

In their extremes of fun, and hilarity, and festival.

I trust you'll have an autumn come to you as
this one comes to me like a frieght-train.

FINIS

Junked Genius

I am on my way to work at the pizzajoint,
I'm a thirty year old junked genius
With an old Fiat hauling food out to the
Rich and poor, picking up tips, trying
Not to rip. Most of the time I'm not sick
I'm happy driving through the night
Delivering food, driving those pizzas and
Having mental connections back to a time
In the University, striving still in the
Mind connecting up orally to verbalize.
I can't connect to descriptions and academia
And all the things in my mind thatconnect
Up with what I wish to say. But still thinking
It but unable to verbalize.
Feeling mostly pissed off about the injustice,
My gray world, the shiny colorful world,
Of rich people of happy people even
With thier materialism, Even with thier
Professionalism, even with thier lousy inhuman
Attitude on the street, looking to have someone
Kiss thier ass. Dammit, you didn't hear me I'm a
Thirty year old junked genius, and I'M not hardly