

# I Miss the Zoo

Joseph Arthur

I miss the drunk  
I miss the fiend  
I miss the simplicity of addiction  
And the scene  
I miss wandering aimlessly  
in half dead sewers with rats for eyes  
chewing on forgiveness  
and the will to apologize  
I miss the return of no return  
as I burn in avalanche after avalanche  
of white snow and yellow cocaine  
I miss talking to brick walls  
While following the grain  
and human dolls as I plagiarize myself like a dummy  
Stuffed with counterfeit money  
for Cairo and black honey  
I miss illusions begging to be chased  
even as they disappear into me and I disappear into them (erased)  
until there is no one or nothing but the chase  
and a powdery ghost with no face  
(or faith)  
I miss evolving into a cloud  
Of blue marijuana blown from the lips  
of hookers and pimps  
as they smack each other down  
in alleys for the dammed but mighty  
with no one but the weak around  
And I miss waking up in no memory  
As shame is a ballerina dancing on my head  
And guilt is a pugilist battering my guts  
Until they're dead  
Remorse is sawing into my tear ducts  
Tattooed from all the times before  
I miss this and more  
Even though I know it's insane  
And ive walked thru that door  
Even tho life is much better now  
Then when I lived beneath the floor  
I miss numb Neanderthals marching  
in rows of living dead  
from my wisdom teeth to Spain and back again (in my head)  
I miss salvation in syringes and angels of mercy  
in blooms of smoke numbing rain  
which drinks when thirsty  
I miss glasses full of spirits  
Who without tongues speak to me of napoleons wild nights  
I miss staying up for days and becoming a psychic pretzel  
Flying kites  
Chewed on by a Zulu heading with toads to mars  
A mysterious prison  
And one without bars

I traded this life in for a calmer one sometimes duller all together better  
one  
But sometimes  
I ain't gonna lie  
Sometimes I miss it

I miss waking in the arms of strangers  
Like puppies just born in the pound to a dead mother with eyes sealed shut  
looking for a tit on which to feed  
And other dangers  
When only the night before laughter  
was the only pursuit  
even as knives carved up our backs  
And demons sat like Buddhas eating fruit  
Meditating on hate forever in our minds  
I miss exposing even my bones  
And the need that rewinds  
Even my burning home  
Even my gutted inner child  
Even my dead grandfather  
In the ground that's wild  
Even my criminal family  
Even my weedwacker thoughts  
whipping a thin plastic string  
to cut the ears of others  
as I sing  
I miss van Gogh's revenge  
I miss his nightly binge  
I miss spiders surrounding my bed  
And lifting me as if an effigy or a  
Dead  
King or a prophet of doom  
A Jesus for the apocalypse  
Wearing dirt like perfume  
Or a mother for Satan  
Or ghost for all the children of abuse  
And taking me into the fire  
Watching me burn  
Like a goose  
As they sing  
In spider voices  
There goes creation there goes the moon  
There goes the butterfly  
Wanting cocoon  
I miss being a bloom  
And a goon  
a doctor of regret  
Hanging onto guitar strings in tune  
And hanging by a belt  
wrapped around some pipe  
to nowhere and felt  
My lips too wrapped around  
what appears to be stained glass  
as religious figures dress like  
rocks with class burn into gas  
to the center of my brain  
the euphoria of dying and being born all at once  
While wearing the hat that reads 'dunce'