ADMISSION PRICE

1

A push from the wild side,

is that what's needed?

To make plain words facet

being, skim to soar, to counter-

point world's inner and outer,

or just to carry a tune?

To do all that - must one run,

not walk, those razorback

ridges in and out of the fogs

of the sane? In the dips

or off barely hid edge - soul

mire, paranoia, smashed

bottles, whiffs of real opium,

seduction's rip pull. Giving in,

or lashing out (either way)

a spiral of darkening mind

coils to spring, free

poets in their youth. They sing,

yes say to life, in jerky march

to the alcoholic, twin barrel

shotgun, sleeping pill altar

of the savage god. And we can't

get their tune out of our mind.

2

Or, if not that death direct

then a kind of stretching

of a scream around sharp

corners. Must it be that?

Inside, the carom of un-