

Life is full life is grey:
At its best it's just OK.
But I'm happy to report
Life is also short.
So I find myself back in California -
I'm a coolie for the tourists,
those happy Epicureans:
Evil spectres from my own suburban upbringing.
As I reveal points of interest, I can chat so pleasantly,
But it's hard to be cheerful when you feel so hopeless
And there's no reason for this dark mood.
It will pass; it will return, but will I ever learn ?
And the children of privilege begging for my spare
change.
Do they need my assistance to purchase their intoxicants,
or would they best be served a swift kick
Slowly sinking in the vast ambivalent sea of California.