

## Jettison

## Naked Raygun

Six hundred miles an hour  
Three inches off the ground  
Your feet feel the conclusion  
As you pass the speed of sound

A fine preoccupation  
Just how fast can you go?  
At eight hundred miles an hour  
Your blood begins to slow

At an inch and then a half inch  
It's the damndest thing  
Blades of grass whip past  
They slice they don't sting

Nine hundred miles an hour  
A quarter inch off the ground  
A small gnat hits you  
You explode without a sound