

You're Dead Already....Living In Hell

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Philadelphia Snow

A fresh quilt of snow
Covers the city from south to north
West to east

The sun rises brightly
Illuminating across the Arctic scape
Like brotherly love
In a town that has none

Walking down the avenue
I stop and stare at my reflected image
On the frozen
water on the pond

My thoughts are soon interrupted
By the vicious click clack
Spark show of the passing "L"

The city is dead
Folks too warm and cozy
to venture about

This city is dead alright
You can feel it in the air,
See it on faces.
As they peer through front room windows to see if I am friend or foe,

This little shit pile of bricks
is
Quilted up to the waist in fresh
Philadelphia snow

It is quite beautiful
And very much alive to me

Trip

He had 4 sheets of really good acid in his pockets,

It was a once in a lifetime concert.

A perfect night to unwind

Take a journey

Make some money

He sold about a sheet and a half before the first two opening acts had performed
but

just before the headliner

the train he was on took a wrong track, and derailed!

Some over-concerned bystander seeing some guy

Wig out alerted police.

Police thinking the man was crazy tackled him.

It took three officers sitting on him to subdue him.

At some point in the struggle

He had urinated himself.

The urine saturated his pants, including the pocket with the remaining sheets of LSD.

The spiked piss saturated through the police officer's clothing and skin.

The police started to wig out on acid.

They began singing

laughing

Doing things police men wouldn't normally do

Saying things in different tongues that policemen wouldn't say

that's when things became purple

And I tuned out.

