

## Idiot Funeral

Lower the poor dramatist  
through and down Who's sexless soil.  
Ohhh for your troubles,  
he lays on 100 farm-fresh gems  
and a *real nice looking* veneer.

What disgust he would betray (the damned child)  
for These born-swollen concessions,  
or toss his careful tangle of hair,  
his eyes rolling in gray-haze deficiency  
at the empty horizon; cutting; that  
ate his efforts like paperwork; lightly.  
who, Who allowed it to hang at the  
intersection of his "catacomb".?

/////

6 flowers lay in the funerary grass  
obviously without constellation.  
In the red rose was the thought of a  
red rose,,, or otherwise some private swear...  
In 4 lilacs were near-likenesses, that built  
faces like COLLEGIATE GOTHIC towers  
of wine stains and ash—flashes of good humor.  
The daylily grew warm as it found the sun,  
and struck whatever it could in gold.

-42212Boneman

