

Computer Perfection

"The Fool Is Hurt"

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Stretched across an empty beach
& upside-down beside the road.
A boredom pierces through & through
& leaves you nursing a heavy pause.

"Oh, I don't know. Just take me home."

Sing a song I can't forget
Whose turns drift from every throat.
A dream layered dense & thick
With sharpest fever & dullest ache.

"Oh, I can't quite say. Just take me home."

Lay me down to rest
Day & night.
Tumbling like a wheel
No end in sight.

The road is winding ever on
& paved with such intention.
Listen now, you hear it still:
The laughter of an errant fool.

"Oh, I'm not sure. Just take me home."

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