

Kaki King, Pull Me Out Alive

the tyranny of
trying to know
everything takes
over the freedom
of the mind
to find it's own
course knowing
more about less
endless long standing
let's end all violence
farewell to thee
sigh when I grin
are we fainting off
the tendrils that
siren and there
my mate and me

pull me out
pull me out alive
pull me out
pull me out alive

oh take me to
cities where all
the hot spots are
inform the institutions
from the defunct
soviet union
when every arrow
will be defined as
post war to be
a bomb college course
but if the universe
is written in a breeze
you will

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