

after looking at munch screaming on his bridge  
i went straight to the zoo  
to tell the monkeys they were not alone  
but i thought their scream was sanity screaming.

i know they understood me  
howling and slinging feces at me  
as they swung on their sad fake tree  
limb by fake worn out limb  
while crossing their bridge  
in the small length of their smelly cage.

some have their prison built around themselves.  
some have their prison built within themselves.  
some are justly imprisoned.  
some are just in prison.

when all is said and done  
where you stand is not the problem.  
hopelessness is the bridge of no choice...  
the monkeys seem  
to know this  
slinging feces.

munch screaming.  
wf.h.  
2024