

(BY MICHAEL MANDER)

you can't be in heaven
and on earth at the same time

the present runs like water
through your hands

an ant the size of a grain of rice
devours a grain of rice

I have no interest in making
the important people happy

I have no interest in anything at all
except for this



this is your life now
whether or not you accept it

a dream where you realize
it doesn't matter if you're dreaming

the moon looks like a pill
mid-dissolve

the shepherd is drunk
and has to be carried home by his sheep

the trees spell out
the word GOD across the horizon

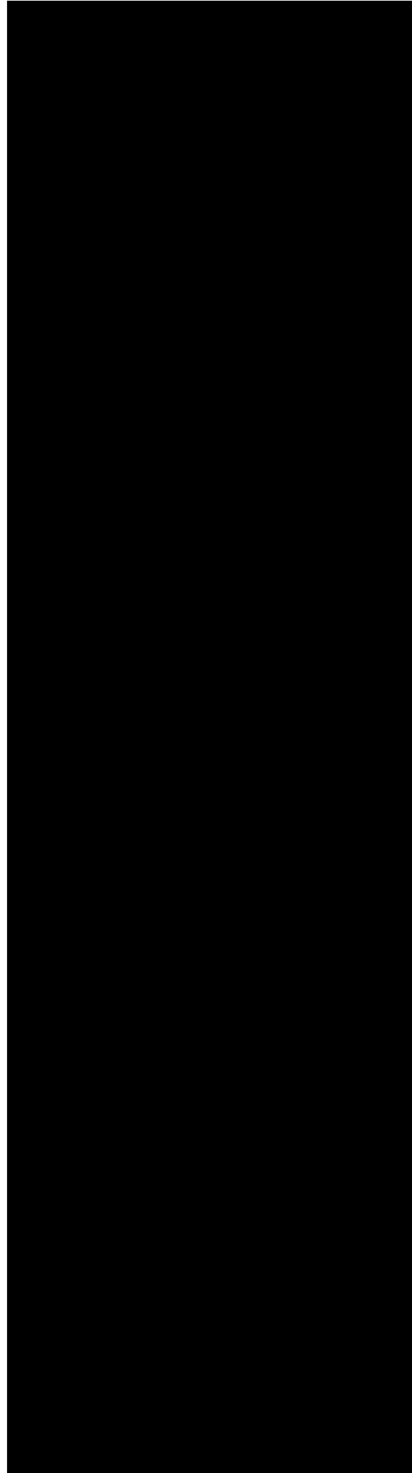
the state tries to limit culture
as a means of repressing the youth

the youth don't have to go outside
to watch shitty movies anymore

the city is like a river
reflecting a sky full of one-winged birds

the drunk person the police are arresting
isn't half as drunk as I am

I'm drunk on the visions
the trees give me



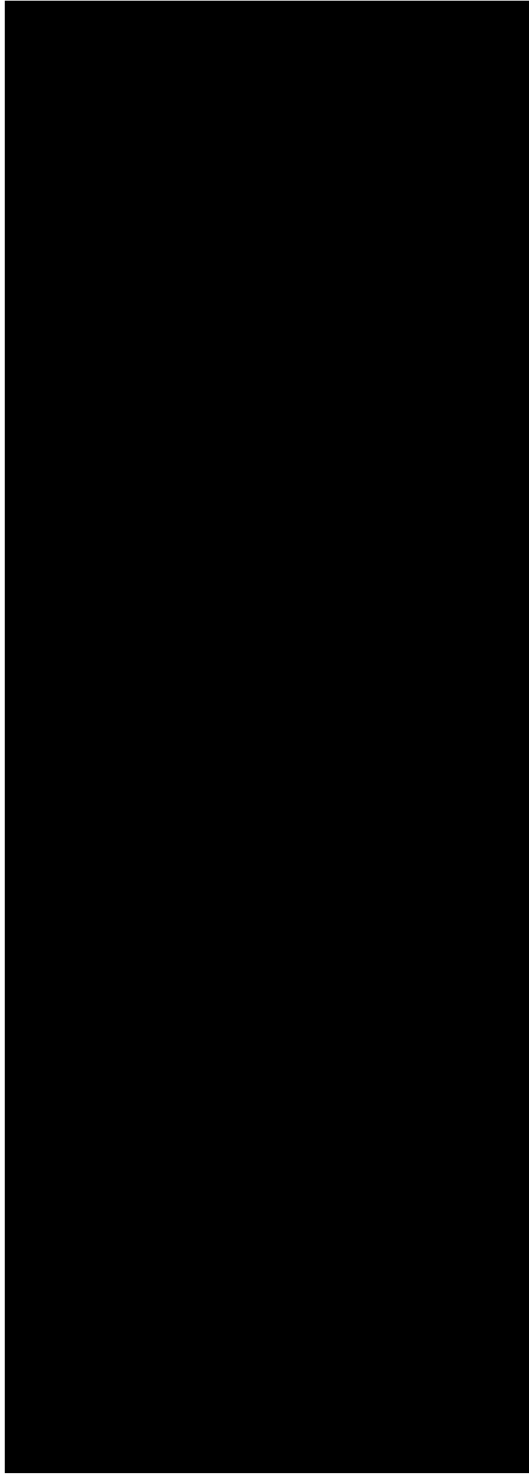
you see a sign telling you
to ignore all signs

you dream the exact same dream
every fog-ridden night

the pilot is too jet-lagged
to fly through the ever-thickening fog

the fog wraps itself around
the monument's dozen rifle butts

you find a cat on the side of the road
and you name him "Captain Fog"



a credit card the size of a football field
slices through the cloud-mottled sky

a fortress in the mountains
crumbles soundlessly in the night

a blur of freckles
in a light too thick to see through

a leafless tree
cobwebbed with red and green lights

a rock you climb up
and then throw smaller rocks off of

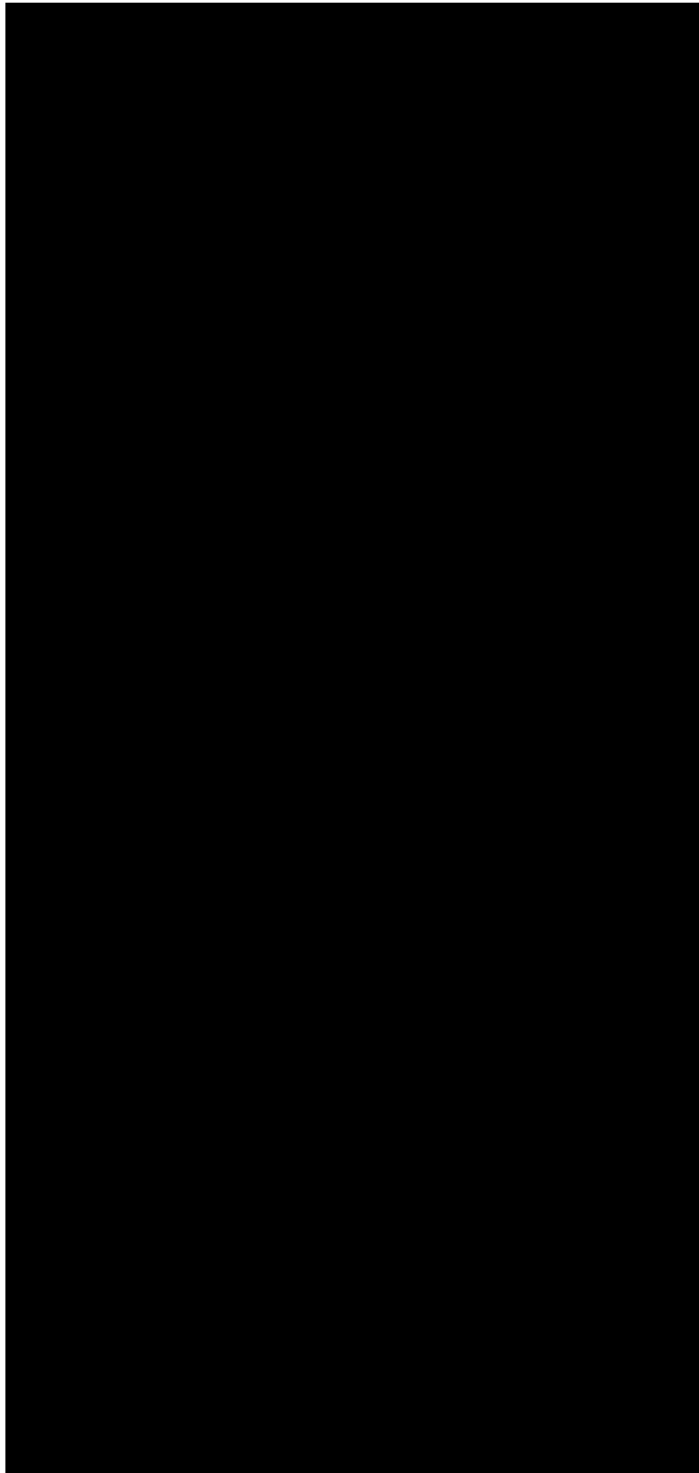
your numbers look good
but your head feels bad

the movie is somehow truer
than the biography it's based on

I don't know what more
you want from me

her smile was more
than just your standard annihilation

yesterday
I started to write songs



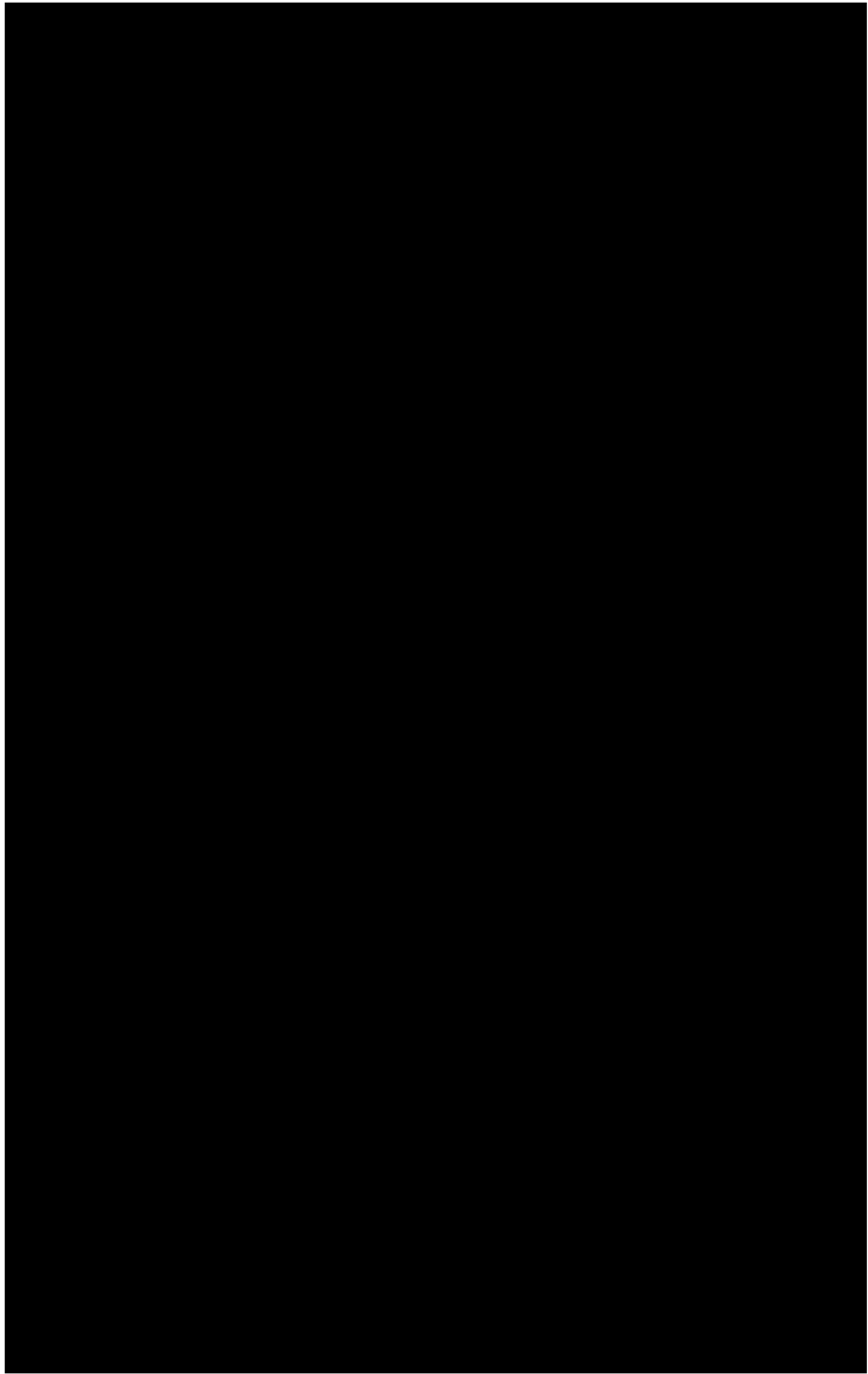
all of the world's dumbest events
happen twice

techno-recluses navigate the city
via solar-powered drones

lavender the colour of the moon
and the river and the grass

a cop in a dream
tells me I'm crazier than I think I am

I'm going to have
to call you back



I'm not really sure
what's going on

your eyes reflected in the eyes
of whoever you're talking to

your eyes like a pair of onions
budding in a shallow pool of mud

the poem about the mud
means more to me than the mud itself

the conversation between crows
continues but in a less ironic tone

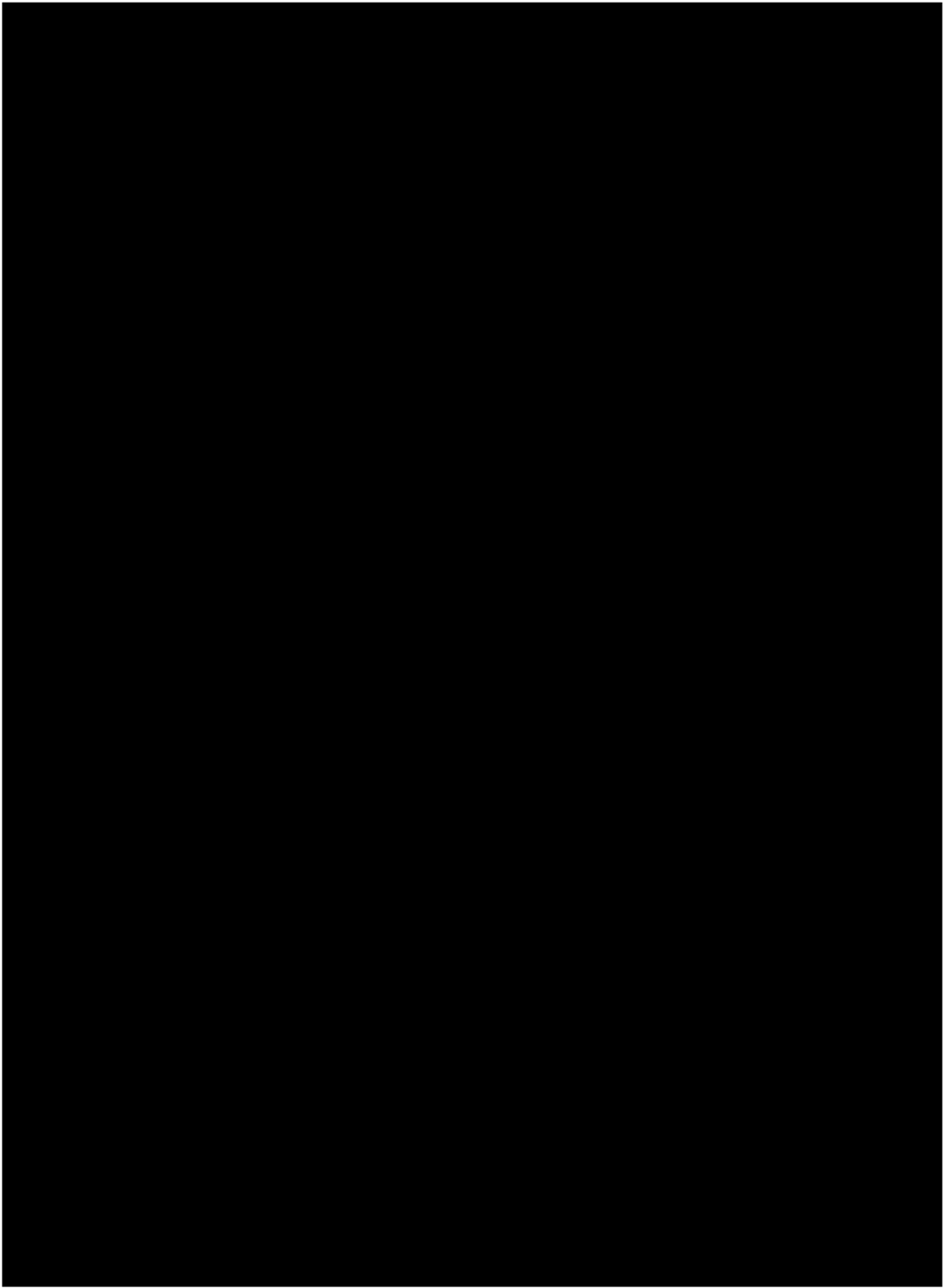
this is what it looks like
when nobody has slept in a decade

this is what it looks like
before the ultimate riot

sobbing on the sidelines
as the all-stars sob on the field

none of this
was my idea

all of this
seems kind of insane to me



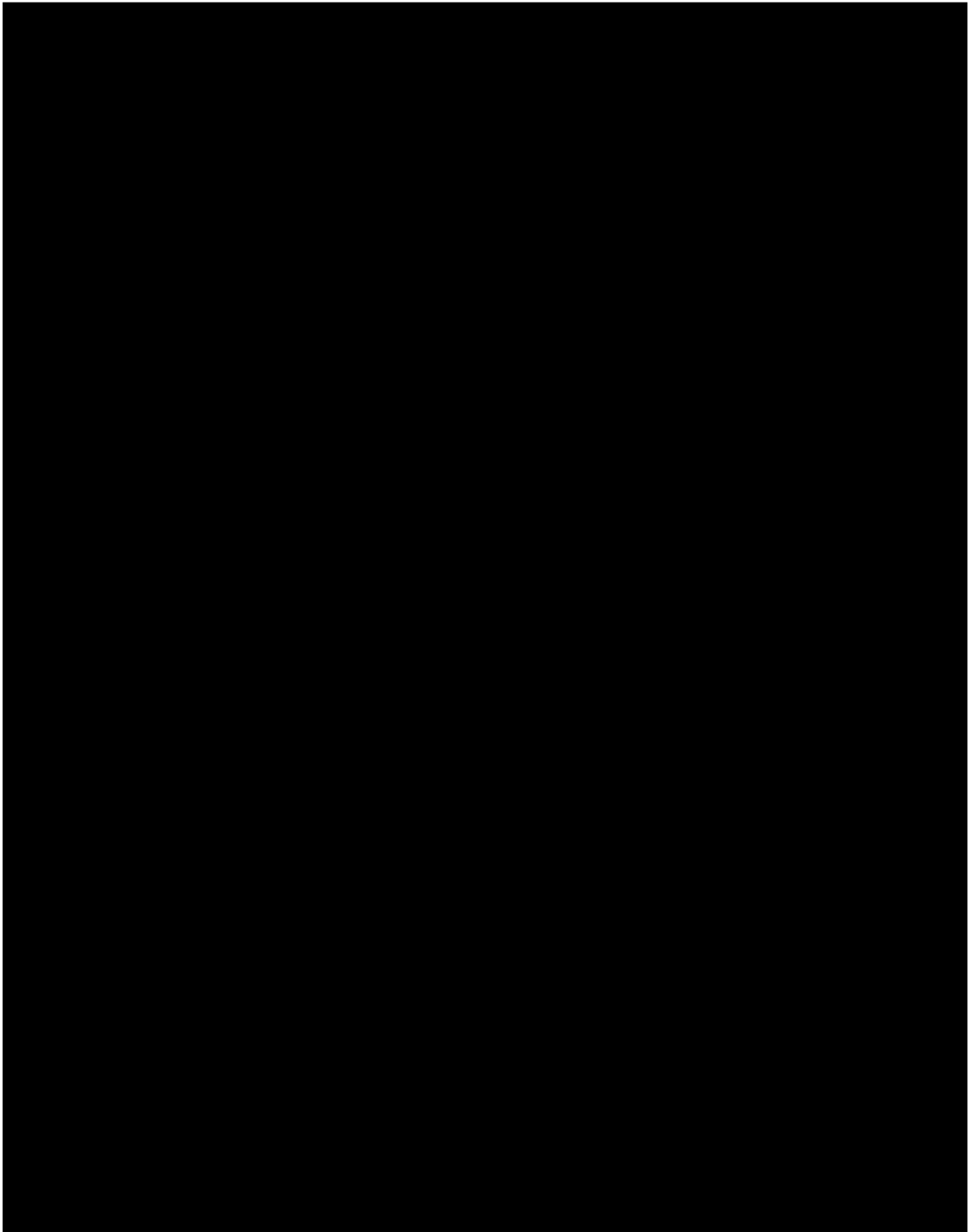
a pill that cures any disease
but it's the size of Jupiter

a rose that doesn't bloom
unless it's five inches from the sun

a job at a bank
where they wear charging cords instead of neckties

a cloud shaped sort of
like your late father's face

every symbol
has its meaning



music plays but in a register
audible only to worms

an unfamiliar voice
divides the day from the night

it's not that I don't like swimming
it's that I like swimming too much

I think I've found
a path I can manage

only angels
have wings

