Who’s watching who tonight, the stars, the moon; whose words join mine, unwanted? Let’s consume this memory, this shadow of a doubt

cast upon the alleyway. Garbage can trees in a concrete jungle. The amber eyes of steel cyclops after cyclops, gazing down at the worry whirl winding across my face. These streets are gold. It’s the blood from a long evening grind seeping from my nose as I pretend to sleep.

Books and booze, bad tattoos; a clenched fist in the face of every deviant mind in the bar, swelling with brilliant thought. It’s the empty bottle that’s causing a problem. It’s the tiny umbrellas. It’s a spoonful of sugar that helps the tussin hit bottom. It’s maraschino cherries under a rock.

Little plastic swords used to ward off monsters of men. Plastic politicians pointing guns at pathological liars, and poets. This place is full of frogs, assholes and asexual intellectuals fighting for position, musical upside down chairs, climbing the patriarchal phallus of good fortune.

These are gypsy balls in cookie form. Come, come my gullible children let me shape thy supple mind.
Learn to lie and thou shall live.
Learn to love and lose control. It’s a lullaby
for the soul. It’s my beautiful departure.