

## **Jim Carroll** **"Them"**

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They hit you with their papers when you're living  
On loan. they're the ones who say nothing when you  
Answer the phone. you see them in the alleys when  
You're passing late at night, but you tell your friend  
To check it and there's no one in sight.

I never wanted it  
I never asked for it  
I surely didn't sleep with them  
If the phone rings, don't answer it

Death is their only way to survive  
The neck of anubis strangled by wire

They hold their eyes in their fist  
One is fire . . . one is ice  
They roll them across the bed like some loaded dice

7 come 11 but I could not stay  
I kissed her eyes on the sheets  
I took a bus to yesterday

Their flesh is a cemetery, centuries old . . .  
You are free as a lap dog  
Just do what you're told

They wear spandex and gloves

And feed on fetus flesh  
They're the fashion rage  
Of the empirical age

But I never wanted them  
Never asked for them  
Didn't sleep with them  
Please don't answer it

Death is their only way to get high  
The neck of anubis strangled by wire

They say, "i'll live for your sins  
If you will die for mine . . ."

I'll summon the darkness  
If you buy the wine

They're all underage  
Yet they're a thousand years old

They make you feel so clever while you're being sold

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