

## Falkenbach

### "Pat-trip Dispenser"

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He moves slow at the petrol stopIt's pat the trip  
dispenserHe came with solvent in his hairThe trip  
dispenserSpine-fuhrer of hobokenIt's pat the trip  
dispenserFriend of syndicate of soundPigeon toed  
bandMcginty thought he could fool the fallWith his  
imitation speedsBut he had not accounted for the  
psychic noseHe did not know there are no big shots on  
the rockAnd even if there were, mcginty would not be  
among themHis head was full of icy calmA clarity of  
nothingIt's pat the trip dispenserHe paid at the generic  
supermarketWith paperWith paperIt's pat the trip  
dispenser

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