

## Canzoni Napoletane

### "Tokyo"

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this is how it ended in tokyo. buildings rebuilt and billed  
to anyone dumb enough to be standing there.  
thanksgiving day. tossing eating wearing pigskin worn  
thin. torn teethly like the scaredy cat sacred custom  
goes. sweet chicken little eating lolli pox treats for  
turkey day. it's salmonella city. where we're worn thin.  
ordered to work in working order. bashful red shame  
and bold blue bruising whitey. hiding in houses looking  
like aching smiling faces. an oh, the comfortable forts  
we used to build with cushions and blankets. matching  
a patched up pair like us, apparently it's a given, given  
culture and all, we will break things just to call them  
broken. stained by this compulsion to ruin and name it  
art. (arthur to adults - "when you get caught between  
the moon and new york city..." (christopher kane?))  
architects ache so they build. some subdivisions no  
matter how much pain or planning. no matter how  
much it matters. some ugly houses sprout up in rows.  
look like structures of sad accidents and broken happy  
plans. we named the clever chimp that picked up the  
first tool adam. we discovered we are really mostly just  
water. we pretend about a past to justify right now. we  
tell countless lies to make it through each day. keep on  
runnin' little bunny. keep on runnin'. all the duracell  
sold during the super bowl. and my disease. such an  
easy disease contagious as a yawn. my why  
chromosome.

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