

testing, but a new doctor is 'spose to get case,
a Dr, R I believe.

An ashtry poem

A poem ashtry
light seen through
reality as boats
from past Milwaukee River
floatings hung mobile
like in a old flash
to fifteen years ago

human minds
happen to see that
way and Louise found
me naked and screaming
for her words
walking in
the streetlight tunnel
choking raw on
my invention mind

Pills speak louder than
words that used
to flow through
misty ethereal eternity
Pious monks decipher
again old madness
unfilled by
nightmare majesty