

Lackluster

Poi Dog Pondering

Hey! Hey! Hey!
Slippy side, Side-Side-Side go to go a long time gone and a long time past
so soon so soon -- Lack Luster Lack Luster
how can I muster
The faith That I need to see
The Things I need to see --
on again off again
Bronco
try to hold on to the ribs
of the situation at hand. a long time gone and a long time past,
since I felt That Things were within my grasp. . .
wheel roll round
round, round, round -- hear that Sound. Leaning longingly against The window,
falling forlorn to the ground, ground, ground. . .
when I wonder, when I whistle,
when I'm wandering Through The Thistles
when I'm tangled up in Bristles
hey! hey! hey! Beautifully Pained like an angel in purgatory --
wrapped up and exhalted --
immaculate in melancholy --
She (sea) sure (shore)
rose and The sand fell Through her hands
grain after grain after grain! "In the Beginning was The Myth"
Chapter one starts like this. . . ,
"Blank and Calm, and full of expectancy." (Herman Hess' "peter Caminziad")
I'm standing exactly where I'm
Supposed to be. . . Twisting and Tumbling, not
Standing or fumbling.

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