

## Noisegate

There are only so many ways you can circumvent it.  
One end of memory glows infrared,  
Pulsing under over-capacity -  
It's the old phone box into which you  
Slipped notes etched undetectable when you were  
Milked out and twelve-and-a-half glasses over the moon,  
It's the cold bathroom tile that you  
Melted into and oiled with only your  
Bare skin and a slow drip of drool,  
It's the sparkler show in the basement,  
You and you alone, watching yourself  
From halfway up the steps,  
Watching you watch it roar all radium blue  
And orange, your body  
Anchored to the ground like a steel pillar.  
In this hand, you're trapped in that  
Boiler room while it engulfs itself,  
But in this hand, you're liquid silver,  
You're the *man!*  
You're the *machine!*  
*You're* on fire, you absolute bulldozer,  
You wizard, you alchemist, you dam,  
You raw egg, you steel pillar,  
You bullet train.  
Punching bag.  
Noise gate.  
There are only so many ways to cut the static,  
Only so many phone boxes, sanctuaries, cellars,  
Only so many bags to breathe in.