

Mark Prisco

nature boy

me & dave king beat up these guys who threatened us on tennyson rd which is why no one turned up at your 7th, he said. i didn't get the connection but didn't press him cos he was drunk & said he'd had another shot in the eye & it hurt. took it hard at the time but i understand: 1st world problems. not to minimise my suffering tho - it's relative, the rough equivalent of an arab getting his house smashed-in by some star-spangled wank on a plane. so, yeh - my desolation.
in M years this is obsolete modern script & in the morning i'm dissipate & the sunrise doesn't cut it.

at the roundabout

but in the morning, when flowers animate your hand doused w rain
or late when the sun slants on cattle clumps by the powerstation –

! tonight, a dust mite between penstro/kes hesitates at the o-k like it has a basic
thought process - mine for instance when i bathe, sweep the floor & say good morning.

I'm handicapped like myspacebar doesn't work. I almost fkd but i won't unless
urgent, sum aesthetic purpose – for emphasis; in anger -

sw/ off when it hurts or someone threatens me & never fear
much - i'm not expected to perform, & when i flop, well. make love-

poetry redundant, unrequited like the scrape across my canvas
w the palette knife

blood/let

this is my chance to be cool, to be not
merely skin, lumpenflesh & heartBeat;
molecularstructure; blood &
water, but infinite-lyLess ad-
absurdum – nothingBut embodiment of
wordOnly/the
abstraction of self