

acid chief

i am breeze from oil and weed
and light
and glass
and lion sleeping

i am truly seen
and see thru powdered
brains and falling raindrops
calling cosmic showers
i am not so greedy

i can drive thru fountain roadblocks
i can be it
i can stand it
i can build a mountain
i can melt the shock
of living, rock
the shouting needy people
with my lack of needed money
i am rarely seen

i feel the city's sharp disdain
i can fly thru windowpane

i make sky from wood and beef
and boats of cotton
playing cards
and woolen coats
i am truly seen
and see thru powdered
donuts, fading gunshots,
rocks and coral reef
i am called the chief

my walls are built with specious fate
my halls are lined with love and hate
i do not praise or compensate
i don't critique, i don't berate

i am truly seen
and see thru tabloid
mothers' guilt, faster
moving mr. freud and
i am still the chief