

## Lively Hoods

Ty Ping with both hands and no tenspeed clause sympathizing with grand mall specters who taunt the cronies & expectorate the verst; just us homilies pending circuit court reproof but never paying the least attention when it counted, which was never for loonies escaping Sam Francisco or Clerkeley with their trousers plaid & teenball orchestras sold on aloha vera drinks from artisan colonies of aunts who never got a message by geisha, while ships are dry-docked in flimsy apparel, nor can we reliably state that the proletariat has shrugged, nor any particularly known to elf their way around the tax-bracket ferns or other denizen priests & their hoods, accomplices, toreadors, chimney sweeps, corridor avengers & every last one of the everly brothers counting hitchens that we know cannot hatch nor peck in the dirt with sociopathic enzyme seepers who might suddenly change the margins

and start over with renude usiasm towards all the mighty atoms striving for self-incrimination so cases can be laid end-to-end in the dead halls of Prismopolis while trotting horse-pencils mark the exits & shutter the camera spigots of bloody thankyou despite the political urgency crawling out of the oceans in every last canton, shire, arrondissement... where we know you live because the postage was dew, just like a thousand others completely unlike you or themselves for that matter, which is the only kind we know, the hard stuff, the granular way of knowing & eking when fog is the currency we all agree with, no clarity to confuse our raging intellidunce nor temper the spirit with add & subtract difficulties only a parrot of the ruling classes would be so sophisticated as to persuade the enemy to turn around and lorry home like the rest of god's army now furloughed in Dodecahedria to gather their t-shirts and reclaim the margin

they once believed would save them from afflated hope, yet tourniquet their gushing opinion glands before the landsliders take over, trying their damndest to punch higher than their echelon, like the Gold Rush Daze when our maiden hoods ran off with avarice monsters and the groundwater was so fine it seeped through the tissue of lies leaving verbs flapping in the wind with only themselves to blame which was a lot more than the last generation when we just burned our livelihoods to a crisp and hit the road grinning ditto ditto ditto for all the complaints that mattered.

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