

7-22-80

I can't sell you know love,  
or the fag drug future  
space ship pictures, mechanical  
beansprouts under Jesuit photocell

I see painted children shrivel  
in fear at paintless store fronts  
through diesel bus windows

I can't sell you pointless sex  
and steal your misdirected sweetness  
watching the twist of your soul,  
and whisper Wall Street bullshit  
as I leave the door slam and  
notch my dick

I see painted children shrivel  
in fear at the glistening potted  
trees under the skylight trembling

I can't sell you my angina pect  
guilt fears and polish rock boot  
offense voo doo chant, I stand  
seeing your misshappen head shaven  
and morphodite shoulders  
twist in the pain watching  
the fierce darts of your attack  
turn to limp clay in your hand