

For one night only!

Lately I've been drawn in by a gang of sewer rats. The city's being overrun by them. They tell me they're moving down south. This one's doing impressive flips and handstands. After a nice dinner and a long constructive chat, I think I'll quit my job and accompany them on their journey. We're soon to join the circus and take captive the ringmaster. Then we'll notice there's no ransom to be gained and make him one of us. The carnival barker finds himself the tramp. The jester defiles you and spits. No more daytime television. These rats sure know how to live.

I often dream of you.

the moon has no moon of its own.
how sad for the old rock.
it pains me to know
that she cannot see her grace.
perhaps she'll catch a glimpse of it
on a satellite astray.
she cannot see her grace,
yet only so seldom is she blue.
her spherical light
in it's fullest form -
like a radiant beam of love -
turned me into a ghoulish beast.
set free from the burden of thought.
I'm quite content
going about my beastly business
for her.
I was going to tear out my heart
and launch it on over to her,
but the slippery shit
fell on my sleeve.
the blood clotted
and stiffened like glue.
there was no detaching it
before it was too late.
overencumbered with the tears
of countless lovers before.
one more pitcher
and she'll land at my feet.

patience is a virtue I wish I had, but I don't.

Won't someone take me to the sick house?
This pit has become too deep.
I can't seem to find my way out anymore.
I haven't seen the ocean in so long.
Or new born leaves,
the colour of your eyes.
My charity shop courage
finally made the effort necessary
to be content.
In all its uncertainty -
the universe assured me that certainly
it wouldn't last.
Still happily I hurt.
With a stupid smile on my melting face -
I take the happy hurt
and hope we run into each other
in our dreams.
Now, wouldn't that be a smile.

dapper dan is a gambling man

every horse i bet on wins.
they never cross the finish line.
i dreamt on my back but lost the dream
when i turned to my side.
a nuisance of no small amusement.
brush it off with a laugh,
but see one of my horses had died.
in my dream it had been a giraffe.
the jockey signed up for his last ride.
they put bugs in my stomach.
now i'm all nervouslike.
just feed the lifeless horse an apple
and watch it come back to life.
every horse i bet on wins.