



Self-Portrait

Bob Frenzel

Single, singular
fostered in laxity
tender age spent
fighting left from right
forced in mediocrity
discovered blondes don't
have more fun
under the compete gun,
lost in the city
teen years
spent dazed
legacy of
purple haze
living in
self pity,
long years walking
on the bloody
trail looking
finding nothing
pursued by the
ghost of imperfection
driven to blasphemy
encompassed about
by growing miniature
carbon-copy circlet
ever-tightening
volition in tow
by necessity
emancipation found
in every day
unlocking the wedlock

finding deliverance
inside myself
while smitten by
the spirit of
a kindred flame
awaiting my liberty