

## Poi Dog Pondering "Lackluster"

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Hey! Hey! Hey!  
Slippy side, Side-Side-Side go to go

a long time gone and a long time past  
so soon so soon -- Lack Luster Lack Luster  
how can I muster  
The faith That I need to see  
The Things I need to see --  
on again off again  
Bronco  
try to hold on to the ribs  
of the situation at hand.

a long time gone and a long time past,  
since I felt That Things were within my grasp. . .  
wheel roll round  
round, round, round -- hear that Sound.

Leaning longingly against The window,  
falling forlorn to the ground, ground, ground. . .  
when I wonder, when I whistle,  
when I'm wandering Through The Thistles  
when I'm tangled up in Bristles  
hey! hey! hey!

Beautifully Pained like an angel in purgatory --  
wrapped up and exhalted --  
immaculate in melancholy --  
She (sea) sure (shore)  
rose and The sand fell Through her hands  
grain after grain after grain!

"In the Beginning was The Myth"  
Chapter one starts like this. . .,  
"Blank and Calm, and full of expectancy." (Herman  
Hess' "peter Caminziad")  
I'm standing exactly where I'm  
Supposed to be. . .

Twisting and Tumbling, not  
Standing or fumbling.

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