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I haven't seen my generation

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i haven't seen my generation

we fight because we are no longer pioneers together ready-made homicide on every corner everywhere in between not even one free beer motherless children

once we ran together like horses through open fields

grass has been high

our mane was our rudder keeping us straight according to Wind we lifted ourselves above and came down sure on the earth

now the waves of love and wind blows against us and we pick up the pieces and throw them at each other and all is built again.

make houses crumble and our houses crumble

and jesus comes in 2005 as a homicide statistic the believers stone him the rest see nothing

and i walk on in six/eight through burning streets pissing on hot steel stomping down excreta

and probably lose and i do whatever i want sometimes all the time most of the time

and reason and phantasmagoria like buddies whose parents disallow hanging out play flashlight tag on the walls

of my dark soul never penetrating the flesh

- Michael Foley III '93



-Hal Petri '94