

ROBERT BOLTON, TOM DOBRZANSKI, & ZACHARY GRAY (FROM LOTUS CHILD) / Superstition

My way out

See me,

I'm singing;

if I don't die standing I'll die thinking

close my blind eyes. see not seeing.

undo sense and being

I'm smoked out the last of my presence

I broke out at last I'm imprisoned

I've played the game too. And when the moment presents itself, I won't make any choices. I'll sit drinking from my cup of god, narrating something. The revolution has never been so far away.

improvise and die, write a poem about it

A dirty limerick

there's a perfect sinister

merchant vender

lurking everywhere

just read the fine print

in my script, there is a silver threaded spine spent spinning time and value and tying things and finding kings in palaces, housed in battles in and around their own shallowness, living around their own cowardice, avoiding their hopeful power, hopeful, sleeping soundly, deeply grounded over my way out and this is enough right now.

so I disappoint you

no i can't save your miserable soul

Old souled

sold and aged

not wise,
but jaded beyond my years

Been accepted death not feared
nor expected. Checked in and dreamt it.
slept and reflected. unwedded, unwept.
swept in with the reckless.
Not a poet,
just jotted down our
good conversations.

closet schizophrenic
narcissism for my many selves... connected

So deep in the holy street lights
and so heavy in the metaphysics of game

3:00 am – Meetings at Spadina
where Silent Sam greets General Tao
and other teenage immortals
fooled by their fortune cookies.

My general Tao seeping out with
the sweet and smoky scent of a pin-striped button-up.
Been spent, spread thin-lined writings up.
Writer, Right or not, as One I found meaning in everything.
Selves living everywhere,
knowing everyone
reveling in their own omniscience.
rebellling in their own instances.
together only out of coincidence.
friends only out of convenience.
dissimilar templates and
resemblance in that fragrance.

oh there's a famine in the countryside
so so the gulags are shipping

lean sweet cuts of meat off the bodies of banished poets.

I give a dap with snap and a pound
they clap when I rap for the crowd
then I bow and im back to the ground I emerged
return to the earth and its pureness
the world is a circus
and I know (and I know)
that you know (that you know)
we don't care (we don't care)
we pretend to but then we go home and forget it with everything else and etc etc etc

nobody looks, nobody sees, everybody wants, nobody needs it
soul inner peace, hoping for peace, everyone speaks, no one achieves it
pope and a chief, dope-man and fiend, broke on their knees, smoke for the screen
I woke in a dream, arose in a scene, so what of me, a rose in concrete
incomplete

easy on the bibles and Buddhas
and Entertainment Weeklys
I don't like to subscribe to anything
but everything happens for a reason
and I hate that
not true, just a positive view
I don't believe in it
no astrology, no apologies
always finding meaning, I just took to it
I've got a book full of meaning and no you can't look through it
Stevie Wonder's writing on the walls and the devils on its way
superstition undefined like 3.14159...continuous.

TOM DOBRZANSKI, guitar, keyboards & vocals

ZACHARY GRAY, keyboards, guitar, vocals

ROBERT BOLTON (AKA AROWBE), vocals

premiered at *song room* 2 on Saturday, June 18, 2005