

**Apt. A (1: she's calling)**  
words and music by cLOUDDEAD

She's calling, she's calling me tonight,  
from just inside my lips and I'll write her.  
Betterment of the world through wish,  
wish I'd fall off, growing distant.  
I'll write her,  
and pull my face fresh from the waxy palms it's kept soft in.

There's something to the fading of faith.  
My whole childhood was the broken guitar  
and my sister's silly yellow blanket.  
Now I carry slender and sexy curved sledge hammers  
to break the bricks I bought--  
I should have never went to college,  
but took a trip to Costa Rica to cut rainforests to choke myself.

Making up Miss Bobafetet as I go along,  
and rejecting the truths that I've been served.

Fool in--besides, tuition for my countenance  
pressed fine in reverse block, style print,  
a product of cave drawings gone automated  
with these loafers and a checkbook,  
twisted tightly into, into, I know,  
a stiletto.

Do you know how many times  
I've thought about writing about the paper I'm writing on?

I lost my liquid tongue for the wet pen.

I have one mortal wish:  
I don't even know where I've been,  
in the basement, hugging the gas main.  
Something's been left out of this game.  
God, did you remember to render everything?  
I've seen 1078 Sundays and seven borders where the liquid meets land.  
I've even seen stars, now where the fuck  
is anti-emptiness?

I'm leaking into stoned and severed existence.  
I've been consumed by my own breath.

**Thin Wild Mercury**  
words and music by Todd Snider

Poor Phil Ochs<sup>1</sup>, sad and low  
Hands in his pockets, wonderin' where to go  
Watching those tail lights leave him behind  
Thrown from the limousine for speaking his mind  
Like a red-eyed photo into a garbage can  
At the corner of a hero and also ran  
A fragile heart skipped a fragile beat  
It's warm in the limousine, cold on the street

Thin wild mercury<sup>2</sup>  
And gold lamé  
Where things will go your way  
Or they won't

Thin wind mercury  
And gold lamé  
You know what they say  
Or you don't

It was all over some new Dylan<sup>3</sup> song  
Phil had the nerve to say sounded wrong  
Dylan stopped the car, words shook like a fist  
"Phil, you ain't a writer, you're a journalist"  
A death of a rebel, a twist of fate  
If he ever thought better, he thought too late  
Poor Phil Ochs, he slipped through the cracks  
Judas went electric and he never looked back

Thin wild mercury  
And gold lamé  
things will go your way  
Or they won't

Thin wild mercury  
And gold lamé  
You know what they say  
Or you don't

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<sup>1</sup> Philip David Ochs ( 1940-1976) American protest singer songwriter who was known for his sharp wit, sardonic humor, earnest humanism, political activism, insightful and alliterative lyrics, and haunting voice.

<sup>2</sup> Twelve years after the release of the album *Blonde on Blonde*, Dylan said: "The closest I ever got to the sound I hear in my mind was on individual bands in the *Blonde on Blonde* album. It's that thin, that wild mercury sound. It's metallic and bright gold, with whatever that conjures up."

<sup>3</sup> Bob Dylan (1941- ) Best singer-songwriter ever.

## Howl

by Allen Ginsberg (1926-1997)

*For Carl Solomon*

### I

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,

dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix,

angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night,

who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in the supernatural darkness of cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz,

who bared their brains to Heaven under the El and saw Mohammedan angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated,

who passed through universities with radiant eyes hallucinating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among the scholars of war,

[ ... ]

### 3

I'm with you in Rockland

where we hug and kiss the United States under our bedsheets the United States that coughs all night and won't let us sleep

I'm with you in Rockland

where we wake up electrified out of the coma by our own souls' airplanes roaring over the roof they've come to drop angelic bombs the hospital illuminates itself imaginary walls collapse O skinny legions run outside O starry-spangled shock of mercy the eternal war is here O victory forget your underwear we're free

I'm with you in Rockland

in my dreams you walk dripping from a sea-journey on the highway across America in tears to the door of my cottage in the Western night