

Wreck

train wreck bodies everywhere

the inspector died of bodies everywhere

the bodies died of train wreck in the air

the train looked at the whole damn thing and gave up in despair.

I read it in a book that people die

sometimes of heartbreak or of asking why.

I know no ship fast heading into sky

but which is tired, it is tired of asking why.

Couldn't you ask a question of a fool

at least an idiot king, an anti-capitule,

a man who knows he knows he knows he cannot rightly rule?

Couldn't such a man return the answer of a fool?

Or could you find out otherwise the nature of the mind?

Can you learn of the designer if you're asking the designed?

and what do you propose to do with what you'd have divined?

are you afraid of what you'd find? ...

I have a secret for you. One you will resent

The secret to a happy life is not intelligence

To escape the heat you don't build high, you start to dig a trench.

You bury us in ignorance and what answers would prevent

THAT is the way to cheat despair. the way is to forget

you stop your respiration till you cannot breathe the dead

you pile dirt on bodies, put a tombstone at the head

you think you love the devil, you forget the things he said—

Clarity is suffering, you IDIOT KING. You foolish refugee,

you cannot hide the evil things, you learned from them or me.

they have become a part of you—

you, you, you, YOU YOU YOU CHOOSE, you choose the TRUTH and you will be

set free

then you know

you can join me on the train about to go