For Antaeus Solomon

In a town that breaks us- I FEEL LIKE BROCCOLI! Echoes somewhere

through the ether of the dim-lit morning. Put no limitation on the word. I wonder if you too have ever felt like a natural slave.

“In this city I say nothing. My plan was simply to live.” I see you’re still lit by shadow, but what is living when you are ripped from the ground beneath you, only to be fed to the baying Hounds of war, lost in the confusion of machines.

Where the home-free haggard and outsiders of the star spangled home of the free, land of the sick and tired wonder the streets naked and dirty, weeping in hunger for the unconditional love by the mule-backed brothers and sisters of the generation!

We struggle with the weight of our love under the strain and misfortunes of anxiety, and confusion- dissatisfaction and beguile. Solitude, separation, and the endless, endless, endless, endless, endless depression.

 I FEEL LIKE BROCCOLI! Says the wife who sits behind the glass, unheard and unappreciated by the man who once freed her from the pilgrimage away from her quintessential self and from her fluent feline speaking family and friends. Her soul has now become an iridescent silhouette, forever lost in the depths of the stagnant waters of the abyss.

 I FEEL LIKE BROCCOLI! Whispers the man in the iron chair, who was wrongfully given the predetermined fate of Cassiopeia. He stares into the backdrop canopy of stars as thick as milk. He would dig his way out of this death hole with one hand if he could, resurrecting himself out of the flames of this burning madhouse, but instead is left to burn alive, choking on the smoke of our societies disillusion under the vast Western sky.

 I FEEL LIKE BROCCOLI! Screams the man driven by madness by his waking nightmare of the psychic vampires who come to him in his sleep. Growing old in the house of the stimulus bottom feeders with nothing to show for it but notebooks that tower over him like skyscrapers, and his mouth falling apart like the Mona Lisa. He cries with the thought of the decade.

This is for the catatonic conversationalists who contemplate the death of art and how the world has always been flat. For the autistic aristocrats that sit on the thrones of our kingdom of compost, we have been waiting, WE. HAVE. BEEN. WAITING within this cosmic void of pre-ejaculated endeavors for the radical shift into post- modern tribalism and the rediscovery of higher conciseness. For all the people like me! Who lie, cheat, and steal for the sake of the people we love! This is a war cry! This is for Ray Johnson, Jesus Crist, and Abner Jay! Hugo Ball, Nick Drake, and for Brautigan too! Henry Darger, Morgan Blackgoat, and Hemingway! To all the holy niggers of the world who walk these sad streets of loneliness singing the wild cocaine blues of mind- altering reality! This is a fire! This is a voodoo holler incantation to set back the unforgiving hammer hands of time, reverse the axis of the world to the day where our hands once told you who you where as now the chemtrails, chemtrails engraved in the palm of our hands only tell us where we’re going, and I am sad to say it’s NOWHERE! NOWHERE!

There must be a way to escape this fresh hell of plastic and pavement. DIVINE TRANSPORTATION! Take me to the gates of heaven! Where there are angels fucking on the freeway, and God, Jesus, Joseph, Moses, Alah, Buddha, Krishna, Dharma, Karma, Cosmic Muffin, Siddartha, Marsha, Marsha, Marsha, Mother Nature, all the Haters, all the Lovers, Danny Glover, The Power, The One-ness, The Highness, The Lowness, West Coast Shit, The Ocean, Magic Potions, Emotion, and The Ever Constant and Present Motion greets me with open arms. With a smile they welcome me home and say “We’ve been waiting for you. You beautiful stoic, you divine broken soul, rest the rags and bones of you. Under this diamond studded sheet of stars, may you lay on the bed of the milky way! As they lick, lick lick, lick my wounds clean and I will lay myself down, with my legs open to the sun, as he penetrates me with his romance and song, he sings a deep throated songbird lullaby of the blues in my ear of memories that have never been told. The intuitive self secrets of life he whispers: ART.EAT.FUCK.ART.EAT.FUCK.ART.EAT.FUCK.ART.EAT.FUCK.

Let us tear down the walls of the introverted hallway to each others’ artichoke hearts, let us peel the layers of skin and clothing and embrace each others naked truth of sincerity through the immaculate cunt and the cock and balls unbound. Let us no longer wave our fists like nazi jailers in the air, begging for the keys to our freedom from the hollowed eyed soul snatching shrewds, who sit of the tops of the totem pole. But istead, whisper our dreams in hand, and use these fists like radient space ships, and beam them to the moon! Like illuminated raindrops scattered across the road! Ride, ride on the coat-tails of shooting stars