

are you that man—
 afraid of the world
 outside a dream—
 a coal without
 a vital flame—
 going in
 on sun drench day
 sucking cool lemon—
 just when monster
 eating (pig in pen)
 climbs long vine
 to tower chamber of
 his sleeping beauty
 as he took her
 screaming— in his
 hairy mattress
 eve on the big town
 she and her hat-pin
 stuck him—
 (were he meat-ball
 looking—
 on a dew drip rose)
 as if he didn't care—
 thistle or a fig
 stainless—
 just as a small
 chicken-hawk
 frightened Mr Mad
 then she to his left
 stuck her hat-pin
 in his eye-ball
 removing pincher bug—
 pong went lemon puff—
 in a cheek how she
 screamed;
 that's the monster—
 then she fainted!
 a yeti— for
 your camera (eye)!

a yeti and a hat-pin

SF Calif. 94110