

I HAVE PASSED TOO MANY YEARS AMONG COOL
DESIGNING BEINGS

I have passed too many years among cool, designing beings.
I have contracted their reptile manner in my soul.

Last night I lay awake, judging the earth and all its creatures.
My dozen angry blood cells were frowning in the jury box.

Having nothing to say, I said nothing a long time. But now,
Humiliated anger presses me cruelly...

I sketch a human hand: I leave the outline open-ended. Then I close off
That open wrist—for I'm not here to draw but to quarter.

These worthless males! For them, the value of any sex act
Is measured by the market price of the photographic evidence.—

79

And these worthless females! Their religion is needlessly esoteric,
And their Upper Realm is peopled by disreputable gods.

MADRID has written a paradox, calls it the paradox of the leash.
To solve it, you have to establish who's at the freer end of the strap.