

# Captain Beefheart, 81 Poop Hatch

My eyes are burnt and bleeding and all that looks like a monkey on a silver bar...big poop hatch with a cotton hatch - hatch holes that the light shows in and the light shows out...and the little red fence... and the wire and the wood...and the barbs and the berries...the tires and the bottles and the caruponrims...and the heat swims upon its fenders and the dust collects and the rust of autumn surrenders into gold... trumpet poop on the ground with peanuts its bell was blocking an ant's vision...and the mice played in its air holes and valves...a ladybug crawled off its mouthpiece standing out red and blacked out its wings and blew off to a flower...its hum heard just above the ground...black dots were hung in what turned out to be an olive tree that originally held a tree house full of a building with one small window...birds and broken glass and tiny bits of newspaper...&quot;My sun is free from my window,&quot; said the god the green dabbers...rice wires mouse tins and milk muffins...cereal and stone...matches and masks and mace and clubs...and splintered shaft light intrigues a cricket on a dust jeweled penlet...cobwebs collect down plaster run into a hole and find collected glass that drinks the reflection of midday afternoon midway between telegraph lines...a silver wing - a cloud - a rumbling of cloud...a crowd of various violins strum from next door through my wall into my ear obviously artificial...neighbors laugh through sandwiches...Harlem babies - their stomachs explode into roars...their eyes shiny with starvation...spreckled hula dance on my phonograph...my door rattles windy...sand wears my rug shoe and taps on the unheard finish of an hourglass I cannot hear...a typical musician's nest of thoughts through dust speakers...&quot;Why don't you go home? Oh Blobby, are you great,&quot; exclaims two lips in some jumbled rock'n'roll tune and wears a spot I cannot scratch...the surface of a friend...this high bookafriend laid on me...on the couch relaxing in the corner behind a still life pond with plenty of bugs and lily pads slurred in mud banks and boulders tin cans and raisins warped by thought...strain on the spoon like a wheat check - check Bif - cotton popping out of his sleeve...poop hatch open - big poop ha