

I.

I am the gardener of Versailles
Red sandstone is my soil
(red sandblone to my toil)
Only thirst to feed my chainsawed perfection

I am the gardener of the sands
my hedges stay in line
my hedges stay on ledges
and when I need to, I paint them green

I am the gardener of thirsty dirt
cracks in the ground sealed over
Into Barbie doll skin
fleshed into barbitol fantasy

I am the gardener of nylon
The son of Babylon
does not hang, but rivets onto the pavement
rivulets of the mind into enslavement

I am the gardener of Formica
sewing bastard love in the grout
between the squares of your tiled life
between the squares of your titled life

II.

I planted the tree that grows on the cliffside of naked rock , and told it to grow crooked
Kindly, it didn't listen to me but did as I said, so I got paid anyway

(it was there before I was born, but can you prove it?)
{But what was there before I was born, but can you prove it?}

If the sewers run green on the wrong side of the tracks, the plants are bleeding under my fists, poisoning asphalt to grow hallucination-forests in the dreamful anarchist future
If the sewers run to the wrong side of the tracks, my boss is coming to make himself proud of my bowed, straight spine

If I run, my boss is coming to make the universe in my tracks

deny if, I love you, absolute
because I am morality in pen and ink and billyclubs
because high is morality in the bible
and dying are the liars
masturbating in their own ink

and, and, oh well, thah pro-test-ors just so terrible, haren't they, deah?

III.

When I go home tonight, my son'll be watching TV
So I'll join him
And be in love during the commercial breaks

tell him,
sometimes, people disappear

tell him,
to speak is to make noise only

tell him,
the meek don't fucking want it,
so don't offer it

tell him,
I'm dying in here