Eyes of the Street

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see the street
see the sidewalk
the papers rustle
the pretty cans glitter look
the lovely lady with nice eyes
is standing
waiting to meet you
she is nice and warm
and she folds you up
in the morning
and puts you in her purse

see the red red bricks
see the letters all the writing
words with four letters
look back at you

look
see the old man
see the funny old man
his hands are stuck
in his pockets he has
something to give you
the nice man wants you
to go closer
go closer
and see the nice man's eyes
they are nice like the lovely lady's
he has something to show you
something to give you

see the street
see the sidewalk
hear the papers rustle
oh feel the nice raindrops
see the letters
there are four of them
they spell fuck
see the red red bricks

"where do balloons go
when they die?"

I wanted to be
a balloonseller once
Children would give me
their warmhandled pennies
and i would give them colours
to lose above the clouds
Round heads to get caught
in telephone poles
But best of all
i would take the ones leftover
forgetting they were manmade
let the strings leave my hand
and watch them sail,
bobbing their way to
balloon heaven