Jonesing

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JONESING

we need
soup and tones
we
need a piece of soup we
need a stone we need a
drug to get by
in the sunday line
the weed and die and eating
time we need
a hallow evening
we need a
bridge, a shoe, a job
we need a home

and cake, many
many cakes
to take over that
munchy dizzy
that shapely crazy, we need
a baby we
need a big fat doll
with black nails
and braces to rise up
and soothsay, tits
and bones and heavy jeans
that can lisp on lips
so we drip

cream and feen
like blue
stalkers
drag by, drive by queens
who wag like dogs
and sell
crossbows
because even
crocodiles
can survive on methadone
a higher for higher
sweet thing stupefied, skirt
confessioned in honey
bean, so so good

that we
pop out, flood,
and shake with
this damn drying sticky
need
for absolute relief