

mommydaddy come an' look at me now  
I will play cards  
I am talking  
I am you and do you care  
where blood has taken you, do  
you know what death can do?  
I was a spasm  
made of flesh my flesh  
begins to spasm  
I was you; who  
is next, what will dirt  
create, what am I doing  
playing cards? I can  
kiss and soon will face  
these questions I ask you.  
mommydaddy my urine  
tastes like yours

2/12/84