

Publicerad 2015-09-07 09:25 av the apache kid

vintage

No Guru

Let he who has no Guru
follow the path of paisley
neckwear
adorn himself in
clip-ons
and dance before the
mirror of images
unveiled
unrepentent
and under the
penalty of perjury
awash with lost
laundry receipts
tucked in
in drawers, adrift,
stuffed in state
huddled and shivering
markers of time and
ownership
fortune cookie
coaxing discovery
warranting further therapy
cut velvet
garments missing from
my cloakroom
subject to spontaneous
redemption
and contentment...

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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