HERE THERE BE MONSTERS.

[Read this poem from top to bottom, then from bottom to top again]

A kingdom of my own choices, my own soul,
My own pepsi and coke and ford fairlane

But it's my own show now and theirs don't matter,
My own Gacy and my own Iraqi oil-zone,

And I'll walk in my own vestive halls and screw with them,
And they'll let me, they'll let me play with politics, and the kabbala,
And when I shower and sing all to me in my own thrown of lust

Their cognitive dissonance like socialism,
Abstract and vague and I'll raise a family based on
My ideals:

bREak,, down

the rules of language like cummings
and I'll spit all over them, and my children will grow up just like me
and it won't be till then that we see the problem,

when I’m sittin in those vestive halls myself, like my grandfather,
asking my grandson to calm the hell down.

BUT THAT WAY LIES INSANITY

by Jedediah Walls