

The North Atlantic "Drunk Under Electrics"

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I am drunk under the electrics
stumbling, scrambling, screaming,
at the top of my lungs
if I never said another fucking word
would I just disappear?
happy bruised fucking year
and we walked, a picture fuzzy focus
we were climbing through the street lights
with our lives on our tongues
and each word
we said beside the airport
slowly dissipated one by one

I have found marks upon my shoulders
where you clipped the broken airplane wings
you gave to me
You will learn a language I will never speak
a brigade of flags white
A surrender of teeth

And downtown
I breathed booze and bright lights
bars and cars and the traffic of night
I've been so far wrong I might be right
And the man in the park talks loud
his eyes all ripple white
he says god's teeth is the city
and the sidewalks so wide
are where they sleep at night
this city doesn't know how to sing

your older then your colder

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