

Pointed Punch

(Early 1990's)

Stand inside
I'm calling
Mama
Raise your voice
Let it spill out
And fill out
The whole world
Let it run
Let it run
I'm rolling
This way
Rolling that
Any ol' which way
Where I'm twisted at
Timed to dodge
The pointed punch
I've a hunch
It's a little bit better
Up ahead
So I keep climbing
Instead of resigning
To this marked declining
Of our humanity
Running
Up this amorphous
Mountain
Though my bloodied
Frost-bit
Feet
Are tied together
In my mouth
I shout
Propelled
By the power
Vested in me
By this state of
Siege

The power
Vested in me
By this state of
Emergency

So sort me out
And sort me in
Take a load off my mind
In time
To temper
The trouble
I thought
I
Was in
Until my perspective
Shifted
My illusion
Lifted
Until I looked
Around
On the ground
And found
In the bitter cold
Of 10 degrees
Or less
A mess
Of homeless
Human
Misery
And bodies
And bodies
And bodies
And bodies
And bodies
And more
With nothing
To cover them
But a thin
Piece
Of cardboard