

Ike Likes Me

I need to get something on my chest or else I'll float clean outta here; i need to convince my ghost to pretend it's alive but in *Alsatia*, whose flag serves as my typewriter ribbon flapping from *black* to red *williwilli*, despite the calm certitude of inhabitation tossing these alphabet beebees at the page hoping for promotion to jesture pure & simple, like our king, after the beheading ruined his sense of propriety...Simon the simple tuna was swimming lapse which he misunderstood as a matter for prince Ippil to solve when the clean Air War began in the Far-out *East*...too many of us have died we said in our sleep which is what was killing us, come plaining to the king when it was really so simple in Simpli City; whale oil on the bearings, sliding scale bathtub collisions, with hair bobs flying, or the massed allegiants marching on Fra Tallgar... who was so hip he gave his begging bowl to a bankrupt trillionaire who importuned the Berlin philharmonic for *a light*; down with dudes of every swarm and suasion, all with lemming-passports up-to-date...how can you denigh these worthies you flamflam man, on what base is your rudder, what *raison* your *etre*? every joker has one handy to fend despair from the portico of the brain; where Dante might forget he was to meet you in the chapel of Limbo at half past; translucent rabbit rabbis *dovvin* in front of the hedge trying to decide how fast to escape on a scale of one to nine MPH when it's a lot easier to just turn in your book report in these nice Palmer-method majuscules & not forgetting the massacres of lowercase fellows in the time of high-cuffed jeans, nor the exquisition of non-leebeavers who were prying their way into the language itself, undeifying the Gnomonklatur until our tiny grand-great-children will wonder what was that all about? while the carbon eyes turn inward to mollify a glacier with iced tea & gin, never mind the Americanution jazz trio playing at the Five Spot where patrons improvise the clink of ice in their whiskey sours to back up the solos from *Mars* with their saxes full of carmine *airs* like extra-terrestrial dogma filters we ordered in 1955.

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