In the Hall of the Nonbelievers

11/79

A lady sat there telling us about a local God incarnate
We responded nodding all the while
lady prosoletizing gratefully & thought about my friends
When she'd done this fifth
our only practice + I Smiled

When skys are low sometimes I go
Through doors past trees and streets
and here & there on the approach
are others that appear to meet

In a room so cold + clean + sparse
High ceilings little there
In a room with floor and walls
some thinks we huddle there
We don't care!
In the hall of the nonbelievers
assumptions dangle in a gagle
Every single house in town
plastic birds Bob + Peck the water
when everything else has run down
We might be freaks for tools + martyrd fools | creature comfort Zombie mommies
with eyes like pools and cynics cools
Back to the land to God and commies
Suckin Swamis — We're not balrog
In this hall we grease our pumps and let em idyl slow
In this hall we place our rumps where they are wide + low
In this hall we forsake all — don't even have a time
It's there we share and drop our hair and throttle up old spine

Folks seek the sheek the sweet or the bleak a code a mystery a line
If feedback hints to give it up like lint we give it doubletime
When all else fails folks swallow our nails and leaving them elaborate traps
and moan + whine at the feet of the divine and take on endless crap
But we don't do that