

Alpine Copántale

Secret Agent Man

The doorbell rings and you wait for me to scream out.

I tell you that you will not get away with this.
I try to reason with you while I am caught in your trap.

I struggle in the chair that I am roped into.
It makes you laugh.

You shoot at the door. Your aim is poor.
The bullets are black and white film props.

I ordered you not to interrupt me again.
You will never share our secrets with the others.
Nuclear scientists have continued on with the plan.

They burst on through.
They shut down the computer
The room is on lock down

Love is a small result to produce from so much labor.

The Summer of Love 50 Years On

Time crashes into the corner table like a rampant dog.
It is hungry for dinner yet there is nothing but broken glass set about us.

“It was not his fault!?! Then who’s fault was it?
I never want to see that horrible animal again.”

Picking up the broken pieces of my water pipe
I dream of days I danced naked in Californian fields.

I dream of friend’s faces as they were decades ago, unwrinkled
un-gray, un-fat adventurers that filled in around so much promise

So much potential.

We lost every political battle
We gave in for money, we grew

Up, maybe.

I say fuck under my breath and wonder where I’ll be able to buy another pipe.
I love dogs and avoiding reality. I should mow the lawn and fuck off back to the TV.