

Max Tundra

"Acorns"

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Spitting blood in a sink in a German hotel bathroom
A wet clot of red gum juice, souvenir of wisdom's ration
Rinsing face, drying hair, humming
"Oh engineer" by the brothers Larcombe

Thinking of the bands I never got a chance to spend my
cash on
Ch and his Caballero chucked it in when I said I liked
them
Now I'll never catch them in a smoky room on Highbury
Corner
I shall weep for them another day because I'm at the
fulcrum
Of the Voodoo graveyard see-saw and I'm not the only
mourner

What do we do when our friends split up?
Five little sevens then belly up
There's no more ash, no more soda pop
Why did those five have to make it stop?

At least we have Storm And Stress to show for the DC
Implosion
Mushrooms grown on an upstairs Smalley wall
Are chopped down and moved away from
Five icemen melt without hint of a reforming notion

And the clan I saw perform the most give a bow and
leave my kingdom
Talented friends and 25 eclipse the work of certain
strummers
Steel-string chords and a railway or a globe, or Mr.
Bickle's nonsense
Who can rescue us from the embrace of these
monsoon less summers?
Don't rely on magic, friends because in rock there are
no constants

What do we do when our friends split up?
Is there no way they can make it up?
If you bump into my penta friends
Be sure to ask if they meant to end

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