No pockets today –
Too much stuff to carry
Heavy backpack-laden day, no hours.
The sunshine lightening my load
I made my way down the narrow path
But rather wished it was a wide, friendly road.
It would help if people had legible handwriting!
Your syntax is weak, but your diction is biting
But your biting is harmless
Though wonderful
I still have my faults
But the ninja has none
Only one hand on his gun
With bullets streaking by
Like mayflies in the middle of June
This poem is like the dirichlet functions, look it up and giggle,
Said the hooded man to the firing squad
Escapeworth instills merry doorjamb
I will
I accept!!
I’ll bring myself home on your ship
Oh baby, we shall surely make it tip!
The harvest of the moon is sweeter still
Keep it down all night like a wet sloppy pill.

Where is that wonderful house you built?
I looked for it last night, but I got lost.
Caught up in the pounding waves of sleep
I felt my mind crash against the jagged rocks
And seagulls flew in ragged flocks
Showering their poo all over the docks
The children come in flocks
Which seems to beg for biblical allusion
For instance Lot, his faith based confusion
‘Tis Caesar that you mean, pardon the intrusion
This isn’t Rome, are we time-traveling?
And the bookmark way no mark of booked heart
But the secret sign of a ninja instead
Comes like dead knocking on my exterior door
Though I couldn’t hear for my ears were packed with gauze
I was never the same after that mill accident…
The saw jumped up to meet the hand
Bryant’s eccentricities confound and instill fear into the hearts and minds of Bowdoin’s masses.
Bowdoin’s asses?
Such a phenomena would never thy back home!
Such a subject would never agree with the verbs you spew!
On a bed of rice I await you.

In like a lion, out like a lamb
I like to eat out of my little jar of jam
My name is Sam-Sam, a clam-clam I am
I swim all day, picking up sand-sand.
Wet footings gold in graceful RUIN
Hop in cauldron with ballet shoes stewin’ Cut-a –rug! The day’s a’ ‘brewin’!
Why erg myself? I’d rather be crewin’
But the water’s rough today
Looking into the eye of a diamond, getting lost in its angles.
Geometric like my ninth grade math class.
I like the C-Store
Because it has food
And apples are my favorite kind of candy.
That makes the trees of fall beautiful in fruition
As autumn falls down the stairs
And sun, from high mountain glares
Pointed spires into the sparkling fire
Of the Inferno circling in the Heavens above
I wonder as I suck on starburst
I abort these thoughts, like the little sister I never had,
And dream of Carlo Davis and his beautiful mind.
Where splendid thoughts emerge
And laze around in the sun
Top half warmed, holes pierced throughout,
Like the speaker of an old phone. Submit.
I’m empty.
I’m spent
The morning has broken in three
The godly, the pre-formed and the excrement
The reason, the reform and the enlightenment.
Oh, so what!