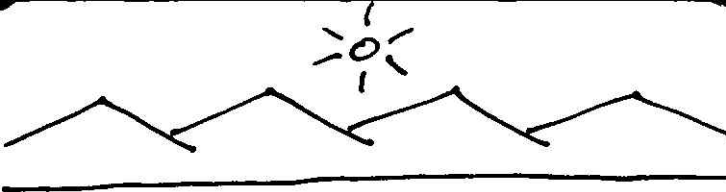


a group of men  
seem to be conspiring  
up to something  
up to what who knows  
their presence precedes them  
as you walk into the room  
you feel like  
they could knock you out  
all the way to the moon  
they act so tough  
in comraderie  
but get them all alone  
in a foreign country  
they'd be wandering lost  
not knowing how to communicate  
or find out how much  
anything cost  
true idiocracy  
works best in numbers  
they are just mercanaries  
wishing they were free  
to wonder.

Matthew Ben



bulldozed lots quickly fill  
with deep taproots of weeds  
like unwanted squatters  
no landscape architect  
would choose

when it flash floods  
the water fills every pothole  
and big muddy puddles form  
in the depressions of sand

we monkeys have desires  
things for which we are wired  
various things can make  
our receptors fire  
even if it's not D.O.P.E.  
a drug of personally enjoyment  
you choose the empty space  
you will lose  
to something

some say we have free will  
thank whoever it is to thank  
that when we have holes  
we can choose to fill them  
with what we will

it's not easy to have restraint  
to have discipline or patience  
but when you fill a void  
with the real things  
you know the artificial stuff  
never has been  
and never will be  
enough