

# Luxuria, Smoking Mirror

The window is wobbling  
rain no doubt  
four part water  
one part poison  
I really could do without

You can have my Picasso  
please lie down  
your funerary nakedness remains  
under your successful dress and gown

Look in the smoking mirror  
you're a thinking flame  
into your silence  
I'll introduce straight rain

From bergamot to tonka  
on a sea breeze of turpentine  
a sulphur rose with hammer-dressed eyes  
a little light upstairs

At a slumber party poorly lit  
a vaseline moon and would-be gems  
you sleep on it  
you're blinding me with rescue flares

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