

HAPPY PEOPLE

Happy people, be not afraid.
Laugh with a circus in your mouth.
Be a marching band of gills.
Let it be know.
The Swing set in your head is squeaking.
The Mosh-pit in your chest a riot.
May it break the jar of your body.
Let out a cheer, that will shake clean the laundry.
Relinquish a Clothespin of sound, temple to temple.
Breathe deep, swallow the baby cheeks and fart.
Change the world with your best/worst/joke.
Remember, all Jesus ever got was a book deal.
So you do the math.
Your resurrection is afoot.

SAD PEOPLE

Sad people, be not amused.
Let somber conviction weave like a needle of shrills.
A fist full of roses is nothing but dead sentiments.
You are a playground of contagious sorrow.
The seesaw on your tongue is teetering.
Howl an anthem of gloom.
Gas chamber heart, Hiroshima face.
Feed preying hands the salt of wounded eyes.
Bleed a cantankerous magic.
Breakdown and cry like a newborn ripped out the womb.
For I too have Quasimodo days.
Remember, the Devil was built to fuck Angels.
Patience plus purgatory, sock and shoe.
We humans wear this skin so well.

