**Don’t**

*April 18, 2014*

Don't Call Me Sophisticated.

Don't Tag Me Debonair.

That Casts Me Very Underrated.

I Run Wild. Free. Bare. Mark Me Street Educated.

No Need For Ivy League.

My Appetite For Life.

Will Ne'er Be Sated.

I Only Have Two Speeds.

Dead Rest. Full Throttle.

Fast Asleep. Wide Awake.

You Will Ne'er Put My Genie Back In The Bottle.

I Fear Not Man. Beast.

Nor Cosmic Entropy.

Care Not For Tides Of Fate.

I Was Born Ancient. Old.

Keep Getting Younger.

Not Much For Wasted Tears.

Nor Foolish Fears.

I Still Harken To The Hunger.

Of My Soul. Each Toll Of Dawn.

Each Cycle Of Rock Orb Round Old Sol.

Each Turn Of Page Cross Life’s Fleeting Years.