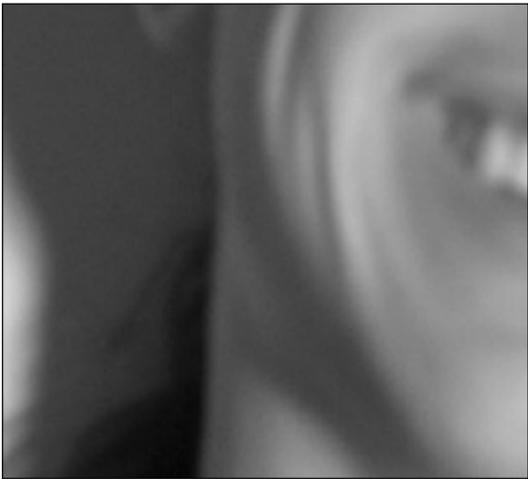


OBSERVATIONS IN A CAFÉ THOUGHT COLLISION



Musing ideas mix with the sound of a distant acoustic,
Playing for the bubble gum girls and the lovable serial numbers.

The pilferer of mind, the thief of a desire to find the answer
To the personal equation, to orate the thoughts of an empty head.

Watch your eyes sink into the back of your skull, as your heart takes a recess
For a moment and you remember the day you were no longer young.

The clamorous monotony of the night life, burned so thickly
Into your brain that you only know of unnatural light.

Trading the sun for inert incandescents and neons humming to the beat
Of a quiet night approaching the last few steps into the early morning.

Wishing to engender your own ideas that someone else has already
Thought of before, pretending you're alone feels good for the first time.

Mysterious to you is the whistling between footsteps,
The laughing between breathes, the screaming above the fog.

"I wish to love again, as I have hated for so many years,"
Words that are not unfamiliar with your lips dribble out again.

Dribble out like the saliva of a drooling dog, the leaves of a dying tree,
Dribble out like the words of just another man in the distance.

Strumming a way like the beggars, strumming a way for the ledgers,
Strumming away for the bubble gum girls and the all too lovable serial numbers.

DAVID B. GALE