

Karate

"One Less Blues"

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Confidence-it drops like filth in bathroom stalls.
Privacy-it leaks through un-completed walls. Forced by
public failures, now you must recall. You have to recall
the times when we became hemmed in by leaden
skies, the times when all the back rent closed our
zealous eyes. Maybe this is how all young ideas die,
but they didn't have to die. Evidence yields this case a
wash. Just give me something that I can touch. Sulphur,
Kool-Aid, Minnesota, freezer burns. Blessed dial lovers'
friends at every turn. Needing need, not what you
need, you can't unlearn. Just try to unlearn.

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