

## Transition

by clancy *Wednesday, Aug 15 2018, 7:38am*

international / poetry / post

night follows day as twilight,  
no light-switch changes in nature  
transitions are usually smooth tho borders/boundaries  
between temporal states are sometimes squeezed  
when lightning strikes from the dark clouds  
on an otherwise warm, sunny day

i leave u return, one day our movements may synchronise  
so we both come together, leave and return together  
but as it stands it's a futile expectation

two distinct patterns, one spontaneous  
the other learned, too tidy to be real  
tho one pattern is always distinct the other is shared  
with anal personalities in every society

how the fuck did such a personality find me attractive?  
perhaps it was subconscious need,  
the need to erupt into chaos and birth a fertile  
nebula

feel my pulsing quasar throbs of light  
they are synchronised like my habits and  
pursed like my anus unlike ur semantic farts  
that u call poetry

yes i understand, philistines are the majority  
in every society, farts indeed,  
don't u understand art when u see it?

of course, the symmetry of a freshly laid table  
with silver shining knives, spoons and forks,  
tho u would use those words metaphorically

O, that dinner table the one we once fucked on  
and u pissed all over when u came and i  
went

