

THE HERE IS MY DANCE TO LIFE GATE

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Black is the beauty of the umber bottom line. Thee. The. That's art, hack or fine, folks.

~
pin worm
i squirm

~
on firm stair
in no air

~
i shear
out rear

~
square
slice

~
knife
fife

~
here is my
dance to life

~
rigid square
pigeon-hole
here i come

~
right back
where i do
number two
frommmmm

~
where hours
of rigid sours
fume doom
in the gloom

~
each dawning
at mourning
mothers cry
babies die
but not i

~
a sun kissed
fist blasts
don't be late
that's why i

~
can hardly
wait to berate
unsuspecting
voluptuaries
at in parties

~
with sinkers
i love to see
vapid faces
turn from
sick joy to

~
dim grim
my hope
is that the
great jack
nicholson

~
will play me
in the long
awaited
major
motion

~
picture of
my larger
subtleties
whenever
i'm asked

~
how i can
do all the
dirt mean
things i do
to on go

~
my career
i say what
i really hate
about me
is that i'm

~
a big slave
of sex and
i can't sleep
with anyone
so although

~
i do my work
in rigid boxes
the meaning
of my life
is so much

~
more than
life hm
mmmm
no wonder

~
i get so
depressed

—
i'm dead