



“Stellar Frequencies Picked-Up from a Hammond piano; in perpetual C - Major”

Carl Forrest

We sat incognito
On her sodden benches,
Adjacent to flowering waters.
Photocopy generation, I seek out the Eight Noble Truths.
Flower holding militants claiming to be angels sent from God,
Born with dynamite sticks; but we provide the fuses that bust our chops
My friend, an Ode to the oil rainbow, undulating atop the lively waves.
My friend, have you not heard?
Guess not.
Faceless vanity smeared upon tragic noir films;
“We don’t pay no mind to them platonic forms, misses.
‘Cause we’re sittin’ in the back locked in conversation about
Renoir and Bosch.
That’s what we talk about,
“That’s what we’s talkin’bout, darling.”