

Way Back



At mid-day I walk away from any conversation.
Friends! faces, places, smells
Like footloose vagabonds perching on clouds of Tephra
Amid I reel speechless tiptoeing warm ash, fumbling words
Till the last hour o'clock.

A crimson rapture - illumination - I can see!
"Good afternoon! Have a soporific frenzy"
In the distance, I hear mirth, scowling fiends, and jazz.
Don't I need some sleep?
"Not going to be there for you"
Tea time with Masoch?
Or Coffee with Sade, Sodo, and me!

Darkness for all eternity
I think I'm in love - all that means is that I'm able to think.
Forever is a very long time.
Shut the main door through.

Like a copy of a copy of a copy,
I get myself together into a dandelion and wait for a kiss
Of death I have no memory.
A small pink blob, I saw somewhere on a screen of a monitor on the
screen of a monitor
that appeared out of the event horizon of a black hole.
"That thing will grow limbs and become a Quaking Aspen, you moron"
In a month she'll be back on routine bleeding a safe distance away
from the sun.

Hereby,
My mind-forged manacles testify.
All day the metrosexual express impregnates street-smart stoics
All walks of life meet destiny by the virtues (only) of desire.

How can it be that my own tongue fails me
When it hurts everywhere
All the time
There is no way to say anything - nothing at all - without sounding
like a fool.
Now I know,
"I hate cats"- that little rascal will never know, how sweet
You are mine and I know no way of saying.

So, at mid-day I walk away from any conversation,
Hoist a flag of silhouetted rainbows, smoke the day's last
cigarette, chop myself into small pieces, feed me to the trees, and
follow the sweet scent of my sweat to find my way back home.