

spare the poets

kill the priests
but spare the poets
topple the capitol and
save the walls for murals

they made the image of god
to show you what you'll never be
better saved by a painting
or the shade of a tree

your gods win by giving up
hanging cross or going under
I win by drawing up
fantasies or fairy lands to plunder

they teach you tradition
prayers like handcuffs
framed guilty if you think
I put those cuffs on
in festive company
and call it kink

laud the heart reader,
evict the mind reader
marry the soul seeker
parry the bottom feeders

kill the lawyers
their double talk and sundries
spare the sinners
that are pushing all the boundaries

kill the businessman
with their murderous acumen
cherish the water-baby
that's chewing on the crayon

his "immaturity"
is a font of creativity
sitting in created worlds
amused by possibility

poetry over facts
romance over reason
imagination over duty
passion over contemplation

it costs money to live
and to forgive
but you can die for free

'oh you're so talented,
you should try to sell these'
really? I didn't know
beauty was a commodity

when they said the world
makes whores of us all
they left a 20 on the table
and a stain on the wall

all art movements
have been bloodless revolutions
while political parties
were just aborted evolution
so strange
the only thing your ever drawing is blood
so keep your change

you may finish the game of monopoly
with all of the property
pearly gates that get you out of jail free
housing complexes, golf courses
hotels and craning cathedrals
you may finish monopoly
with the biggest god or all of the money
but I got to be the race car