

The Gallery

The Legendary Pink Dots

My building's full of little holes with heads in, staring at the street.
They sometimes topple forwards, then stick at one another, passing freaks.
They rarely speak and though I don't feed them--still they keep their double
(their quadruple) chins. Their garbage bins are emptied each day. By night
waiting with lights off, their cats out, their wives in-- they're PEEPING!
They're peeping at the methylated man who spits in a can, spreads his hands
for silver, pans for gutter gold. He mutters old forgotten songs his father
taught him, rolls on the floor. He rolls in alcoves, gets caught in
waterfalls down rotting walls. (He's bored.) My friends applaud, throw
pennies and wait . . . peeping from the gallery.