

CHANCE OPERATIONS

Snip, clip
Shake and drop ...
Out of the bag, the words do plop

Seeds of forlorn mercy

Forgetting nothing
Forgiving less
Save forgiveness itself

And I?
Who am I

To question the Yin or Yang
Of this jazzed-up street thang.
This juiced up thug-gang
Of philosophic

Anachronisms

Penetrated
Generated
Consummated

By this new-found Dutch master
That is my soul?