

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.
No one noticed but everyone understood.