

# I Long To Touch You Like A Song

[BY BILLY MANAS](#)

Splish splash puddle crunch Lexington and 3rd  
The cabs they glide electrically  
Vulgar and absurd  
And like Buddha when he left his home in search of noble truth  
You move in ceaseless circles upset to find the proof  
The proof that's in the pudding, the lie's within the crust  
You starve yourself, get picked to bones and bones they turn  
to dust  
Carried by the wind off into distant shores  
And once reborn, again adorn  
The planetary pause  
"Adieu" says the mother to the child by the bay  
"Adieu" cries the blacksmith, as he looks the other way.  
And the buntings and the sparrows both flit from tree to tree  
Like the loose cannon blatherskite who begs for sympathy  
We're all in this together, for a penny and a third  
We're children who generously defend ideas they've overheard  
Both drunken and avuncular festive and somewhat deadly  
The racist, sexist, misogynistic narrow-minded medley

*For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Year of Magical Thinking](#) .*

***Sip a little more:***

***America, Why Do You Beat Up On Your Poor?***

"When we are asleep  
in this world, we are  
awake in another."

- Salvador Dali

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