

Quote Unquote

Abraham Laboriel

All behold the spectacle
A fleshy limbless rectangle
Sitting on a pedestal
So nasal handicapableContortions that he can't recall
Sniff and remember silver ball
The torso on a trampoline
The happiness melts into dream
To talk is an enunciated sneeze
To taste is some foul air to breatheOne thought, it lasts a day
And at that rate - he'll most likely live forever!!!!!!!!!
He's a bird in flight, a hermaphroditeAnd he fucks himself as he fucks the world
His twitching brain can dance within
A secret means of ecstasy
Gyrating more like gelatin
Acute and very olfactory
To see is colors crawling in the noseTo hear is stinking highs and lowsHe's got an itch, but nothing with which
To scratch the itch - so wish it awayWith his mouth sewn shut, he still shakes his butt
'cause he's Hitler & Swayze & Trump & TravoltaSmell. Sweat. Movement.
Disco.
Everyone's dancing.
Dimple.
Fading. Darker.
A subtle fragrance.
Faint.
Everyone's dancing without him.
Where did it go?
Dark.
Odorless.
Nothing

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