

Say Anything, Yellow Cat Red Cat

I watch my yellow cat invade my red cat in the yard.
The feline war has raged for years so I assume
it'd be too hard for me to drive my foot between them.
I would never risk the scratch
just to prove to one or both of them a cat is just a cat.
Again, I watch my cousin Greg watch MTV inside his home.
He makes fun of the Hip-hop videos from the couch he rides alone.
Snug in the cushion of his cackling he forgets his looming doubts.
He has relied on this for years; you will not yank the carpet out.
no, no. These are my friends. This is who they have been for always.
These are my days. This is how they stay.
This is who they remain forever. This is how we stay.
I watch this dude each night, same table, who creates and crumples up.
His eyes are wide from sipping endlessly his endless coffee cup.
He feeds me quotes, that lonely goat.
I watch him grazing by himself I will not stop him when he rambles;
I'm becoming one myself.
Lou is bugged and shot up with drugs.
He sweats this bird he hardly knows.
All that he wants is to see someone he respects without their clothes
so like some hybrid mother/lover shed soothe and heal his wounds and kiss
those dying ears so softly that the reaper stops to swoon. Oh please.
I watch my neighbor's son play with his shotgun in the street.
I think I'll blaze all day and marvel at the mass of food I eat.
It's strange; I'm skinny when I'm standing but I'm Buddha when I sit,
and if I'm truly so enlightened why'd I waste your time on it
as I look back at all these crossroads and the middle where I stay,
right up the beaten path to boredom where the fakest fucks get laid
by the faux-finest finds. It's been that way and god damn you,
how you stay, with every scummy, crummy hour of the scummy, crummy day.