

Save me
from certain death:
my mind's made up.

On the road to boredom
I was assailed by a thought
that turned my life into un-

believeable passion.
The ants are black and red
and drag dead flies to lunch.

Save me
from the picnic of the world:
I will not change.

The ants are fighting
each and each a soldier
killing for its colors

and reaching for bits of sugar
dissolving in the blood.
To end a thought is death.

Save me
from my madness:
my mind's made up.

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