Mother’s Hot Yeast

‘Hell’ cried his mother as she watched her cookie crumble
Crushed ‘twixt his finger bones with his eyes all humble
Don’t you know that I don’t know
That you do not know why
His brother belched, fell off his chair
And didn’t even cry.

TV eyes and TV minds searching through the ruins
Watching rats bite off their tales and so passively chew ‘em
They don’t know that we now know
That they swallowed the fly
Once dabbed in salt the tails did rot
And didn’t even try.

Elbow minds of twisted monks limping through the oceans
Trying hard to save the fish and their sucker lotion
Beat their brains and brain their band
With their elbow minds
And let them lie out in the sun
And maybe try to try
To try to try.

Opus 48 (1971)
MOTHER'S HOT YEAST

"Hell" V.

EL-BOW CRIED HIS MOTHER AS SHE WATCHED HER COOKIE CRUMBLE

EYES AND T.

V.

MINDS OF TWISTED MONKS SEARCHING THRU THE OCEANS

CLUTCHED TWIST HIS FINGER BONE

WAVING RATS BITE TRY-ING HARD TO SAVE THE FISH AND THEIR SUCKER LOTION

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THEY SWALLOWED THE FLY HIS

MINDS

DON'T KNOW THAT WE NOW KNOW THAT THEY SWALLOWED THE FLY THEIR MINDS

MY BROTHER

DABBED IN SALT OFF THE TAILS, AND DIDN'T EVEN TRY

LET THEM LIE OUT IN THE SUN, AND (MAY-BE TRY TO TRY)

BROTHE-ER BEACHED, FELL OFF HIS CHAIR AND DIDN'T EVEN TRY

MAY-BE TRY TO TRY TO TRY TO