

**Rev up your chain saw, Joan of Arc***Trebor Healey*

He was the ultimate badboy  
And he got me like Jesus  
I worshipped his darkness  
and I'm still testifyin today

He had black hair, black eyes  
he never shaved  
he was a junkie  
and a thief  
a runaway since 14  
His wrists were all torn up  
like razorblade runways  
takin' flight over the bruised outposts of his forearms  
mottled like molding bread  
He never stayed anywhere very long  
He got into trouble with his knifeblunt tongue  
he always told the truth  
when he revved up his chainsaw  
truth-sower

He felt he was stupid and fucked-up  
cuz he should be by now  
but he was clearer than the dharma  
and he psycho-stabbed the truth into people with a cake knife of  
clarity

He had a tattoo on his neck  
that looked like calligraphy  
like a blue knife had slashed  
away at his throat  
Like he'd asked some tattoo artist  
to slit him ear to ear



It made it hard to get a job cuz he hated hip cafes and clubs

He was an angry disrespectful bastard  
most of the time  
and he spoke the truth almost always  
He was a furious spinning wrathful deity of a dragon  
breathing harsh truth like fire  
he blistered my soul  
and I let myself burn  
I didn't want any of who I culturally was anyway  
He was a great tree surgeon of delusions  
and his voice was a chainsaw  
Chew me up baby  
I wanted a blood-letting

knife-cock chainsaw lover  
He called all my bluffs  
chopped me up like beef in a tacqueria  
trimmed me way back to the bone

Sometimes I wondered what I was doing in the bad neighborhood of his  
psyche  
And I'd think about all the nice boys I've met  
light and airy, everything's OK and I believe in happiness  
Nice bright sunny people  
with savings accounts and health insurance  
about as sharp as spoons  
Usually black as coal inside  
With big iron doors for ventricles  
and no trespassing signs posted along their pulmonary arteries  
relationships are their snake pits  
The kidneys where they keep you  
the infernal incinerator that keeps their happy light glowin  
lots of people die each year in their own excrement  
to keep them shining like chrome  
I didn't want any of who I culturally was anyway



He wasn't like that  
He looked like a blackhole  
he drew me in with his gravity  
He had no stop signs, no signals, no cops  
He scared the shit out of me  
but black holes are the lightest stars  
cuz their light never leaves em  
His heart was an inverted sun  
and once inside there was no ozone between us  
A flashing prism of pain igniting everything and everyone  
around us  
An internal combustion engine  
there was no danger when we burned  
we burned clean and blue  
He's got a full tank of gas  
And even if his 400 horses of power are crusted with anger and bile  
Inside that nasty grimy plastic shell  
there pumps the clean shiny well-oiled piston  
of a chainsaw motor  
Rev it up Joan of Arc  
I love to feel that chain move across my skin  
I love to feel your electricity arcing across  
my loneliness  
like a comet

He blinded me with the glare  
from his black obsidian eyes  
His heart was a lighthouse in the fogbound night of his body  
Blackness isn't evil  
Blackness is fear  
And I know avoiding it isn't virtue, it's loss  
So fuck that good and evil bullshit

Evil and cruelty are stupid graffiti tags  
America writes all over him



like he's the stinkin 22 Fillmore  
It's there way of claiming him  
stakin moral territory  
vandalizing him with their words and judgments  
Saying we're right  
and this reality is our territory  
your life included  
because we were here first  
pissing dogs, Conquistadores and Christians  
Half the pc blowjobs in this town  
hate themselves so much  
they turn into monkeygrinders for white trash opportunists from Hope,  
Arkansas faster than you can say  
Us and Them  
Rev up your fuckin chainsaw Joan  
Mow em down  
truth-sower

Yea he was my little Joan of Arc  
The kind of truth that just wont do  
visions and crazy voices  
that reek of upsetting everything and everybody  
Lots of cold stares  
from ladies in museums  
who didn't like him loving what they loved  
He reflected their glares back at them  
til their glasses fell off their noses  
and I knew it wasn't his evil they saw  
but their own  
He was a blessed canvas of truthpaint  
too goodlooking though for them to ever believe he was a mirror  
In a lot of ways he never had a chance  
and what irked me was people felt obligated  
to be consistent with his past  
so they never gave him one  
the blind, pessimistic bastards



He'd make a great museum piece someday  
and they could appreciate him like Van Gogh and Christ and  
everyone else who got treated like shit while they were alive  
pumping out beauty like gasoline  
and people spittin in their station john

His days were flames that licked  
his bloody gash of wounded faggot child gasoline  
He was a blessed menstruating vagina  
and he got treated with the same undeserved disrespect  
he was the boy raised by wolves

He ennobled heroin and suicide and badtempered tirades  
not because it was hipcity romantic which it is  
and lots of stupid people feed on that bullshit  
No, not that way  
He ennobled it because it was who he fucking was  
and he was Mary Magdalene  
No one had more integrity than his truth-fixed mind  
He shot it up like junk

He dignified the greasy streets of the mission  
like the Sisters of Charity  
I called him my little sister of Disparity  
He upset everything and everybody  
like Christ in the temple and the moneychangers  
sweet little saint of the street  
People didn't want his love  
they wanted other parts of him  
and he could see that clearer than Elijah in the fog  
and he'd tell them to fuck straight off  
and I admired him for it

Not because I hated their need to lie  
but because he was doin the same to me

throwin birdseed and life-giving firebrands  
We're like those pinecones that only open in the flames  
the fruit trees that need pruning  
And he was doin it for free  
Rev up your chainsaw Joan of Arc  
Burn all the forests down

He's all the anger I got locked up inside  
He's my sweet fire hydrant  
I'm an underground river unknown

When we come together  
there's sexmagic  
It wasn't just the same old tired queer thing  
of fucking like crazy 20x a week  
We willed changes with our bodies  
we were going somewhere together  
orgasm was just a fastfood joint on the highway  
and we weren't stoppin there  
We were both dead serious                      and speeding

People pulled off the side of the road when they saw him coming  
Everyone thought he was a demon  
little kids said he looked like Satan  
I know he's my blessed dark angel  
and I hate the way this world hates him  
and how he hates himself  
He hates being a man  
because his father's one  
and his father is one fucking bastard  
He used to make him strip as a little boy  
and he would tickle him while berating how  
sickly his body was  
how he should have been a girl  
Look at you! Look at you!                      echoes through the caverns of his  
loss



His father beat him nearly to death when he was two  
for falling onto the Christmas tree  
and then locked him in a room for 4 hours

He's ashamed to be a part of this warped culture  
that breaths through men like that  
a fucking college professor  
whose just a sperm donor  
as far as he's concerned  
With those sorry ass habits of resurrecting German myths  
around a solstice they have know fucking consciousness of  
The kid was winter man  
what could be darker  
He should've been deified in the dead of nightseason  
A blessed tuber  
a black ember  
He was just the black death to them  
He tried to push his father off the roof once  
and hasn't seen him since  
His grandfather sexually molested his sister  
who was the butchest dyke ever period  
and she had a chainsaw of her own  
She tried to cut his dick off with a pair of scissors  
when he was just a baby  
He still has scars

His mother was a Sicilian-American Class-A screaming bitch  
who used to just rip up their house  
broken windows, plates, speaking in tongues  
She was a middle-class tramp  
who went out to singles bars in East Buffalo between husbands  
She was disgusted with him being a flaming teen faggot  
And he told her once  
the reason she hated him being queer so much  
was because he was gettin more dick than she was  
It was the truest thing he ever said to her and one of the last



And he's got a 4-inch scar on his arm  
he got when she attacked him with a spatula  
to prove it

She threw him out like she threw out her four husbands  
and she called the police whenever his fourteen years of pain came  
around  
Ungrateful kid  
she always tells him she thought he was dead by now  
when he calls

And I half-fear the same when a few months go by  
without his wail and his cry  
without that fine revving sound

He broke apart our thing together  
like a hatchet in a melon  
clean and uncomplicated  
we're OK apart  
and I knew it would come  
but we had a form together  
that grows  
I miss him  
and I wake up in the middle of the night  
wondering about fire                      and Saint Joan

