

THE TRAINED FLEA GATE

What small words above pity,  
Under \* spent compassion \* might  
Brighten a small \* somber dullard,  
Once strained ↓ to polish light,

Who glues bite to me now so resentfully in dim trained-flea spite?

O blind, ex-asskissing, nove- V V assbiting, eternally dull flea!  
If your pathetic malice turns off your pitiful grim light to me,  
Your deepening shade diminishes to morbid ity. Can't. Don't you see?  
All give you one itchy bit sy teeny weeny tin y bitty witty hinty sweety:  
You don't dim one good and goddamn sweet hot spark of bright light me.  
Stars shine bright on shatter light. In back of that is starry itch,  
Behind that is total dark in back Of a simple inv isible bitch:  
One star flat on its wee hair Squeaks in a vaca nt stare:  
Thee. The. That's. I'm just one of ingratitude's little fools, folks.