

I just don't know any more what matters and
what not.

What's the matter? Suit? Law? Dirt? Ma? Stuff?

The more that people talk of "sexual predators"

The more dangerous my dreams become.

Is it advertising that matters, really?

I think it is advertising that matters

How I present myself to you,

Fashioned, suitably packaged!

Well I don't buy it,

don't you buy it either

Mumbo-Jumbo

I eat the same breakfast

every day. Doctor, doctor,

am I sick? O.C.D., O.C.D. he

murmurs, his head going

shake, shake, shake. Do the

Ho ---cus-Pocus, do the

Ho---cus-Pocus,

That is what it's

all

a-

bout.

Come to think of it,
I eat the same lunch every day.

I sleep nightly next

to the Queen of Egypt. Cleo!

do you tire of me, the repetition?

Advertisements,

O they matter,

how they chatter, those

nasty nattering smatterings

of your inchoate desires!

(Buy the stuff!)

Grounds for suit.

Compared to which his poetry

is entirely immaterial unless

it makes him expand ---

across the air

float