

like the cardboard man
perpetually skanking on
my wall, i am as
much a child of
technology as any other
and i find that the
spaces between words
become harder to fill
until the overwhelming
massive applause-orgy
becomes hard to stomach;
and the ATTN: of another
rivals even one.
it then becomes quite
apparent to one on the
outside looking inside
looking outside
finding some side
to hide one's face in --
potted pottery find s
one or another or
takes it for a ride.
a boy was not alone
it was altered for another
to Find heal or Frigerator
Falling to Face of Forgetful
F's Ts more sometimes but
always away but
Forgetfulness makes up
for kokaine and lab rats

and gov't knowledge of
the whole thing.
cursive allows the unaltered
flow of consciousness To
become even more apparant
to the underfed populace
makes two of us my dear
it & I wonder thocontracts
expire tho counter-productive
counter-intuitive instinct to
help another person out
when they need it.
and why is it a baker?
Why a sailor or a
candleisted or massive volumnic
volcanic stuff of cursive and literature
or undereducated killers of
women who repeatedly visit
the museum and pay homage
to their Spanish counterparts
who died in the late 1800s
and have no memories of it
when they come home for
dinner