

fragrant pee farts

Milo

Staring at the stair rail bannister
Scanning the room
Learning how frail I become when I sleep afternoon
I got a spidey sense that senses impending doom
From the last sentence you sent via SMS "I'm too soon"
Quick draw McFumble
Speak with a thick draw, nasally grumble
Lazily chuckle as I watched what we built disintegrate
My mind and stomach pirouette then figure eight
Mango puree and dinner plates
Your painted nails finger pick the little grapes
Blazing trail if only to follow in your vivid gait
I put some Dalai Lama quotes on my walls to make me feel good
I was going to learn the keyboard and write several ballads
But I went to a barbecue and got lost by the 'tater salad

Oh come on, the world can't be all bad
But you could translate your sadness onto Ableton launchpad
What a novel invention
In a room of producer DJs I'm feeling like General Zod's henchmen
As of late invested in dementia
Parade around the house in boxer briefs and unclipped suspenders
Nostalgia for something I never had
Memories of a future that I constructed in a top hat
Losing track of the precious days
Efficacious and suspicious ways
Devolve into a machine that makes money
Then level up to be a homeless man who feeds bunnies

Retirement plans