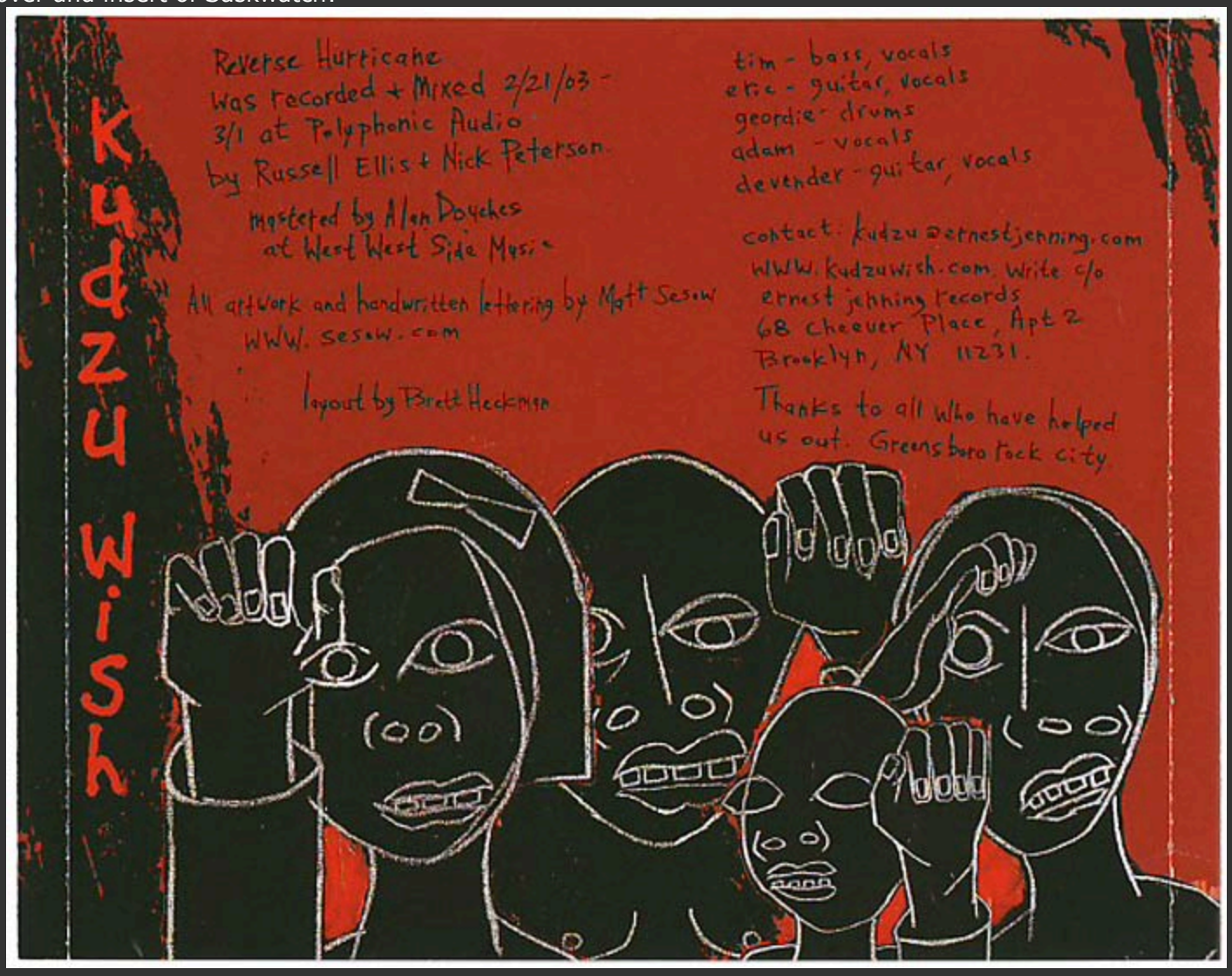
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Kudzu Wish

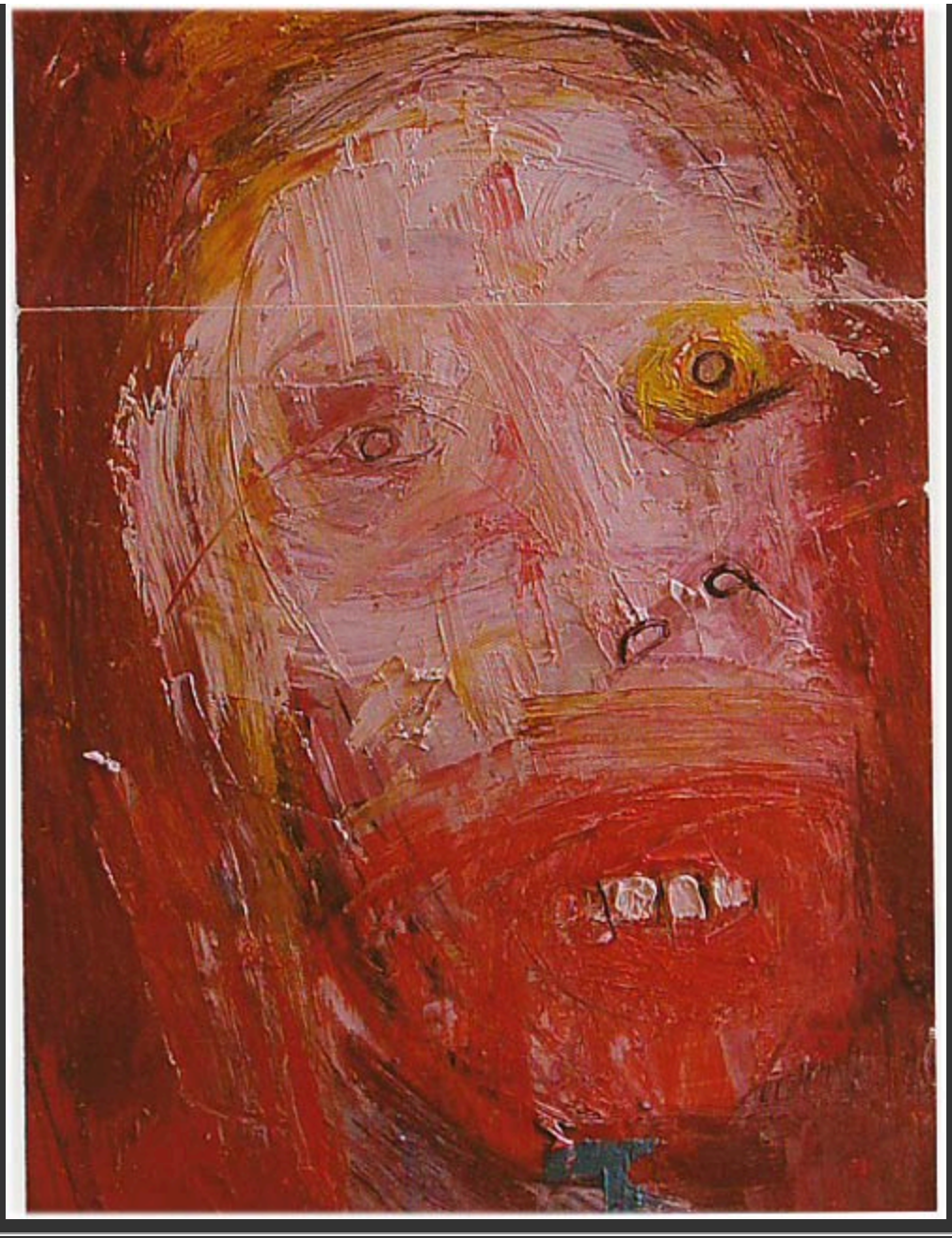
CD Cover with Matt Sesow paintings, 2003
Reverse Hurricane

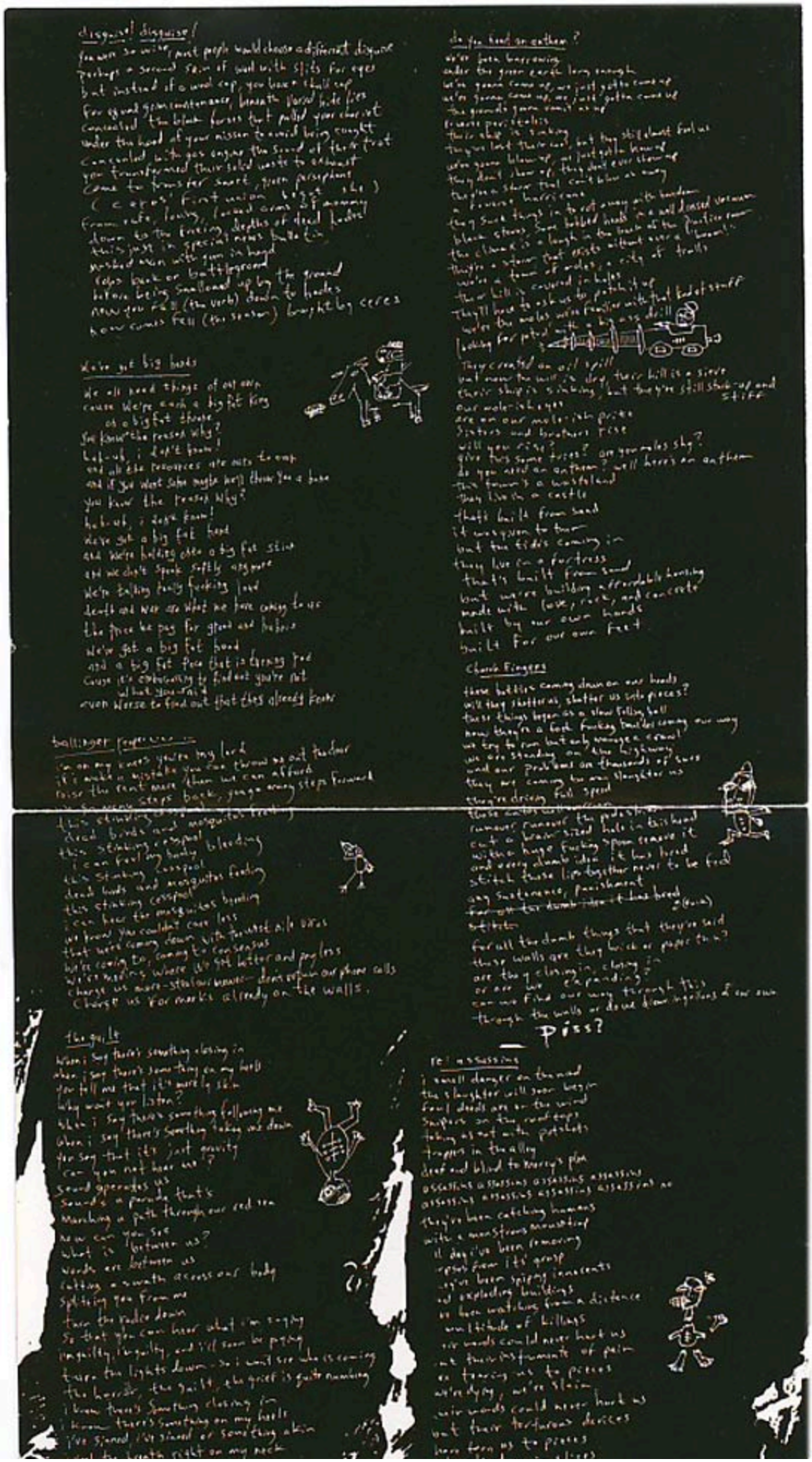
cover and insert of Saskwatch:




Kudzu Wish
Reverse Hurricane
ejr 008.
1. disguise! disguise!
2. We've got big hands
3. Ballinger Properties, Inc.
4. the guilt
5. i am robot
6. Unopened things
7. do you need an anthem?
8. church fingers
9. re: assassins
10. are we not spoon?
6 00064 78082 7
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Kudzu Wish
Reverse Hurricane
ejr 008.







disgust! disguise!
for were so wise, most people would choose a different disguise
perhaps a second skin of wool with slits for eyes
but instead of a wool cap, you have skull cap
for ground gore countenance, beneath flared hide fires
concealed the blank forces that pulled your chariot
under the hood of your mission to avoid being caught
concealed with gas engine the sound of their treat
you transformed their soiled waste to exhaust
come to howl for sweet, green passphant
(cheers! first union beast she)
from rake, louse, locust arms of mommy
down to the freezing depths of devil feather
this just in special news bulletin
grabbed again with gun in hand
flops back or butt-foreground
before being swallowed up by the ground
now you eat (the verb) down to bradies
how cunes fell (the season) brought by ceres

We've got big heads

We all need things of our own
cause We're each a big fat king
of a big fat throne
You know the reason why?
hah-uh, I don't know!
and all the resources are ours to own
and if You want some maybe we'll throw you a bone
you know the reason why?
hah-uh, I don't know!
We've got a big fat head
and We're talking also a big fat skin
and we don't speak softly anymore
We're talking really fucking loud
death and war are what we have coming to us
the price we pay for greed and hubris
We've got a big fat head
and a big fat face that is orange too
Cause it's embarrassing to find out you're not
what you ain't
even worse to find out that they already know

ballinger response
in on my knees you're my lord
if I make a mistake you can throw me out the door
raise the rent more than we can afford
raise steps back, you go many steps forward

do you hear or gather ?
we're here borrowing
under the green earth long enough
we're gonna come up, we just gotta come up
we're gonna come up, we just gotta come up
the grounds gonna vomit us up
invasive parasitic
their ship is sinking
they've lost their war, but they still almost feel us
we're gonna blow up, we just gotta blow up
they don't know of they don't ever show up
the green silver that can't blow us away
a forever harricane
they suck things in to rot away with boredom
black stones, some bubbled heads in a well dressed storeroom
the climax is a laugh in the back of the practice room
they're a storm that exists without ever a bloom
we're a team of molds + a city of trolls
their hill is covered in holes
they'll need to ask us to patch it up
when the moles were frontier with that kind of stuff
looking for petrol with a big ass drill

They created an oil spill
but now the well is dry, their hill is a sieve
their ship is sinking, but they're still stubborn and strike
our molar-ish eyes
are on our molar-ish prize
Sisters and brothers rise
will you rise?
give this some focus? are you woke shy?
do you need an anthem? well here's an anthem
this town's a wasteland
they live in a castle
that's built from sand
it was given to them
but the tide's coming in
they live in a fortress
that's built from sand
but we're building affordable housing
made with love, rock, and concrete
built by our own hands
built for our own feet

Church Ringers
these bullies coming down on our heads
will they shatter us, shatter us into pieces?
these things began as a slow falling bell
now they're a fast fucking boulder coming our way
we try to run but only manage a crawl
we are standing on the highway
and our problems are thousands of cars
they are coming, we are slaughter us
they're driving full speed

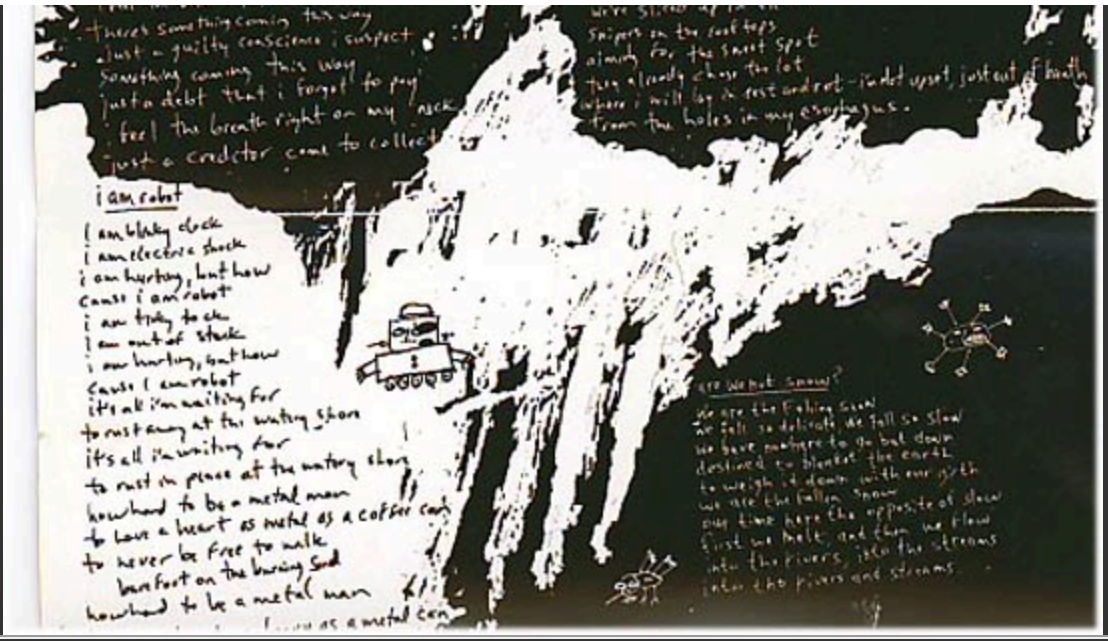
these [illegible] pedestrian
rumors! rumors! the pedestrian
cut a brain-sized hole in this head
without huge fucking spoon scrape it
and every dumb idea it has bored
stitch these lips together never to be heard
any sustenance, punishment
[illegible] it has bored
[illegible]
for all the dumb things that they've said
these walls are they built or plopped down
are they closing in, closing in
or are we expanding?
can we find our way through this
through the walls or do we blow ourselves & our own
piss?

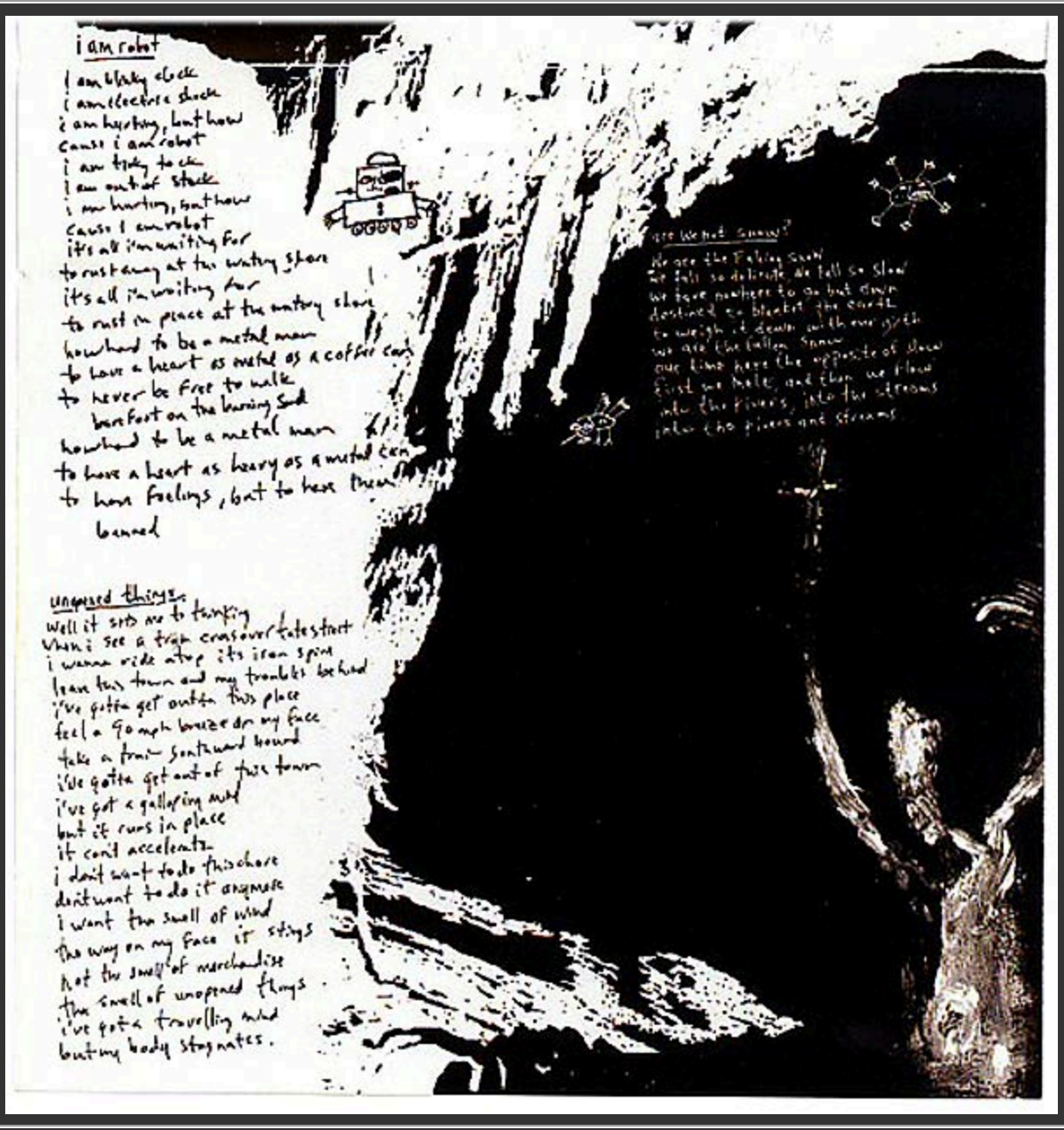
this stinking cesspool
dead birds and mosquitos feeding
this stinking cesspool
I can feel my body bleeding
this stinking cesspool
dead birds and mosquitos feeding
this stinking cesspool
I can hear the mosquitos breeding
we know you couldn't care less
that were coming down with the worst air woes
hope coming to, coming to consensus
we're reading where she got better and pay less
charge us more-stealer wages- clean out our phone calls
Change is for masks already on the walls.

the guilt

when i say there's something closing in
when i say there's something on my back
you tell me that it's more by skin
why won't you listen?
when i say there's something following me
when i say there's something taking me down
you say that it's just anxiety
can you not hear me?
sound supersedes us
sounds a parade that's
marching a path through our red sea
now can you see
what is between us?
words are between us
cutting a wraith across our body
splitting you from me
turn the radio down
so that you can hear what i'm saying
I'm guilty, I'm guilty and I'll soon be paying
turn the lights down - so i won't see who is coming
the horrible, the guilt, the grief is quite numbing
i know there's something closing in
i know there's something on my back
i've sinned i've sinned or something akin
[illegible] right on my neck

re: assessing
i smell danger on the wind
the slaughter will soon begin
foul deeds are on the wind
snipers on the roof tops
taking aim with pinpoints
triggers in the alley
deaf and blind to history's plan
assassins assassins assassins assassins
assassins assassins assassins assassins are
they've been catching humans
with a monstrous mouthful
it does've been removing
organs from it's group
we've been spying innocents
and exploding buildings
we been watching from a distance
an attitude of killings
our words could never hurt us
our fingers instruments of pain
are tearing us to pieces
we're dying, we're slain
our words could never hurt us
our fascist torturous devices
have torn us to pieces





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