

John Sweet

loss recovery

a believer in nothing from
nothing, he is shot dead by
those he put his faith in

he is the sound of laughter

he is a feast for the crows

end of december and still no
snow, and once you get to the
top of echo hill you have
nowhere to go but down

and think about dali in
his bed of flames

think about gorky

set that fucker's suicide to
a 4/4 beat and
i guarantee you a hit because,
at the end of the day,
everybody just wants to dance

at the end of the war,
everyone is ready for another

feels so good to kill, why
would you ever want
to stop?

age of rain

tells her how much he hates her
then tells her exactly why

buries her wings in the back yard
next to the child's ghost

age of flight means
nothing if cobain is dead

if the crowd crushes eight of
their own while dancing
in the pouring rain
and i never thought drugs were
the answer but i've been
wrong before

i've never had to i.d the body
but i've mopped up the floors

i've talked about suicide with
pretty girls i never saw again and
do you understand why he did it?

did you ask the wrong people
the right questions?

these tiny butchered truths are
what finally
gouge the light from my heart

with nothing left to say, you keep talking

you in the
river of belief

you in the mirror

empty room in an empty
house at the end of november

addiction and conceit

gave the baby a name but
kept it to yourself

fed it handfuls of rust

fed it handfuls of
fire and whoever it was that
told you lying was easier was
telling you the truth

take a second just to
breathe then turn
towards the open door

run away from the man
who loves you most

crawl through the
purplegrey haze of
late december

there should be hope in every
act but this is not a prophecy

we were never meant to be
forgiven for the pain we cause

remember who it was that
gave you
this priceless gift

in the shadow of st athanasius

down fairmont to argonne then
through the drainage tunnel that runs beneath
the freeway and
how much time did we waste
crying over cobain's death?

how much of yr pointless pain are
you willing to blame on everyone else?

some sad little loser giving blow jobs in
the scrub brush down by the river

some stupid goddamn war fought
in the name of
preserving peace for the survivors

kid was lying there bleeding in
the e-z mart parking lot but
he said he was fine

said he just needed a cigarette and we
were driving out to mooreville

we were looking for your sister

said she still owed you \$50 or at
least some weed

at least a little crank but
when we got there
the trailer park was gone

when i was through growing up
i just started growing old

thought about how the asshole wanted to
die, so what were we upset about?

thought about what a waste my
life was, and then she called two
months later to say she'd finally found the bitch

told her my car was in the shop and she
told me i'd always been a crappy liar

told me she's found someone else and
i remember *daydream nation*
playing in the background

i remember walking out into sunlight
surrounded by the stench of decay
and the smothering weight of the future

the ease with which i forgot
that i'd ever loved you

the neverending tearstained joy

xochiquetzal

dull pewter skies and five below
zero when we get the news of picasso's death and
then we are stoned when we hear about his
lover's suicide

ground too hard to start digging graves,
so i am swimming in your blood

you are drowning in my arms

subtle addictions and the frost that
crawls through our veins and
was i whole before i met you?

did he understand the trail of
wreckage his life would produce?

probably
and he probably didn't care and
we are too wired to sleep when his
widow puts the gun to her head

i am happy for the gift of absolution and
you are begging for more

pale sunlight though a haze of
january sky and we were laughing
at the idea of true love or i thought
maybe you were crying

thought you understood i
would always fail you in the end