

Good morning
it's 3am in this great roaring
city full of garbage eaters ravaging parking
spots beneath my plaza window I see cheetah in their
tight skins and tired heels all-night hippo in
the diner crossing the street swarthy heards of young
impala flamabastic gibbon even a struggling monza
and over there that brilliant head ornament on that
Japanese macaque but look closely at the hammerhead hand
in hand with the mandrill
it's a sight you're
unlikely to see anywhere else on the planet...

the stench and noise
yes
yes
the howler's
resonating repertoire is not too bad when mixed with
the more musical twern of the tropical warbler but the
impatient taxi blare the squawking elderly ibis and
the glass-eye snapper hawking papers I can certainly
live without also be cautious of the poisonous
boomslang laughter social droppings of the fruit bat
and purple queen fish and who's that babbler conversing
with a magazine stand? evidently he's getting a good
reply...

arrive in neurotica
through neon heat disease
I swear at the swarming heards
I sweat the foul terrain
I rove the moving scenery
I have no fin
no wing no stinger
no claw no camouflage
I have no more to say...

Say...isn't that an elephant fish on the corner over
there look at that blush baby mud puppy noolbenger
rhinoderma marmoset spring peeper shingleback skink
siren skate starling sun-gazer spoonbill and suckers

they seem to be everywhere

well it's a live revue random animal parts
now playing nightly right here in neurotica...
so long...