

Lou

King Missile

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.