

Lotus Eaters

The rivalry that lives inside of me is so explosive
One side drinks chai tea and knows yoga poses
Keeps life peaceful and sleeps nights, buenas noches
The other side smokes roaches, drinks potions and overdoses
With eyes open wide high-speed on roller coasters
I chose this life I lead, at least most of it
But sometimes I need to go with the flow a bit
I know this little island in the sea where the lotuses
Grow; in the Odyssey, Ulysses noticed it
In Homer's myth it's known as the home of the Lotus Eaters
I go to sip ambrosia; each drop on my throat is sweeter
And I'm a devoted seeker of the ultimate high
Music to blow the speakers, tequila, salt and lime
I go to sleep thirsty and wired all the time
So I'm slow to speak words to describe how sublime
The flowers you find in this place taste
If you believe in religion imagine heaven as a state
Of complete hedonism, imagine freedom in prison
Where there isn't even a difference between dreamin' and livin'
I feel like a demon driven to this heather existence
That I've seen in a vision like a gleam in the distance
Though I admit feeling a bit of a sneaking suspicion
That I've seen it retreating when I've been within inches

My pain isn't there, except in the past tense
My brain is aware of nothing but distractions
That's why I came here, hash and absinthe
Dreams and carefree bohemian passions
A stranger's hair scented with frankincense
I strain my ears towards a Rastaman's
Music I can't quite hear; that's when I sense
A change in the air, perhaps an accident
Reacting to veins impaired by pathogens
Breathing, I reappraise where my path has been
Leading; my bloodstream needs a drastic spring
Cleaning, and I react with abstinence
I have to cleanse myself and take my life back again
This is what happens when people like me get tethered
To the hedonist life, and keep squeezing pleasure
From the heat of the night; it's like we can never
Believe the feeling is right, so eventually we sever
The leash and take flight; for me it's an effort
But I need to be delivered, and keep eating better
And keep seeking the treasure found in deep reading matter

I can't even measure how long I've been inside relaxed
Gradually digesting in Venus Fly Traps
But I can see the sky now; I've got my drive back

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