

## Thea Gilmore "Apparition No12"

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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 qnd 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  
And they're burning acid holes in the magazine racks  
And 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 ribbons and the rot  
Seen electoral debates on the steel-rim of a whiskey  
shot  
And I caught the glimmer in a hurricane's eye  
I've seen these AK-47's with their noses to the sky

And 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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