

everywhere i go

by Gary Percesepe

it's women i've loved
or men i owe money
so that it's become
difficult to go outside
wasn't it pascal who
said that the troubles of the
world all stem from leaving
one's room?

but they say he who loves
and runs is like
brown sorrow in livery
or a fire doctor in a
jerk store
or a god fearing ass wearer
so here I go around this
bend again

hey have these
stars always
wiggled like that?

