

Ragged robbins for the curtain call  
Wrapped in ribbons on the trailer door  
Carved initials in a concrete footstall  
On the imitation marble floor  
We're the boxtop admissions and their throwaways,  
Strewn across tobacco roads  
With their wormwood shots and their snake oil plots  
Drunk sheepshank con men and their sycophants

And I often wonder if I've already died

Out at elbows by the encore  
But there's a citadel inside  
Where I'll go and shape my heart like yours,  
As you shape yours like mine  
Where we're the spiraling arms of all galaxies  
And we're the microscopic sand  
Suffering from delusions of ungrandeur on middling  
display  
Beside the Cardiff giant with the alabaster eyes

I often wonder if I've already died,  
Or if the 'I' is an unintelligible lie

Off we flew like swarms of hornets

'Woken up' from winter's rest  
To colonize with plastic pulp

Our neighbor's perfect paper nest  
While all year round potter wasp

Has buzzed her unhinged song  
You can hear its creaking in our floorboards

Megalomania's only mania if you're wrong