

those inbred Euros, ludicrous & aloof!

a single hair, long & black, a tiny sprig of
broccoli -

pasted to the window pane, mocking me!

a Taunting from **The Broccolis**, my elder euro
Villains. INTl sponsors of the Violence, **all**
those Bond films - patrons of the Colosseum
bloodspill, they hover offa Avenue Castilla -
north of here, a cul de sac my nightmares keep
returning to!

we have the girl - the hair is hers - Y's,
sure, the local made a symbol for her antipode.

sprig is how they sign the sly ransom note.

the sprig i pincer grumpily, i tongue my thumb to
lift the strand. i'd squeegeed but an hour back,
a step-by prep for pasting all glass into
translucence -

we'll let in **light** yet keep out **life**, have light
without the nuisance!

i'm writing rabbits 83: i used to give 'em numbers. i'm giving up on Order, going modular, post-Modern.

i'm writing rabbits exxy-exx: Tomorrow Dies Twice. i call out my Tormenters from my spindly hindu crouch - i'm a raging clown, finger-gunning taut thru the aperture - i'm squinting up at hidden lens - it's somewhere where florescence & the white of ceiling blend.

i'm thinking rabbits oddy-daah: nice to meet u, Goldrabbi! sets up his Estate for a gentlemanly hobby: thinking that he's Don Quixote - that's the hobby, thinking it! at most he tips at scarecrows or the cornstalks on his property.

OR it's worse than Borges: he thinks he's Don Quixote - THE TOME INERT ON DUSTY SHELF! even taken down & read, he's not himself adventurous!

am luvvin rabbits baby-babe: The Nineteen-Part
Session Tapes. the boom/bap, the wobble bass, the
titty-titty hi-hats. the whispered Ahhhs of
sexual thirst, slaked. the chikka-chikka gee-tawr
and u'll pls keep straight what **second half of
second line, third track** refers to thru the
Takes!

a big-screen Sony showing Tony Hawk LEGENDS, or
it's SportsCenter muted, in the chill-lounge. or
volume UP to push the chat to **ennurgie** or
ennervaat, to make into a party all the agents &
the hangers-on - this kitchenette to heat it
on the other side of glasstic, make a furnace for
a black/white soul-jam, a Nuevo Funk-tastic!

moving day, gloucester grove: a Master Mason
smiled from the porch he poured in 1980, happy
with Felicia on their post of long Repose.

they eyed us with a quiet hope, darkened with
some wariness - mem of how it's gone to hell
in prior rounds of Cosmos.

this hood we're in, we're tested from afar with a
WAVE as i'm rolling out the garbage. they oversee
we're keeping to ourselves, keep our place among
the lingering Italians, are helpful to a Lord-
praising gramma & her daughter in the nextdoor
basement, twin Jamaicans.

a vibe we're sensing, six months in: **Welcome to
Probation.** they're sussing us for sign of old
habits, for my What's It For lethargy, my Eff It
All arrogance.

a promo pack of pills tucked in mailbox is a
Warmer, or a drug test, i guess, cuz it's enough
for sweet death or for a coming winter illness, u
select.

abuse would get us taken from this safety-zone,
tambo-house, this limbo in the bardo - &
correct.

we have the girl - it may mean she's safe.
maybe she's their daughter: a neuro non-typical, happy in the attic with
her solo stack of boardgames.
maybe they're muh Muther.

