

The Mind Gamer (1986)

I turn the hatred to 180 degrees, let the guns sprout peace, and paint all the nuclear reactors into half-hidden easter eggs.

Make a pill out of all the bombs and leave selfishness behind. Take them and shut your ears because I am the mind player.

I walk through the woods free of asthma, smile at hungry faces, kill the killing, strangle the fears, and speak to me anyway, free, because I am the mind player. people from their greed.

Make luck a lush herb. Chain the darkness to the light. But I am just a mind gamer.

C.E.

Starving (1984)

The soup was simply delicious. I spooned it quickly, and my whole body was involved in the taste.

That's when I turn on pictorial thoughts of you and mix your blind hunger into the half-eaten soup.

The second half tastes good with the stunned growl in your eyes.

I see in the soup your elephant skin and your eyes that have lost their human luster and are swarming with flies.

The spoon of the thorny soup into me tends to press.

I stand up for inconspicuous and take quieter steps out of the canteen, stumbling on the thoughts.

I secretly command you to flee; they are dwindling. I'm satisfied now. But sadness remains, a dark seal on my forehead.

C.E.