

Mischief

Sometimes
pretending to have
the life of an
intellect can
get rather
boring

so
me
and a few
pals of mine
try and see
if we can't get
ourselves into
a little bit of
mischief-

Tonight
we took
a homemade
cannon,
filled it with WD-40
and shot potatoes
at a piece
of modern art
that sits in
the middle of our city
like a laughing face
insulting our
intelligence-

Most modern art
can be summed up
as an excuse to
call someone
unsophisticated

in order to appreciate modern art
you must believe everything is art;
bird shit, pork rinds, road kill,
bottles of bleach and baking soda,

worn pantyhose, leftover lasagna etc. etc.

and when you believe
everything is art
the simplest and most mundane
piece of household furniture
can become as renowned
as an original Van Gogh

and in that logic
if you don't think
used tampons stapled
to a piece of plywood
is a breathtaking example
of a daring and extravagant
artistic gesture
then you, my friend
are an unsophisticated
dullard

I can almost admire it in a way
for it's the perfect way
to become an artist
without doing any
real work
and that's the same thing
I've been trying to do
my entire life

so,
kudos-

anyway
it felt good
to hurl spuds
at that monstrosity

something
every time
I walked past
I thought I
could figure out
but never did

hearing the echo of the blast
made me feel
childish,
made me feel
dangerous

as if I could
run faster,
leap higher,
and breath deeper

the air
was cool
and crisp

the perfect
temperature
for mischief

and as we drove home
just for the hell of it
we fired a few spuds
at an elementary
school

take that
you swine!

and now
I am back at
my post

writing
about
tonight's
adventure

I'm old
again

and I can
do something

as sophisticated
as writing
poetry