

2-28-81

Pere Bouncer

They're tripping out on
They can't trip me out
In psychotic graphic
Freak show posters of nervous
Wreck anchor men all in a row
Dancing with megawatt rock sirens

It's my amulet, my amulet
Modern Byzantine on thier
Vitrine of truth undraped, but
Glowing dim, I perch on the
Window sill gesturing to look
At the gates.

OH ye gates,
In art inhabit
Carved on our minds,
Peer closer to the window.
Do not clench thy soul
Thou seest it ragged
In thy hand so flagged.