

Sipping A Sazerac

The scent of a soft-shell encounter
Lured us into The French Quarter
We found ourselves mystically lost
In the moss of myth
That dripped from the lips of Magnolias
We sauntered past nutria skulls
And Voodoo Buddhists
Plastic pleasures and poison pets

Lingerie lesbians
Who licked our desires
And batten-boarded windows
Bathed in obsolete vanity
Ya can't stop a hurricane
So you get inside
Its growth
Become the storm
Can't hide from yourself

We questioned religion
In the alleys on either side
Of The St. Louis Cathedral
Where stained glass saints
Dance with Roman Catholic guilt
Where Purgatory
Is just another jewel
In the bounty of pirates
Where we all felt God
Inside a Goddess
Draped in wrought iron
Sipping a Sazerac.