

Pigface, Unknown Title

(on Glitch, titled Image of Red Cut in Half; poem about Peter Frampton(Who:))

Peter Frampton

sits alone in his shriveled black home(hole?)

searching his gruesomely mutated memory for some kind of clue

as to the whereabouts of his penis

he sits on baby, i love your way

and slowly unbuttons his (something) trousers

Slowly, he pulls down his tattered flares

and holds a mirror underneath what once was

bounty, bitch, man (undecipherable)

(??) the mirror with his heavily inverted resolution

fifteen years of (penile servitude??)

between the white (piper and rat heart????)

and the murderer, it is possible to see

(? ? ? ?)

one martyr of an ancient land

execute this preacher's (???)

oooh baby, I Love Your Way!

he touches and he touches, he has nearly won

with a slightly sinking forefinger

the man can't get off!

and searches slowly across this train of thought

in search of a better hope