

## Screaming Blue

We stole some eyes from the bird house  
Built masks for our pilgrim ceremony to Montana  
Named effigies in an unknown language  
Danced in a circle around an invisible altar

These fires that burn all night  
Others that sputter and barely consume the match head  
There's a slow burn in the First Quarter Moon  
Joan of Arc died before her hands burned free to signal  
A secret message.

This mad party that woke me last night  
Angels eating mushrooms and waxing poetic  
Three silent Indians with eyes that glowed ruby lasers  
I forgot to write it down then so excuse the bad recall.

You can't have visions and eat the icing too.  
Money has a way of meaning less than its numbers.  
The night watchman talks to himself because he is all he can  
trust.  
Fires raged blue as she pressed her chest against mine.  
Ho!

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