

We are not paranoic, but have a  
Vague though reasonable understanding  
That some sort of psychic corporation  
Captures you inner thoughts  
And puts them on film and  
Vinyl discs and then displays  
And sells them to you,  
The lost poems and stolen dreams  
Are mainly we find stolen fanyasy,  
Literature only stole our experience  
As if recording it and presented it  
Choking the human voice of retelling  
Your past.

This leaves growing numbers of  
Us feeling very much  
Like a high school boy who had a  
Very heavy petting session with a  
Virgin and got blue balled so  
Bad his shoulders and biceps  
Even throbbed.

Beware your lost poem will  
Be an acne commercial, it will  
Be a prime time drama, it  
Will be a photo misty fog hung valley.