

Thea Gilmore

"Apparition No. 12"

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Hey now my red clouds're rolling in
To catalogue and number every stone cold dream
And I've seen Sal thumbing his way up to the stars
I've seen angels in the shooting galleries
And heroes in the bars

I've seen a death warrant out on the moon
I saw what happened when the prophet spoke too soon
And I heard the radio sneeze into the evening
And all the bat-squeak singers selling fake hope to the
sleeping

I've seen the cover up of cold hard facts
Burning acid holes in the magazine racks
I saw Jenny have a baby in the street
Where they're playing blind mans bluff between the
dying and the concrete

I've seen a paper corpse holing up a doorway
I heard the lonely voices singing "yeah I did it your
way"
And I held the future up to a looking glass
It bears a striking resemblance
To the embers of the past

I've seen the chorus-girls the ribbon and the rot
Seen electoral debates on the glass-rim of a whiskey
shot
And I caught the glimmer in a hurricanes eye
I've seen these AK-47's with their noses to the sky

I smelled the ghosts of the ashes and the orchids
I've got promises tattooed on the insides of my eyelids
And I'll be watching when the Richter reaches 10
I bled by these weapons babe and now I'm one of them

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