

Hoodwink

Poorsport

"So nevermind,...

Someday they will build monuments for us" - Adolf Eichmann (planner of the Nazi gas chambers)
People like me walk out the door, we'll pull you out into the streets of far off countries. If I'm ready to go, how
could I let you dwell in delight?

So you see, all things are so bright and spiritual. These seeds are growing in extraordinary colors. Convinced?
Even I believe that I have grown something, it's cased in light.

Don't worry about me, I'm gone. Don't worry about me, I'm off in a distant place where I can be the signifier,
not that which is signified, the referent, convincing us (you and me both), for you my smile is like "bow, bow,
bow, bow".

Out here there is no "under the skin", and the form of every other is hidden under covers. So let us sleep in ease
of dark.

We couldn't rest, with this aweful sense of duty hanging off of our chests. Peeled away. We had to get back to
where the grip of our own hands could lift us from the failures in the eyes of men, to form our scales and weigh
our works, good again.

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