

## Fall

# "VISIT OF AN AMERICAN POET v 1"

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Visit of an American Poet characters

1 - Narrator

2 - Poet

3 - Wife

4 - Zarenda

5 - Employee

6 - Neighbour

7 - Policeman

(Salem, Frisco, Prestwich) Evil farce in three acts  
almost Brian Rixish in its semi cold ridiculous scenario

MES, overlapping voice 1 from 4: Thus began the slow  
palaver, subtle and almost unconscious in this loss of  
identity. (Running and growling through the back end  
of 94 to 98 the sixth) and now to explain.

And now for a message in a room with access to all in  
San Francisco

Voice 2: Another crooked smile. Is music a disease? Or  
is it just living in these soap opera times. They all end  
up depressives obsessive about their deluded goal. Is  
this me? Is this everyone in every crap commerce?

Everyone without love brought up in violence and  
drunkenness? Why am I depressed? Work hard endless,  
endless no reward, 5,000 I'm owed. Music, music I  
belong to music. Why are there so many shit people in  
music?

Yeah this is about Mark, Mark told me a story about the  
visitation of an

American poet. She came round She came round.  
into his arms She was nice she was nice..

(She was quite, a fucking good girl)

But she had a nasty streak in her

She turned nasty and made him a hostage in his own house  
Mark was being fucking, plagiarised and fucking black  
----- in his own house  
(She had a knife) so she was quite a serious threat because she was an American poet  
Then Karl Burns came round and she went all nice and cheerful  
She said to him, she said to him "Yeah Mark fucking hell yeah, bring your mates in"  
And Karl came in and Karl just wouldn't entertain this woman at all  
And Markl said "No, stay a while Karl, stay a while" (kill the icicles)  
Trying to put a message over to him saying  
"Come on look don't you realise I'm in trouble here I need you here,  
I need you here, I need some support from me mate"  
and Karl just totally oblivious to this said "Where's me money?."

MES: The visitation of an American poet  
Thus began a slow palaver subtle, unconscious in its loss of identity  
Running and growing through the back end of the years '94 to '98 (to six and now)  
To explain, where to begin,  
The soft green leaves (of Massachussets)  
The visitation took place outside Salem  
A dolphin restaurant, the fish tasted peculiar  
It was (orson?awesome)  
Daniels rubbish in a room beneath a gospel group from bloody thick from Atlanta  
Turn that shower off  
Pure coincidence A&R man in same motel  
At dawn there is a knock at the door  
It is from salem the poet it is the second visitation

## Act 2

I now had a bubbling black large seafood plate  
SF type load of problems at my gate  
Purple squid less of pink and what's that thing on the left wriggling  
Small irritant  
Behind right upper motel balconey was a poet teacher and dressed accordingly  
Remember that before five view points  
Would even step out of the house

Frisco I was in Frisco  
Chain gain  
Thompson (type held a visit) number two  
Second visitation seizure in hotel  
Excitement on face gut wrench hospital  
Cat odour lysergic acid smell  
(Corn bubbly) it's the smell of hallucinating delusional  
When mixed with a prescrip stuff of dear family doctor  
New alias monthly  
Spreadeagled in driveway  
Come up soon for the third visit  
That was in the future  
The visit of an American poet  
Gothic green goblin gnome  
Cast her adrift my first mistake  
Let her into the motel in Frisco  
(Where the baby green crap baby green to Paris) - (... ..  
plain ceilings) underneath a harassment action taken  
out by four eight troops visually ----ing 4 5 --- form  
Atlanta operating on the left and right flanks of the  
lobby - jetlag the main (and famous?infamous) body  
what's left their task's to confuse enemy horses and  
vehicles hotel motel -- and baby crap  
Atlanta religious group upstairs melted ceiling and  
baby crap brown coloured drift bubbled ceiling -- (my  
minds snapping)  
Surprise visit this was the second  
Visit of second pincer  
You were so stupid smith you  
(This eventually) had clean shaven your mind into a  
light pink scarlet smooth recepticle -- the second visit  
because at times you forgot - mentall illness is  
infectious theory

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