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,
asholes 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.