

A Lost Day

1.

The green green grass
pampered, caressed
The sky smooth, like
soft blue butter.
The breeze seductive
A day for shedding
clothes ceremoniously,
springing stark
along warm licking
waves, an erection
to the life sparks.

2.

But not today.
Snail trails need
attendance. Snail
pellets are life
itself for the moment,
not green enough,
the sacred blades
need – demand
regular piles
of artificial shit.

3.

Hey, you're a new face
– I live next
door
How long
have you
been there?
- Six months
Oh.
What do you do?
- I sell insurance.

Why?

4.

Hey, don't you

have better things
to do than piss
on your grass with the hose?

- Ha ha!

What have you been doing lately?

- Nothing much. How about you?

Not much, Marty

5.

Hey, have you read...

No

Then what have you read?

Nothing

Hey, have you seen...

No

Have you heard...

Here's a word...

Do you feel...

are you real...

No.