

MY PUMP ON

I *did* get my pump on, I ripped it from the air!
And moved a lot of earth, so much! Near the

humongous, chilly Hudson Bay! What a pump!
It was said to be the end! An agency of lines

lapped about. *A Special Rain at the Bay!*
A visibly weird droplet pattern dropped:

Each drop stopped at the valuable Bay's surface,
went back the way it came. The rain was red,

just *red*, not, like, *mortal* red, you know? (Something
like 40 normative ponies came for a dip,

a follow-up meeting in rainy hell, for a
confusing discussion of the poem we're in.)

Anywho, the rain looked, actually, like a
see-through curtain falling and rising a lot.

Death is a narrow rain—*joy is a wide rain*.
This is a wide rain. Salty and citrus-y.

DEPECHE MODE CAME BACK IN 2005

You look really good!
You need something to do!
You definitely have unlimited life!

Ufff, look at that robe you bought
— it glows!
Do you wear it? Oh my god!

You could wear that at work,
you could crunch the data
— Hey! The robe turns

your eyes yellow,
it's kind of lovely!
At work they call you

the house of pain!
Hm! There's a long tattoo
on your leg, it's text,

it's thirty-one words:
*Today, I saw glowing triangles
in the store, on the road,*

*and over the muddy, flooded river;
I also saw Bradley—he said he ate
his youth and threw it up!*

DONOVANIA

Donovan, like a lot of people,
ate the entire pizza, and his body,

politically and totally like a cigarette,
burned away in like 3 minutes and 3 seconds,

like an efficient pop song!
Oh, there is a formula for making Donovan.

That's good! And we have fresh insights
from the data on Donovan! The data points:

My god, he could paint like a godmaster!
The data suggests: *He seems to have run*

a full-ass marathon in Philadelphia!
In his hometown in his youth,

a couplet of public buses squashed him
and by the look of the data: *He's just, he's*

quite fine! He's absolutely right!
God, I know I love the man after the fact!