

Legendary Pink Dots

"Our Lady In Kharki"

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Our lady on the wall selling poppies for Our Boys. Our
price. Our choice.
we bought one-watched Our Lady fly confetti fly the city
die in flames as
tanks spat amber at the Odeon. A soldier on the
podium. One leg, a face
that's splashed with egg... a roadmap stained by cherry
brandy, cracking
jokes about The Jerry. And we snatched his helmet,
pissed and blew our
whistles with the steam. The kettle boiling, so we
stamped and screamed for
China tea. Were playing Shanghai in the cloisters,
sucking oysters, dipping
fingers, finding pearls the size of avadado pears. The
treasure's there - a
shame there's nowhere left to spend it... Shall we share
the powdered milk

and wait for God?

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