

Make Yourself at Home

rest your head on the chopping block
sit down in the electric chair
stretch out on the bed of nails
kick your feet up near the gallows
hang your hat on the crucifix
make yourself at home in the snake pit
I have no more use for them

I am ill with yearning

I am gorged with desire

and there just isn't
enough room for death or pain
anymore

I've grown too big,
too strong

I've shooed it away
like a housefly

and I walked down
the boulevard
into the sun
letting it swallow me up

not afraid

not afraid of anything