

Sit think ruminant, long questions to self.

Driftwood fire on the beach at 16 years o'clock.

Smoke and briny air, warm and cold together  
in a mocking embrace.

Would you sleep on the sand?

Or would you travel now to the mountains,  
the long climb to California, the forbidden  
Promised land? You know there is magic there  
even in the word on the roadside sign.

There are cliffs and mountains to be found  
if you travel the long road and look.

Do you know what you want and  
do you think you are deserving?  
Justified by your justifications?

New Mexico too has magic in its Name.

Seek your fortune, seek your fame, seek  
the rutting culmination of your blessed education  
and your smiley happy glide to adulthood,  
you fucking putz.

On that beach, and your first love, puppy  
with sound water lap lap, your mind's heart  
a tippity-tat, you know you just made it all up  
don't you? You thought it out, thought it was time  
for lizard girl in line for the lime of your life.

A sweetly bitter taste, yes?

But it is time to go now, my love,  
my regal cowardly lion. On to bigger  
small things for your delusion awaits!

Now these lines are thin and thick you say?  
Moving in a fast slow pace, a dance you say?  
You wallow in a chorus of crimson color only  
to be lost once more in a sea of pee green.  
Driplet stars on a blue black floor, fall you far  
into the deepest space and sleep,

The chapter before and the chapter before that.

(You did find lizard girl sitting on the road and  
you realized the knowing you had all your life  
was right, equal parts love and trust and  
fucking love lust still lasting long into this starry night)  
Who would have thought it? Of course *she* did,  
your best friend to the end, her history greeting your  
blank always with open arms.

What do you think?  
Did you?

The fears you had knew far few ends  
You know this.

The joys you had knew far few ends  
You know this.

The wants you had knew far few ends  
You know this.

The paint piled high in its scumbled grave  
coating the air with its odorous wonder.  
Sweet oily smell you bathed in so well!  
Lost now in the world, to you their fates unknown.  
You know this, and you don't really care.

The Dance (he clears his throat in a coughing grumble)  
Continues.

Maybe you crawled your flight upon the ground  
Maybe some good things came of it.  
You always tried and yearned so hard,  
Maybe some good things came of it.  
We know this.

Go on, therapize me, you love it so, you laughing jollies!  
Self-indulging ruminacs! Self-aggrandized delusionacs!  
What good can there be in this bungling therapy?

Tell you what, you go home now,  
you take your nap, you open the door,  
you take a sip, you take your medicine,  
you taste your truth, you fill your gap.  
Burn no bridges and befuddle your mind.  
That's the true glue of you.  
You know this.