

GAGAKU

anger  
is something we  
understand  
my anger demons beat the  
hell out of one  
another right  
now

blood  
green  
red and  
yellow blood  
spattered  
all about  
lots of  
blue blood too

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I'm told a writer lives here  
I go out on the corner and turn and look at  
my cave and its front  
yard and  
yes  
it looks like the  
place of a  
strange  
writer  
I am strange to me  
demons wiggle their claws  
at each other and  
at me too  
and there's a white  
glove  
and they take off the glove  
drop it  
their claw is tough  
to define  
a changing thing  
melting without fire  
zombi like  
B movie horror  
like