

Frog Eyes

""Stockades""

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Oh dear, you are the water,
And I lower myself into your water,
Like a mealy-mouthed calf that is suckered to the
slaughter
Like a green serpent coiled upon the breast of your
daughter
Oh did you ever think of the twice-cursed night?
Oh dear you are the water?
And I lower myself into your water,
Like a mealy-mouthed calf that is suckered to the
slaughter,
Like a prescription prescribed by the doctor who lives
within the
Palisades of rain, oh I kiss you on the corner of your
eye,
Between the masthead horizon and the suicide sway of
the rustling rye
Oh I kiss you in the corner when you're dry
Though the boats of Hong Kong do stockade London,
Oh I kiss you in the corner when we're dry
Though Sharon you sing for your pardon,

Did you ever sing on the twice-cursed night,
Did you ever suck on the teat of what was white,
Hold on and hold on and hold all along
to the B's and the breeze
Oh B Oh B Oh B
When you bottom the boats, the weeds deign to sigh,
But the Admirals "chicken," the General's "chicken"
How painful they rise.
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