

\* GNATS DANCE \*

07.14.2013

OVERSLEPT. SHY TO PAROLE  
I GO HOME TOMORROW

MY DREAMS HIJACKED ME THESE PAST TWO NIGHTS  
WAKING UP GROGGY CROSSING OUT FOURTEEN  
ON MY CALENDER

CAN SEE THE SUN SLOWLY TRAIPING  
ACROSS THE CEMENT FLOOR

\* LIKE THE \* MINUTE HAND ON A CLOCK

DEAD SILENCE. EXCEPT FOR IN THE DISTANCE  
SUBTLE SOUNDS OF POLICE  
LISTENING UNIVERSAL WEIGHTS

CLINK. CLANK. ALL CORRESPONDANCE WRAPPED UP  
SITTING STACKED BY THE DOOR  
WAITING FOR THE MAILBOX

I WONT LIE. LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING FEMALES  
FORMS OTHER THAN THESE IVE DIED BESIDE

VERY SMALL GNAT FLIES ONTO MY DESK  
DOING ACROBATICS ABOVE BREAKFAST  
OATMEAL RESIDUE THATS DRIED

I BRING MY EYE REAL CLOSE  
AND ITS LIKE HE KNOWS

DANCING AND TWIRLING JUST FOR ME

I SMILE. NOW, READY FOR PAROLE

IVE LEARNED TO BE VERY WARY  
OF EVERYTHING AND ~~THE~~ EVERYBODY

THAT THE MORE YOU GIVE SOME BODIES  
THE LESS THEYLL RESPECT YOU

IVE SEEN AND STUDIED PERSONALITIES GALORE  
AND THE MAJORITY IS MEANNESS

COUCHED IN THE INSECURE, IMMATURE

DOES SOMETHING BRING ITS EYE  
REAL CLOSE TO ME AS I MOVE

IS THIS LIFE SO INSUBSTANTIAL

THAT ALL I AM IS A GRIN

ON ~~A~~ MORE INTELLIGENT LIFES FACE

DO WE ALL JUST CARTWHEEL

IN DRIED OATMEAL

MISTAKING THE MINUTE HAND FOR DAYS

A GROGGY PHILOSOPHER

SCARED OF HIS OWN SHADOW

SOLITARY ENGAGED HE AWAKES

A WOMAN AT WAR

ALONE IN THIS MANS WORLD

GOING ABOUT HER NIGHTS AND DAYS

DOES SHE THINK A GNATS LIFE IS PRETTY?