

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE



LULLABIES TO PARALYZE

Queens of the Stone  
Age

Various Songs

*Lullabies to Paralyze*

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Interscope

# Lullabies to Paralyze

(after Queens of the Stone Age)

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I hold a book by a poet writing her dead self's death and suddenly want to know why I'm alive. If I lived through a male tsunami I actually loved, that means I will now die in a fire, or from this asymmetrical mole on my stomach, or from all the chocolate cake. A wholesome death, not one I saw coming, cancerous battering ram of a batterer. Not the vice of drummer fists around where I breathe. My breath heat-fogs the windows of my car that, who knows, I might crash on this midnight drive just to blast that Queens album again and smoke my last six cigarettes where it's cool. My son sleeps in the room beside where my parents sleep beside the room where I don't sleep, instead sit in my driveway. Don't shift from park to reverse, instead hold the book. I need out, but inside never feels like inside when I'm inside my car. Two of those old Case Logics full of grungy CDs like it's 1998 and when it was actually 1998, all I ever wanted was a ride (*Bet I know what you're up to, can I come along?*), my music, the windows down on a humid never-night, and time, even then just the time to idle and flick cigs to sick drums. I should've played the drums—all that violent outlet, it would've meant another end entirely. Being a girl drummer would've been better than being a girl poet, right? (Or a girl photographer, Homme?) I actually hope I don't die yet. *You're so in love, just like Juliet...well, guess what? That's one thing that you can for-fuckin-get*—the album is almost done. Is it too late already to back down the driveway, get more gas and smokes and burn it all, pull my own skin over a barrel and just beat the beautiful from it with a stick?