

The Fatima Mansions

"Ray of hope, hoe of rape"

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A glass ravine
The low clouds which wink
The boughs burnt diesel and burning pig
Wide rutted streets
"666 Park Avenue", yells a big red sign

as if some Anglo-Saxon in love with his doom
left such a cheeky shrine

Then all at once the daylight came
The river lay ahead
In it stood a wooden horse so tall
the water reached but half its leg
A sign nearby read "Damn your law--this horse's hollow
core
contains the means for your destruction!"
This all passersby ignored

"Save us, save us...."

When the great explorers, fortune hunters
Slave men, conmen set their sails
They dreamed of monsters without brains
Great hulks to block their treasure trail
Well, they got by with homicide
but here's the end to the magic spell:
Now the monsters lie in mouths, in veins
In genitals, in empty bellies

Baby, baby, won't you treat me kind?
I'm only a white man who longs to die
To end I need the power that you must give me
Send the children outside! Don't resist! Don't cry!"

The ray of hope as hoe of rape
reflecting light from tractor headlamps into the victim's
face

We bleat about our pain and how we lost and feel
defiled
and we cry all night for Santa Claus to make our

blizzard mild
The poor kind European white man never hurt a fly
We were friends to all the races, every woman, every
child
"Save us, save us...."

So back in the dirty hotel I lay in my clothes and I slept. I
dreamed that I was face-to-face with an amorous
dragon who wanted to kill me and beckoned. I
approached, unsheathed, and said, "Let's go! Let's go!
Let's go!"

Let me be at one with my destruction
Won't you please acquaint me with your beautiful loss?
Let's go!

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