

# The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire vol. II

*“people casually avoid large parts of the  
structure as it falls to the ground.”*  
-Thom Yorke

## I

i'm squashed  
into a tin  
filled with sardines  
and pears  
and some  
dishonorable  
punk insists on  
beating  
out a rhythm again  
& again

repeat

causing my head  
to spin and my life  
to flash (flesh)  
before my eyes  
this incessant  
bassline awakens  
my neighbors  
yet permeates  
my flesh like incense  
like an Indian  
instrument\*  
that plays on a  
scale  
foreign to me.

## II

i have finally  
demolished

my can and  
by allowing the  
drum beats in  
have succeeded in  
recycling the steel  
(for it is the most  
efficiently  
recyclable  
material in the  
world.)  
mother nature has  
come  
to thank me for  
being  
so honest and bids  
me to  
    take off  
        all of  
my clothes & go for  
a swim.  
now i have found  
the wife of the  
water  
and her voice is  
beautiful  
and she harmonizes  
with me.

### III

my mind fades  
into a dark reality  
and above me is  
a light - but it  
is a light of darkness  
And darkness shines  
down like a  
silent benediction.  
my thoughts  
    ,although im-  
penetrable

are repeatedly  
broken by  
my respiratory  
system.  
and with each  
heaving heartbeat  
i struggle to take  
a breath

IV

i struggle to  
take

a breath  
and mournfully  
utter the words

**«come on»**

My this is a sleepy  
meXican town  
---- yet perhaps  
there is something  
more. a woman-  
the mystical queen  
of  
cups has flowers in  
her hair and  
a dress of black  
and red  
and she does  
the cigarette-girl  
dance.

V

as much as i resist  
i must drive  
away into  
the sunset.  
in the desert  
the agave cactuses  
(cacti)  
salute

me by bowing  
in an asian  
manner as  
my car speeds by.  
yet i am too busy  
to notice.  
i look forward- to  
the hills  
the mountains  
~ *think about the  
good times and  
never look back  
never look back* ~  
it seems at times  
the car is not  
carrying my body  
at 95mph but that  
i am flying  
down this desert  
highway.  
when all of a  
sudden,  
the car: stops  
-and the desert  
freezes over.

## VI

Knives Out.  
it seems that  
despite even  
my best intentions/  
my Batman comic  
book, my special  
edition Radiohead  
CD and your Stanley  
Kubrick Collection  
aren't enough.

## VII

can you see

the birds flying  
from the vespers of  
a Cathedral  
that was used in the  
filming of *Vertigo*?  
Yes, Kim Novak  
committed  
suicide/was  
pushed from  
the bell-tower  
as the nuns looked  
on in horror  
and it seemed all  
Jimmy Stewart  
could  
do was hang his  
head.

Viii  
i can't sleep  
or remember  
anything  
i am an insomniac  
amnesiac  
    who enjoys  
    staying up  
late  
    sipping  
espresso  
    in feline-  
named  
jazz clubs.  
i am very close to  
the face of  
the singer  
Thom something  
    or other  
and i can look  
down his throat and  
see his tonsils

he silently  
glances at  
the bass player  
and then at  
me.

IX

i am left  
alone  
to examine  
my life  
and come to  
my own  
conclusions  
i can't  
help  
but  
wonder

X

*Ascendit in Cœli*  
my eyes rise to the  
skies  
and i  
*Acendit in Cœli*  
to the sky  
towards heaven.  
and the moon  
ultimately  
reverses its  
hold  
on the oceans  
and allows the  
waves and  
everything  
to move backwards  
i fade  
i become  
i unexist myself  
with each last

breath  
my after-life  
half-life  
rises  
,clouds  
swirl around me  
as quickly as time  
dissolves  
everything  
dissolves  
i can sleep  
forever

XI

yet i return  
    if only briefly  
to watch my  
funeral  
it is a cajun  
funeral. and though  
they mourn,  
they smile.