

Decyfer Down

"Vox Humana"

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I haunted a basketmaker's shop.
Spending days ripping pictures from magazines,
taping them to the walls of my prison.
I remember walking by the sand,
each knob represented a different frequency range,
and I remember holding the hand of the skeleton
prince
and he swept me into his arms, and he,
he had tremolo deep in the back of his black eye
sockets, and he said,
"Do you want to come away with me into the pitch black
pool?"
And I said, "I don't know, I don't know, I don't know..."
Photocopied
The wind ripped through the trees and all the
stained-glass windows rattled.
I haunted a basketmaker's shop in 1927 -
And on the beach in the summer there were
thunderstorms constantly,
and they were unpredictable, nobody knew when they
would come
and nobody knew how long they'd last.
Sometimes they'd only last five minutes, and
sometimes, weeks.
I haunted a basketmaker's shop because I had
nowhere to go
(one long weekend)
Stained-glass windows turning off and on and the
tremolo
in the back dark corners,
cobwebs stripped, mildewed.
I remember acoustic guitars and bells, I remember the
cathedral.
I remember cassettes, cathedral.
I remember cassette cathedral.
I remember cassette cathedral.

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