

**Barrett Syd****"Rooftop In A Thunderstorm Row Missing The Point"**

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With yellow, red and roomy food, and quivered

crouching on a golden cushion

undressed himself to disappear

through an infinity of pleasure

and smiled to free the running me

with "Am I my brother's keeper?"

his meek hand on devils gloves

shaping running blood.

The prophecy, to ricreate the truth

in visions of a seasonal mood

in truth, the only sight he saw

lay hidden in the bathroom door

and spat on the rug

as high is high, so low is low

and that's the end of it

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