

Rockhead's Paradise

In the threshold of the word
lies the agony of silence

each chord holds the moment
trapped in warm embrace

outside the night is empty
within we know alonenesses
explore each other's emptiness

outside we cannot hide
the pain of growing old
foretold behind our faces

inside we suck your pipe-dreams
we turn our backs to the jazz
the music of the squares

of this brew we must partake
distilled through fractured china
witchcraft of Welsh aborigines

engaged in self-admiration
facing discarded manuscripts
which we traded in for whisky
from your wine skin we fellatio

of this blood we must partake
this is the work of crippled children
outside the Whore is waiting

beneath our feet
skyscraper seeds
have sprouted.