



I fell into a stylites mind  
For 2 years during puberty  
I was higher than high  
(which I would be soon)

Now, you will take your last spring walk  
To the lush Fort Green Farmers Market,  
I realize:  
Will your sickness think of me?

I was starved and strung through  
Washed by sand streets and still stinky  
I was a constellations image  
Of a post-post-primal man

Stuck in angle land

Until I found you. I'm fat now.  
You knocked out the blue from  
the garden green forest pool  
Swimming on air in the doctor's shark tank  
Your hungry lips will move again  
You became my ripened Switzerland!  
Watch my tower move up still!  
I was going up above the world!  
I fell to you, and you hold me still.

- Goobo