

Throwing Muses "Desert"

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(Elaine Adamedes)

Dying in the desert he is dreaming of the water down
the bathroom drain,

Thinking of the oceans and the rain.

What are you doing with your time?

He's using it to elongate his mind (elongate his mind)

It moves (and stretches with the curves and lines) and
it gives

Tongue is made of paper sickly whitish and his eyes no
longer see the

light.

Language has been stripped of him for good.

Slowly he seems to sidestep time

and using it he elongates his mind (elongates his
mind)

It moves and gives

Miles and miles of body then he's tiny just a grain then
he exists no

more

Funeral tears that might have saved his life

Squeezing he slips to ride with time

And using it he elongates his mind (elongates his
mind)

It moves and gives.

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