

Disco Biscuits

"Mindless Dribble"

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Whimsical, a pen in motion, thoughts roll in my mind,
scamper by so quickly now an agile word would find,
well I tried to grasp an angel, saw her wings, and
watched her fly
reality for mingling dreams to scurry back and get in
line.

We ordered out for mindless dribble,
over used, half wit, ishkabibble,
corner store junkies giving advice
we ordered out for paradise.

A gallery, a pen in motion, a delightful line instead,
it's chivalry outranks commotion on the roads most
common tread,
and on those boots, the clicking heels, the dreams, the
angel starts to fly,
to masquerade the world's parade for only seconds at
a time.

We ordered out for mindless dribble,
over used, half wit, ishkabibble,
corner store junkies giving advice
we ordered out for paradise.

Apple butter toast is nice,
envisioned on a third wind twice,
my fine breaded friend was denied by the vice,
And they missed the perfume.

In a native centered world, one picks the fruit right off
the trees,
on a wild blue island in the deep blue seas,
beyond a paleocentric world with all our people shaped
in threes,
the only way I get around is some mild insanity.

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