

Part I

Scraping of the brackish lips.
Insults aimed at being swift.
of salt on untamed tongues.
touching storm-like prayers of death
aimed at them to heal,
but water the roots of hellish foliage.
Quickly stepping victim taps the
 pavement with souls
Repeating drums of walking; through
 quiet clean downtown streets.
Looking for solutions and questions
 that he never could ask.
left hurt ... n
left injured
a Soul was torn; by steel fibers scraped of aging
 doors in winter sun
against his cold heart, like bad
thoughts.
He recalls what brought this on.
Speaker of storm; thundering insults
torturing reservoirs until overflow.
incoherent responses causing sleepish
 drifting in wonderland.
bring me home and dis'confuse me now.

Part II

Solved problems take me quickly to beds of
 nails; hurting my upper thigh.
piercing flesh, bone against metal.
life against confusion. Wired but
still and smooth, against my bones.
tranquil, like sunday sun at Pancake
 breakfast.
On sleep in days during important
bliss. well, bliss; ... always important.

TV Shows recalling in brain-speed quickness
police-car flashes calling back fear and
thrill of nightmare layers of muck surrounding
city, oil stained, streets of grease.
Slippery Matchbox vehicles lighting the
field up with everlasting pain and smog.
busses. with confused RTD travellers.
reading for unknown places knowing
not that they know nothing and go
nowhere organized.
by the swift scheduled tinkling of RTD bus
routes at constant RTD speeds and
smog trails, all day ... all day long.
deathly stinking economical environmental
 song of fallacy.
evil of evils that didn't cause too much