

Apostle Of Hustle, My Sword Hand's Anger

one day an angel told me, "your time here is fleeting"
behind his back - a pistol - here comes a beating
his suit, his silk, flower / but my razor is faster
"hey Carlos, you been drinkin' Florida water"

looking for a new technique
they never believe I put my weapons down
another page turns in the book
another one falls on their knees to the ground

a message from the tiger & she shivered like chord on a harp:
"the bedroom must be returned to its original sailor"
she reached for the lipstick from her handbag
on the edge of the sink
& the sad loves surrounded the lade of perpetual squalor