

it ceased to hold you
quivering putty behind
those crystal eyes
God barked and meant
quit dreaming up
dream scenes,
But you saw cast
iron Burns blink in the
park as if to drop his
jerkins, he would have
had you wished and
shown you all his poetry
One mother wonders
where her offspring sings
from your mouth and
slaps reality's face with senseless words
And it needn't bother
soap opera kids with
runny noses and Phd.s
who forgot to jig the
chemical imbalance , they'll
have kids of thier own to
worry about
Worried as you are
in sleep tonight Apollo
rides alone tomorrow
above the technicolor world.