

## The Legendary Pink Dots

### "Espresso Noir"

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Crushed in the corridor, swimming in smoke. Broken  
leg, aching head -  
tried polite conversation in braille. Broken French.  
Though my friend  
chews his garlic, he's dead from his head to his  
sandles. I tear at the  
handle and we came to a shuddering stop and we  
topple like dominoes,  
swallowed the hot tide of bread crumbs and cheap  
wine... The cavalry dived  
into action with batons... knives... they gave me a fine,  
ripped the shirt  
off my back, threw my case on the tracks - saw it  
smashed to a fragmented  
mess by the midnight express from Atlantis. OO-OO. A  
manifestation of pure  
liquid light. Never stops at the stations, it flies  
overnight as we crawl  
in a circle. The sinks overflow. All the windows are  
enclosed and the  
ape on my shoulder's overdosed. He rattles a can for  
some change then he  
rolls around, over in pain and wraps his legs around  
my ankles. I try to  
complain... All I want is a coffee and GET OFF THIS  
TRAIN! OO-OO.

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