

Stafford "Pac-Man Ghosts"

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Turning corners rapidly, I think you've grown
accustomed to this taste for speed. [All in all, I'd like to
say that you were a formidable adversary.] Too bad
you could never get exactly what it is you wanted. You
never could shed all that skin that was always weighing
you down. And yet, through lies and turbulent nights,
you remained at my back all the time (tailing me and
breathing down my knees). I'd love to lie and say that
you caught me, but I won't, because anything that
resembles truth remains a blur to you.

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