

# Autumn, The Trip

great brick glass arches  
my tongue and hips peeling  
these swirls of tripped-out lightning  
titilate and frighten  
and i feel  
to be  
in a strange daze  
wasted just like the old days  
anxious to curl up and crawl away  
but then distracted by another face  
leads me to another place  
and i feel  
to be  
in a strange daze