

Blood and Thunder

Poi Dog Pondering

Blood and thunder
And all the sights and sounds of real life wonder
Vim and vigor
Full of piss and vinegar
Wrapping around surround and bound
By ligaments and skin
Leaping along springingly long
Bounding and pounding down leg walking sidewalks
The moment of clear and absolute perception
So immaculate at the moment of conception
Strike spark on a lark of inspiration
Getting it down a sort of netherworld dictation
So I'll sharpen my pencil
And rip my stencils asunder
And ready my writer full of ribbon and wonder

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