

Quote Unquote

Mr. Bungle

All behold the spectacle
A fleshy limbless rectangle
Sitting on a pedestal
So nasal handicapable

Sniff and remember silver ball
Contortions that he can't recall
The torso on a trampoline
The happiness melts into dream

To talk is an enunciated sneeze
To taste is some foul air to breathe

One thought it lasts a day and at that rate he'll most likely live forever!
He's a bird in flight, a hermaphrodite
And he fucks himself as he fucks the world

His twitching brain can dance within
Gyrating more like gelatin
A secret means of ecstasy
Acute and very olfactory

To see is colors crawling in the nose
To hear is stinking highs and lows

He's got an itch but nothing with which to scratch the itch - so wish it away

With his mouth sewn shut, he still shakes his butt
Cuz he's Hitler & Swayze & Trump & Travolta

Smell, Sweat, Movement.
Everyone's dancing.
Disco.
Dimple.
Fading. Darker.
A subtle fragrance.
Faint.
Everyone's dancing without him.
Where did it go?
Dark.
Odorless.
Nothing.