

1992

## Untitled (Artwork)

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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  
our mane was our rudder keeping us straight according to wind  
grass has been high we lifted ourselves above and came  
down sure on the earth

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

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