

JUDY'S TURN TO CRY



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EVEN THESE LAMENTS WITHER IN THE WELTERING THROES OF EXTINCTION. OUR
BURSBONING FRAILTY — THE
ONLY LIFE IN BLOOM

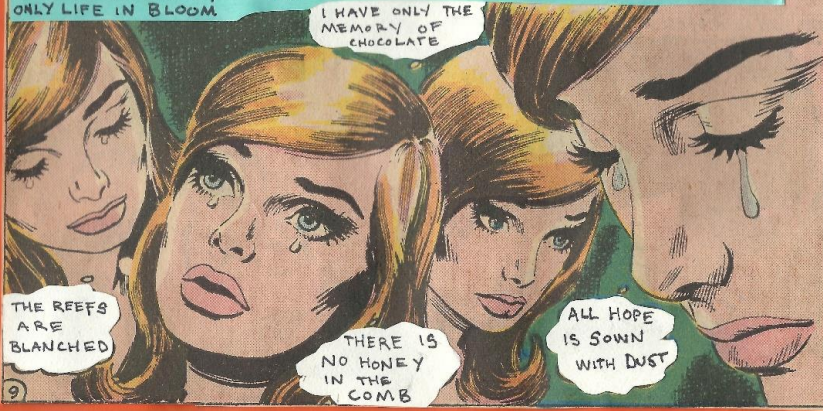
I HAVE ONLY THE
MEMORY OF
CHOCOLATE

THE REEFS
ARE
BLANCHED

THERE IS
NO HONEY
IN THE
COMB

ALL HOPE
IS SOWN
WITH DUST

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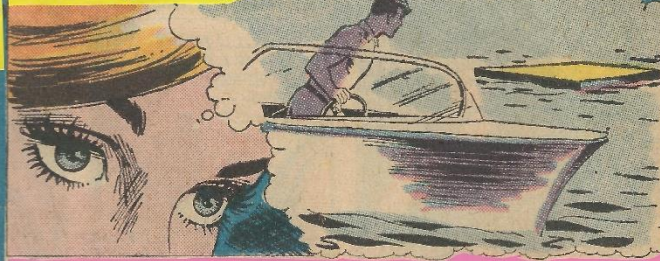


EVERYDAY I RETREAT
DEEPER INTO FANTASY
AS IF CONSUMPTION COULD
EVER FULFILL A LIFE
WITHOUT MEANING

THERE IS A VOID
AT THE CENTER
OF MY BEING

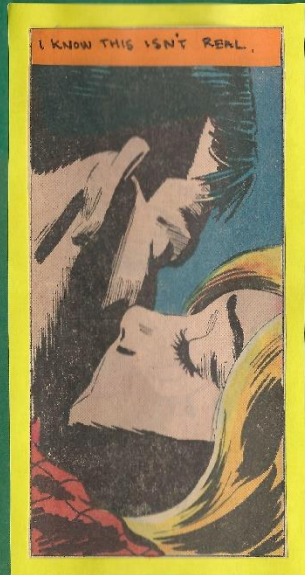


I DREAM OF A CARELESS MAN, UNBURDENED BY REALITY. A
MAN WHO LIVES IN OIL &



IS CLEANER FOR IT.





EVEN MY DREAMS OFFER NO RESPIRE
THEY ALL END IN WEEPING,
THE NOON DARK SUN
SWALLOWING THE EARTH

WHAT
I WANT,
I AM
INCAPABLE
OF
DREAMING

