

a COMEDY LION you shall be!

legs splayed wide into the concrete promenade.
grimy jeans, a missing ked, and seeping from the
seat a sticky pee pool.

he's piecing off a bagel that a patron must have
passed him & his pigeon hits him up for - the
bobbing & the pecking & c'mon man demands all
exaptions of the same simple head-move.

i like it if they've never left; i'd like them to
have been here when this overlit strip was a
tribal trail, moon-lit, as old as all Laurentia.
a man & his Familiar, bonding thru the epochs -
radically adaptive yet they keep within their own
encircled present.

i like to think he tamed it from a Dragon to a
dinosaur, a dinosaur to this. his cooing & cajoling
are descended from the early corporal training,
tame himself, tame a younger man's arrogance.

he may be done and out of it.

he may have won what we still strain & labor
after / for - he's a spazzing avant-garde in
The Harlem Shake & we're the stiffs around him
unimpressed, spooning ramen at our desk.

i know i know, i denigrate the world of worthy
work!

i glamorize Apocalypse, & Mental Illness!

ONCE a dwarfish mountain lion, errant from her
Tribe by her own drum, an ever-jüngen mammaloid
Analog -

i speak uvv LU-LU RABBIT in her past-life
waanderlaag!

and me a haughty Yogi up the slope a bit, deep
within my sub-zero samaadhi. each of us a Rarity:
she the tiny wookie in a zip-up muppet suit, me
the cryptid Misanthrope and LU-LU LION came upon
me, sniffed a frosty finger tip, nibbled just a
liddle. . .

waking up grumpy, i cursed at her impulsively,
vowed that in her coming life,

[title of this bit!

this crazy Hindu business of thy Lotus feet, of worshipping yr Lotus feet, a cult around a toe-array & instep.

in Hindi, too, a mondegreen of low-to-us feet - as Deva's are to mortals, and a Shepherd's are to bunnies!

excessive be my bunny-love? no, it's un-enough! small because i love what's cute and underplay their narcissism, chuckle when they jostle for the cracker bits i toss.

must take care to not find cute: lulu grabbing apple from the tiny pink vagine-mouth of scab-scab, or humping when he's gimpy, humping HEDD in bouts of mast-mach.

small love is easy love, is love of a carTOON! screw love, better read de Waal et al & understand their Medicine, re-calibrate their Room!

slept with **The Rum Diary** playing on my headset,
and dream free-interpreted. a Hangover Story w/
a query hanging over: is he speaking as he's
dying, drawling mellow in his 80s when he's done
spearing crabs & shooting jackrabbits?

does Hunter S Thompson have a viewpoint? yes, yet
i'm tizzied tryna figure what he's saying about
reality - and what the LSD did - i know it
warps ocular but what of novel Theory? perhaps
there's no *there*, he's just a thumos moving thru,
w/ capacity for whiskey; a rawboned progeny of old
Cavaliers, the violence still kicking in its
drag-along years - o let him have his fishing
trip, lordy that's the least of it! we're
thrilled he's into Football & his gun collecting.

this is what i mean by **Perspective 86**: in 1959 he
is, relative to Caribbean Piracy, a mellowed 86,
he's retired.

i view at last **The Wire** and from D.A. out to drug
mole, to Writer reading up on them am awed at you,
am drawn to you - the Human Workaholic!

Irish strivers, all o' U! dealt into a Game u
gave yr all at, ahm impressed!

