

3:15 Again

Here tis, 3:21 again
& big head Tod (one
d) & his Spaniard
cannonballs & cats
loud voices from
the kitchen

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Callate coño Ma'd
say but not at 3:15
unless a dream
or nightmare of *blood*

in piles like ponds
& I'd never, Django
even, never develop
a taste for Tarantino
never mind surrealist
cats or Uncle Sam
or lotto tickets.
Never mind torture
w/ cords or sleep
deprivation or green
tea, windows open
to let jasmine in.

Never mind trans
sexual soup or fudge
cookies w/ hunks
of white in a room
returning to latihan
before soon. Never
mind August or
Vitamin Grahhr
because we got all here
together under the ripe
strawberry moon trying not
to wake the baby.