

*Expelling Sentiments like a Ballerina Dancing,  
or an Orchestra Playing, or William Burroughs  
Firing a Bullet Through the Head of His Wife...*

i miss you...

i love you...

come back to me  
and my horrible ways

i long to kiss you again  
i long to see you, smell you

i will come to you  
there is nothing for me in this city

we will get an apartment  
near the slaughterhouse

and i will work and  
write

and you'll take me to parties  
and I'll beg you to go home  
and we'll make love

and as you sleep  
i'll write poetry

imagine it...