

Sage Francis, Product Placement

It's a tangible death and I can almost handle it.
When it cancels my breath hold your hand over my candle then rest.
There's no pain in this fist's release.
I put my elbows on the window frame, glass pressed against my cheeks.
Everything I see is mine.
I never look back--I couldn't ask the same of those I leave behind.
They're just bubbles rushing toward the water's surface.
A clumsy stage hand making a grand exit...caught in the curtains.
A person should have pulled this rope long ago.
Before the water hole froze over I saw the snow.
The best cue for rescue is a couple yanks.
Pressed my luck, held my breath enough, but then my stomach sank.
Should have never been walking the plank with cement shoes
without an oxygen tank or wet suit.
Destitute conditions leave fishermen victims of circumstance.
But you don't need a hook for the worms to dance.

Off to the bathroom to sniff another line.
There's a big party going on and you're not invited.
Now I'm just howling at the moon, sippin' on its shine.
There's a huge rock hurling through space, won't you help me light it?
Playing jump rope with my veins tonight.
Budget's dumb low; but I paid the price.
The DJ saved my life.
Nothing could cut into my fun, but the razor might.