

Doors

"The Hill Dwellers"

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Way back deep into the brain
Back where there's never any pain.
And the rain falls gently on the town.
And in the labyrinth of streams
Beneath, the quiet unearthly presence of
Nervous hill dwellers in the gentle hills around,
Reptiles abounding
Fossils, caves, cool air heights.
Each house repeats a mold
Windows rolled
Beast car locked in against morning.
All now sleeping
Rugs silent, mirrors vacant,
Dust blind under the beds of lawful couples
Wound in sheets.
And daughters, smug
With semen eyes in their nipples
Wait
There's been a slaughter here.
Don't stop to speak or look around
Your gloves & fan are on the ground
We're getting out of town
We're going on the run
And you're the one I want to come

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