

From here, we can see it	(the relief)
England has disappeared	(beneath clouds)
And Chile is aquamarine	(with lithium)
From here, we can see batteries	(bursting)
See how matter and anti-matter are composed	(of the same substance)
We can see the darkness	(like light slipping)
Everything incidental	(everything passing)
We can see the sum of all things	(nothing is also here)
[enter]	
We dance to vinyl with purple pop on one side	(jokes on the other)
Drink ash in alcohol	(alchemy's in again)
Wide-hipped sex on a water bed above a train	(stationary or rattle)
Dream of transmigration or a move elsewhere	(this time, nearer)
Yawn into the separation of morning	(lists, leftovers)
Wiggle into the disappointment	(of dissuasion)
Stick mirrors on our hats	(we are being reflected)
And dance again it's what we were used to out there	(silent disco, no touch)
Toss out the candles	(we have the north star)
Trampoline onto anything somewhat green	(Soylent green)
Eat a protest sign	(it makes us sad)
Hang a red plastic bucket outside our doors	(so it knows we're here)
Throw away all the paper	(throw it away this time)
Water will soak us all	(the Sierras are rising)
Beards will grow	(mama repeats: 'listen with your stomach')
This place is full of babies	(islands)
Made up of the most of all	(possible) (worlds)
We cannot go now	(not in these teeny bikinis)
	(plus it'll take forever and we are so tired)
Look, the corner shops sell books!	(where have all the clocks gone)
[exit]	
Everything passing in meaning	(all the blue)
I can remember you like you're now	(facing me, my face, and I can only remember you)
	(Are you absent or am I)
Your philosophy is a great watermark	
over a common landscape	(glossy sweep, rosy-cheeks)
Mine doesn't stand a chance so I will	(do what I do best)
Hula-hoop to India	(weathered and whistles)
Your philosophy is a common landscape	(garden thistles)
Mine doesn't stand a chance so I will	(do what I do best)
	(I'll wish I had summoned a proper goodbye)
It's not home but it's familiar on the tongue	(morphologically)
The hot steel heat	(it makes my back-feelings show)
If I told you I prefer living somewhere real	(tear gas)
Phantom	(obliteration) rooms
Corrupt souls. Dreams	(hardened in dust)
You'd say, "you're exoticising"	(fear of ghosts)
What good did criticality ever do us except give us	
style: windblown hair	(and nonchalance)
(The ancients told us that)	the revolution of the body is only plausible
	with a revolution of the mind
Occasionally, even those of us that experience	
the tilt	(guests)
	(encounter moments of kindness)
All that anywhere flickering	(towards where)
Dancing	(to where)
Sitting up straight (to rest)	and emergent.