

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.