

## Michael McGuire "Gory Details (the Authority Of Anarchy)"

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GORY DETAILS (the authority of anarchy)

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Down in the river with a flooded mind, rain cloud in  
thunder there's a  
flower I'm trying to find, the handshake of the rich  
shake the bone of  
the poor, pulse beat of legend survives from days of  
yore, rub mankind  
with an eraser then trace him with invisible ink, a  
dream is a word  
asleep to think, wheels of destination on the road of  
never, reflection  
of reality after the sever, traces of a way there's  
fingerprints on the air,  
what ghost would even hint at such a dare, where is the  
last moment  
at now, nothing is forever the wind don't know how,  
move like a  
concentric mood in the dark, feed the flame to cool the  
spark, the sky  
is asleep; down means straight from here, an eye is  
worth about twenty  
more cents than an ear, light is a bath like water in a  
grave, I read in a  
magazine that heros aren't really brave, the moon is on  
the breeze for  
a new pimp, the pope is not allowed to make fun of  
god's limp, she is  
like a hunger for which there has never been an  
appetite, someone  
hurled a book and it fell straight thru the night, the  
dead hands of  
desire are cupped for a handout, vanity is hanging out  
with humility  
fishing for doubt, the politics of the grass is always  
greener, everyday  
the morning seems to be getting meaner, one day  
sleep will wake up  
on it's death bed, memory is telling decision about  
what destiny said, a  
world in a heartbeat; chaos on the head of a pin, trifles  
in the wood-

grain where poetry is a sin, a limp box of distraction;  
dig up a scar,  
their measuring for a rainbow gonna plant a star, the  
sky is the belly of  
a dead sailor, he used to drink and dance with  
heaven's jailer, the truth  
is tattooed on the inside of Babylon's lips, the naked  
light is revealed  
as the darkness strips, numbers won't fit on things that  
don't have a  
name, this fool spent his entire fortune on fame, water  
is upside down;  
talk to a dream, music is like waves flesh is like steam,  
the city of  
strangers where the government is rain, the land of the  
forgiven where  
they worship the goddess of pain, an approximate  
apparition leaves a  
picture perfect vision, authority like weather rules with  
indecision.  
jan 88

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