

# At The Helm Off Hells Ships

## The Desert Sessions

Cat's eyes  
Circle the globe on protruding white stalks  
Dancers with green trays, baskets  
Snakes slither and probe  
A bridge of dog size  
A bench, a chair  
She's so fine that naked lady of mine  
Slight turn in repose  
The lings out on the moan  
The churbs so small  
A chorus of fogs step on into streets  
Of forest greens, lanes

We all walk in the straight line  
Nice and tight  
We all walk in a straight line  
Nice and tight

Elvis bleeds from the eyes  
Madonnas light up the skies  
Kneel before the potato  
And kiss the forehand of Siva  
Sunset and Vine

Walk in the straight line  
With my knee on  
My knee on  
Walk in the straight line  
Nice and tight

Jesus t-shirts  
Airport chieftains  
Blow-dried smiles  
Nothing is sacred  
No one is safe  
Whispers of secrets walk  
Through these streets where my lady lies  
Sacredness

Walkin with my knee on  
Knee on  
Walkin the straight line  
Nice and Tight

Human chases at their Jesse Helms  
Guiding the gnomes and  
Their clone children, the king's dominion  
Here, kitty, kitty  
Here, kitty, kitty

With my knee on