Welcome to My Mind

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Dexter Peterson *Welcome to My Mind*

hi, pleased to meet you.
want to come in?
i don't get many visitors,
outside's enough to scare most
people away. but please,
come on in, we're all harmless here—
mi casa, su casa, eh?
careful, watch your step,
you're about to
go off the deep end,
and it's a long way down.
here's a machete, to hack through
the overgrown imagination;
there's a sense of humor,
just ignore the warping there.
most of the thinking goes on here;
i've been meaning to get that
derangement straightened out. and
down here's the subconscious,
but even i need a map
and a flashlight to find my way around.
i wouldn't look too closely, and
please excuse the mess,
i don't come down here much.

this derelict cellar is where
The Lost Things stay,
refugees from childhood.
when watching those bright, noisy
be careful not to trip over any loose
and watch out for those damn anxieties
i just sprayed Sunday, but those things
breed like hell and pop up everywhere.
be sure to stay on the side of the road
that you don't get blind-sided
by a fast mood swing. and if you see
anything suspicious, give a holler;
i don't want to scare you,
but sometimes i don't think
i'm all alone in here.
what's that, you want to go now?
hmmm... i'm sorry, but i think i've
lost my way. but don't worry,
the i'll find you a nice, warm
place to stay until
i can get you out.
till then, you can
sleep in here, with
the rest of my Dreams.

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