



HELP, I'M GOING UN-CRAZY

Occasionally I think I'm losing it all...
That I am slipping from fun-crazi-reality
Into machine-everyday-sanity,
That I've just spontaneously quit
Being spontaneously spontaneous-silly,
That I'm on the road to cocktail parties.
Imagination sputters,
Goes stiff, rusty, grinding, along til it gives up.
'crazy bone shifts into hiding.
Something's wrong!
My legs leading, one foot after the next,
Into McDonald's,
Along sidewalks,
Forcing my body here-and-there-same-ness-places.
Pen plugs along with mouth-to-paper words,
"dear...this...that...write soon."
How long will this go on?

I'm losing it all.
An idea-seed passes through my head,
Then another, another,
Crazy bone gets into the groove,
Fires the tension triceps,
My legs slowly give way,
Soon taking directions from my imagination,
Seeking soft-barefoot hidden parts,
My pen stops and goes at once,

Starts up, moves along,
Jumps along, spraying letters,
Spitting letters into words.
Yep, I'm on the road to that self-place that feels good.

(But what I can't figure out is if I couldn't handle 5 minutes of saneness or if the 5 minutes of saneness couldn't handle me.)

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