

BEING LOST IS A LITTLE VULGAR

1.

My life is painted in pastel colors.
Experiences distorted. This is ok because
I am mysterious, sacred and self-sacrificing.
Touched by the comfortable.

2.

I explain to you again and again that I
am more effective in fanciful scenes.
Take for instance, my hometown.
Small town forming a plot.
Painful and formless.

3.

Being lost is a little vulgar.
There is some sense of strangeness
about me.

4.

Maybe I should camouflage myself. Blend
in. Change meaning and speak of only my
misadventures. I will test myself again so
I can fail. I'm my own fan.

5.

Give me a nail file. Let me
slice it down your skin into your
veins like an acrobat. Vultures will
descend. I am the audience. Voices sing
out loud about you bleeding on the freeway.
I'm going to bomb you my love, with more method.

6.

My discipline doesn't exist because
my body is immense and commendable.
It gives me direction, direction I regret.

7.

What I see...is you. I sleep. I crushed
your heart and bones in an hour with feed.
Feed for Eagles so now you can see and only
love me from above.

-- Gloria Mindock