Incubus, Nebula

Disconnect and let me drift,
until my upside down is right side in.
Society must let the artist go,
to wander off into the nebula.
Upon return, I conjure what was seen.
I let it pulse and boil within my limbs.
I lay my pencil to the porous page,
and let my lunatic indulge itself.
Wander off into your nebula, see your nectarine of
multiplicity cum like orgasmatron
on overdrive!
Wander in off to your nebula, your tangerine of
electricity is ripe and on a vine, so pick your prize!
Do you enjoy your sight inside?
In little, black book do I confide!