

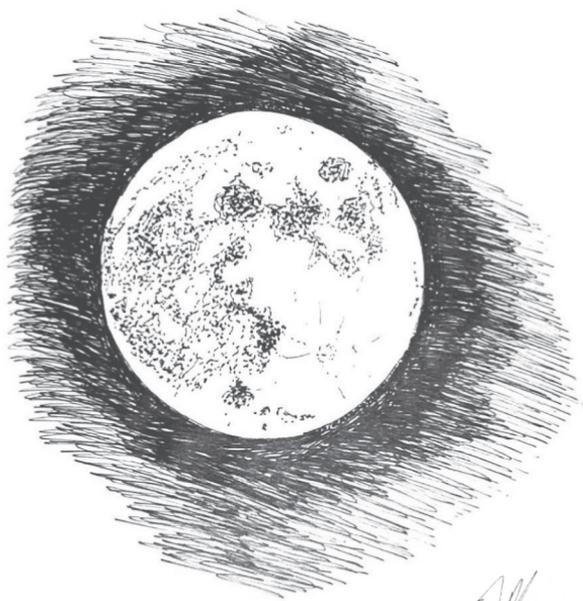
Carry Me to the Moon

Put me on your back
and carry me to the moon

She's big and bright and beautiful
but I forgot my shoes

Hold me so I don't fall off
I'll nestle to your neck

And breathe in deep
so I can keep
a night I won't forget.



Coming Up Roses

Ashes to ashes
dust on a sheet
a load of old rubbish
burned on the heap
when you're breathing you're living
six feet under you're not
a spirit awakened,
compostable rot.
I'm not the body
I habituate in
I'm the mind not the brain
the life that's within
pumping, pulsating
blood through the vein
I'm not the machine
I'm the sun, I'm the rain
that gets under your skin
right under your nose
so until I am not
then I'll be I suppose
in the thing that I live
till I push up the posies
from a pile of manure
life's coming up roses.

