

Robbie Fulks**"Take me to the paradise"**

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Stained glass windows smoked wood tables
The slaves of culture toil by night
The pall of perfumed true confessions
And when the air gets thick as this
You can cut it with a straw
And as the moon hangs over
Waverly they call

Take me to the paradise
Beauty sleeps inside
Drinking in the mezzanine
With millionaires' first wives
Take me to the Paradise
Let me live once more
Greater men have faced these walls
And fallen on the floor

Here the homosexual novelist
Full of rage in 1960
There the coiffured ex-viscount
Watches empty seconds fly
Until the blood clot zeroes in
And grants him immortality again

The moon broke through the hotel curtain
And as you lay asleep, I touched your skin
And it amazed me you were once inhuman
Once you crawled out of your womb
Now we grope our way downstairs
And we don't need
Any fool to drag us there

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