

Past Lives

I was an Ausrian lord,  
I was an American cowboy  
In the meantime, as we explore  
These mental senses the friendly  
Fascist puts out the word no new  
Political realities will be poetically extolled.  
And I burned like David seeing himself  
Shimmering in sensuality like a gratified whore  
And I had to take so much shit from  
Emptied creeps that only moved up to  
Petty bourgouis in their minds and  
A typical popular comic thundered London  
Through a reggae flu, I say she'll thunder London  
When she looks in the Messiah's face too.  
Grade A Gethesmene did not hurt her she  
said, but her day took a week and only  
For dues for the blues, her mouth tried to vow.  
Would it be college student sex,  
Represented as a human paradigm that is  
Nulling and voiding so many good relationships?  
We scientifically can advance man  
Forward to the meral "good", into modern  
Existence is the premise.  
Calve shakra - ballerina on point.