

# King Missile, Lou

Lou wanted to be noticed and understood,  
but he was so quiet.

So one day he wrote the following poem:

a four or five piece band  
where three or four of the people don't play any instruments  
performed in front of an  
audience consisting solely of six foot two lesbians from Anchorage Alaska,  
a kind of healing feeling friendly Sam  
for a fortnight and a half a ham and cheese  
insinuating strenuous selfishness

and culminating in  
concrete caribou tissue  
and crucified cats

After finishing the poem, Lou left it on the dining room table.

Then he went into the bathroom, slit each wrist

seven times

and quietly died.

No one noticed but everyone understood.

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