

Michael McGuire "12th And Nirvana"

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12TH AND NIRVANA

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Escape velocity is fianc e to the will of the engine,
the metal on metal of

routine orbit gets so astringent, salvations puppet
strung from a cloud of

knowing, where a dead rainbows withered husk has
stopped glowing.

If you want to take that pointless ride just for the point
of pointlessness,

just head down to 12th and nirvana.

You feel like a leaf in a hurricane suffering fascination,
a poverty stricken

heart that can t afford the privilege of exasperation,
in an effort to bring

the struggle to the sidewalks pitch, you find yourself in
the architects

ditch.

And if you want to just get away with out the risk of
going anywhere at

all, just circle the block to 12th and nirvana.

Labor and god its all just a very clever waste of time,
an a cappella fuse of

a song lacking the penance of rhyme, its no wonder
that the moon is

stuck in our throat, and the petty joys that pull the focus
on the inside

pocket of a dirty coat.

If you want to escape the grand bi*** of reality at the
cost of a few coins

of illusion, I know a man down at 12th and nirvana.

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