

My Little Mind

Count Zero

My little mind so snugly fits within this tiny skull at month eleven!

Less room for cheats; for ugly thug's deceits;
For brats and boobs on channel seven.

I will shine Light to lead the blind.

I'll be fine 'til Hell fucks all the Heaven that is left inside
.

Aye! Me mind! meet your muse at four, when all the world's a backstage banquet!

Hey, little mind! what else, pray tell, is in store? Quick!
Before they teach us Language!

When will your fancies play the fool? Who'll flay you first with
ridicule?

When will you discern they're disinclined to wander through the
wonders

You've designed, little mind?

The future's a trap:

Seduces with fables of fortunes that land

On my lap; and maybe a model who'll crave me like fly

On a crap. When, really, I'll either shine shoes with my hand

On my cap, or father some bothersome children and die

Of the Clap.

When will your fancies play the fool? Who'll flay you first with
ridicule?

How often will their slaps help me breathe?

When will it become their way to

Blind-side my pride?

Well, wait til I learn to teethe!

All blood-stained white, my flesh, the flag, waves:

I will shine Light to lead the blind.

I'll be fine 'til Hell fucks all the Heaven that is left inside
my mind.