binary language
- poems -

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binary language(1974)

musician, artist, nihilist, insomniac

Idiot King

Find me the man who knows everything
and bring me back his head
and if we can't find any answers inside
we'll make his skull a punchbowl instead
just throw away those useless eyes
oh yes they've had many a look
but they've never seen a single thing
that wasn't fed to them from a book
and speaking of fed, rip out that tongue
it's so versed, an orated bore
but never tasted of the salt of life
or eaten the wicked fruit of lore
two ears to hear the sounds around
abound in panoramic awe
these two only heard their owners voice
reverberating from his maw
Oh surely we must be mistaken
this foolish scholar is surely dumb
I hope you enjoy the punch though
it could use a little more rum

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The Children Of Mr. Electrico

they perform like little automatons
never against the grain but always against time
held in place by some invisible bonds
the journeys they take always inside the mind
to play their parts, purposely faulty
yet no purpose that they themselves can surmise
self perpetuated afterlives keep them haughty
sabotaged into their own immortal demise
a job well done thankless milestones keep passing
yet they'll suffer for post-mortem praise
for their sadness gives them reasons to keep laughing
dead long before they ever reach graves
fun is work and work is fun
collectors of nothing filed into the same stratum
a billion smiles transmit uselessly in unison
a signal comprised from the same corrupt datum
They'll live forever under colored lights
Die a million deaths with each curtain call
Another town to reach before twilight
For Mr. Electrico owns them all

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