

Mother's Hot Yeast

'Hell' cried his mother as she watched her cookie crumble
Crushed 'twixt his finger bones with his eyes all humble
 Don't you know that I don't know
 That you do not know why
 His brother belched, fell off his chair
 And didn't even cry.

TV eyes and TV minds searching through the ruins
Watching rats bite off their tails and so passively chew 'em
 They don't know that we now know
 That they swallowed the fly
 Once dabbed in salt the tails did rot
 And didn't even try.

Elbow minds of twisted monks limping through the oceans
Trying hard to save the fish and their sucker lotion
 Beat their brains and brain their band
 With their elbow minds
 And let them lie out in the sun
 And maybe try to try
 To try to try.

Opus 48 (1971)

