

Lou wanted to be noticed and understood,  
But he was so quiet.  
So one day he wrote the following poem:

A four or five piece band  
Where three or four of the  
People don't play  
Any instruments performed  
In front of an  
Audience consisting  
Solely of six foot  
Two lesbians from Anchorage  
Alaska, a kind of  
Healing feeling friendly  
Sam for a fortnight and  
A half a ham  
And cheese  
Insinuating strenuous  
Selfishness and culminating in  
Concrete caribou tissue  
And crucified cats

After finishing the poem,  
Lou left it on the dining room table.  
Then he went into the bathroom,  
Slit each wrist seven times and quietly died.  
No one noticed but everyone understood.