



## Fresh Meat For The Morning Star

Hung trance and overthrown, above the hustle for coin, a soul made sweet with the rumor of flesh. My ears fat with music then lost in those hallways where the selfish reek....now weighed low with bread, riding a gong through the pinholes of some other world. Microscopic fish swim through my pores....this zoom zoom private life. Surrounded by those who would survive me, I wait for asylum by the shadow tree where there is no language, tattoo of some farm implement upon my chest.

And I am sick of slavery in windows, of mock freedom paraded out like candy to the obedient, of white people on the beach like some other place is possible. I am at the end of a long addiction here. Only solution: make myself useful to the state, become a bucket of nails and glue.

Something moves, still good for fucking.

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