

Lawrence Swan

Jackinbox

A jack-in-the-box takes control of his life
I gotta pull myself together, man,
gotta get connected.
Find a place to plug in -
I'm leaking all over the place, spilled in the void.
I lose my senses, I come to my senses.
I sort through slippery pieces of Mind, like sorting through
pieces of a smashed kaleidoscope.

But I'm a happy, happy guy!
Things could not be better.
I am having the TIME of my LIFE.
I have no complaints.
Most of the panic has worn off.
I WOULD NOT CHANGE A THING.

A jack-in-a-box tries to take control of his life. (Once I get out of this damn box)
I listen to radio, I read the paper, I watch TV, and I forget most of the news I consume -
it passes right through me like a greasy lunch. Or just gives me a stomachache.
Even what I remember, I don't believe.
Even what I believe, I don't know what it means,
If I know what it means, it freaks me out.

Its all falling apart, I think.
But all the facts have been shredded and the experts are jumping off buildings and 95%
of americans think that God is also an American.
So open wide the doors to Christ -
Jesus has left the building.

Most of the panic has worn off and we've returned to the ordinary life and death
situation and its not so hard to forget -
the empire is ruined,
our rulers are naked,
and they lost the real war,

and the TERROR is below the skin

and the ITCH will be scratched.

warehouse

I have a warehouse full of pieces of the world trade center which I intend to package and sell once I've worked out the package design, figured out distribution, etc. I really don't know anything about business, but I know there must still be a lot of people who want to buy pieces of Ground Zero, pieces of Zero, but I don't have the business experience and knowledge and don't know the best way to go about marketing it. I've got to sell this stuff. I've got to become financially independent before I lose my mind or soul or whatever and before this so-called Normality we're supposedly returning to crushes me. I mean I'm already in pieces.

I have souvenirs - you need souvenirs? - I have photos, I have postcards with photos of burning towers, photos of collapsing towers, people jumping off towers, bodies pulled out of rubble and dust, firemen crying. I have shirts and caps - FDNY and NYPD knockoffs. I HEART NY MORE THAN EVER posters, t-shirts, and mugs, bin Laden Wanted Dead or Alive posters, and millions of american flags. Coffeetable books. You want some disaster with your coffee? Some carnage with that cappuccino?

and look at me - I've gone to pieces - scattered all over lower Manhattan

look at me -

I've gone to pieces -

a foot over there, a hand over there,

an eye over there - where did that other eye roll to?

where are my teeth?

my ribs?

I gotta pull myself together, man. Pile the pieces together and clean them carefully and shrinkwrap each piece and slap a price sticker on each one and schlep them downtown to NYC's #1 tourist destination and sell them to gawking sightseers

take another little piece of my heart now baby. And my brain, my lungs, liver, etc.

How much can I get on ebay?

want a piece of me?

give pieces a chance?