

# I Went to a Wake Once

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/ where the dead man was still alive . . .  
i went to a wake where the walls were papered with roach stubs &  
hockney prints  
aquamarine eyes that blinked form & colour  
while hyacinth tongues sucked blood from the visuals  
/ endorphins from thc's paintbox.

i went to a wake once & the dead man said to me:  
'dance me the inferno, my friend'  
& i stepped into that perfect beauty  
& scorched my skin of grime.

i went to a wake where we pissed in the sink  
& stormed through cocaine fury into cannabis meltdown  
where I drove all night crushing imaginary lovers  
beneath the wheel of compassion  
& no-one will ever know how you must have felt  
standing there  
drink in one hand, joint in the other  
waiting to kill your lover because murder  
is the only mode of transport from purgatory to paradise.

i went to a wake once & the dead man said to me:  
'the party's never over, my friend,  
so shoot first, & we'll talk later'.