

Legendary Pink Dots

"The Light"

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The street looked kind of different -
harsher colours sharper angles. Shops stacked
high with stereos and rows of magazines.
Smells of coffee, glossy limousines. The sun
danced on the chromium. Slant eyes drowning
in the light. Lights turned red as elbows jabbed,
voices snarled and luck turned sour, Children
screamed! Brakes were screeching! Knees
were pumping, ribs were crunching...
Crushing, drowning deeper...

The street looked kind of different. The paving
stones were playing cards, and cried out as
I skipped from the red to the black. Cracked a
joke about the joker, saluted all the kings, threw
a ring to the blackest queen who ushered me away
to the palace in the square where the air's so cold
and it gets so lonely in the night.

She whispered sleazy secrets on the couch
by the TV. 3D visions of a soapflake, trumpets
blared, a voice declared: "Are you feeling dirty?"
Yes but also very pleased. Heard applause, felt
the claws in my back, rocking backwards, rocking
forwards in the groove. The earth moved! The
couch moved! We rolled on the felt, knocked the
vases off the shelf... Watched ourselves in the
mirror, like animals like cannibals! And you
ate my ear so I nibbled on your shoulder... Rolled
your tongue up in my hands - I swallowed it whole.
Flesh decreasing by the second until all that
remained were the eyes, mine brown, yours black.
Tilted back, we stared at the hollywood sunset.
Brighter now... it looks so pretty tonight.
The light in my little girl's eyes...

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