transition

conductor of soul from the
fat brain of stealth
to sunset

Work out

Welcome to the night
Welcome to the deep good
dark American Night

a man gets time to die
his amber waste

sloven footsteps of swine

in the camps, w/ dark black
lumber

crooked stars have destiny's
number

Lord help us

LEAVE THE INFORMED SENSE

Leave the informed sense
in our wake
you be Christ
on this package tour
-- Money beats soul --

Last words, last words
out

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