

My Little Mind

Count Zero

My little mind so snugly fits within this tiny skull at month eleven!

Less room for cheats; for ugly thug's deceits;
For brats and boobs on channel seven.

I will shine Light to lead the blind.
I'll be fine 'til Hell fucks all the Heaven that is left inside
.

Aye! Me mind! meet your muse at four, when all the world's a backstage banquet!
Hey, little mind! what else, pray tell, is in store? Quick!
Before they teach us Language!

When will your fancies play the fool? Who'll flay you first with ridicule?
When will you discern they're disinclined to wander through the wonders
You've designed, little mind?

The future's a trap:
Seduces with fables of fortunes that land
On my lap; and maybe a model who'll crave me like fly
On a crap. When, really, I'll either shine shoes with my hand
On my cap, or father some bothersome children and die
Of the Clap.

When will your fancies play the fool? Who'll flay you first with ridicule?
How often will their slaps help me breathe?
When will it become their way to
Blind-side my pride?
Well, wait til I learn to teethe!

All blood-stained white, my flesh, the flag, waves:

I will shine Light to lead the blind.
I'll be fine 'til Hell fucks all the Heaven that is left inside
my mind.