

(\* 9-20-80

If killing this gawking monster  
In the marketplace where not  
Such a dry business we could  
Sit at length in a mid-June  
Breeze on the mildest of afternoons  
And examine the trembling inconsistency  
Of out fumbling souls allowing the  
Wind to be the cleansing ether  
Carrying out voices away.

The face in the marketplace  
Is all connected to colors and  
Shapes distorted by the monster,  
And only a visual fear distilled of  
The physically violent apprehension  
Proved unnecessary in habit.  
The monster speaks in one voice  
An infantile ronde saying  
Satisfy me - I am insatiable  
Satisfy me - I am the monster  
Satisfy me - I need the tingle  
Satisfy me - Of recreating myself

One day the word will  
Arrive deus ex machina much