

Burnit

I have been found foundering in

the mess that is the hot spot
the epicenter of all the mess
that is me

I will never see the single flake of snow
fall
in the blond mane of your horse
my spirit riding it
through the meadows of these people

I will never struggle out of these woods that are the piles of my projects
that are the office
of my little being
never will I make it out from under ocean of accountability
sea of task
shoveled dirt of my ambition

unless

it all gets burned
unless I burn it down and run from this house
nude
crimson with delight
with delight and fire

everything will be burned.

OObviusseized obtuse
having not adamn thing to do with Wisdom
at all
et alia
Dahlia

bald pointy flowery beard which
is why we listenbeingthe most beautifulO

Unwise the eyes
roll back the shudder the slobber the stiff sweat and kicking
the foot is to jam Damn!

Eun
Uch Uch Ugh!
his pencil which
does the clenching putting it to the unswallowed now

the tongue flaps!

Leave it be!

(for Charles Olson)