

*Mischief*

Sometimes  
pretending to have  
the life of an  
intellect can  
get rather  
boring

so  
me  
and a few  
pals of mine  
try and see  
if we can't get  
ourselves into  
a little bit of  
mischief-

Tonight  
we took  
a homemade  
cannon,  
filled it with WD-40  
and shot potatoes  
at a piece  
of modern art  
that sits in  
the middle of our city  
like a laughing face  
insulting our  
intelligence-

Most modern art  
can be summed up  
as an excuse to  
call someone  
unsophisticated

in order to appreciate modern art  
you must believe everything is art;  
bird shit, pork rinds, road kill,  
bottles of bleach and baking soda,

worn pantyhose, leftover lasagna etc. etc.

and when you believe  
everything is art  
the simplest and most mundane  
piece of household furniture  
can become as renowned  
as an original Van Gogh

and in that logic  
if you don't think  
used tampons stapled  
to a piece of plywood  
is a breathtaking example  
of a daring and extravagant  
artistic gesture  
then you, my friend  
are an unsophisticated  
dullard

I can almost admire it in a way  
for it's the perfect way  
to become an artist  
without doing any  
real work  
and that's the same thing  
I've been trying to do  
my entire life

so,  
kudos-

anyway  
it felt good  
to hurl spuds  
at that monstrosity

something  
every time  
I walked past  
I thought I  
could figure out  
but never did

hearing the echo of the blast  
made me feel  
childish,  
made me feel  
dangerous

as if I could  
run faster,  
leap higher,  
and breath deeper

the air  
was cool  
and crisp

the perfect  
temperature  
for mischief

and as we drove home  
just for the hell of it  
we fired a few spuds  
at an elementary  
school

take that  
you swine!

and now  
I am back at  
my post

writing  
about  
tonight's  
adventure

I'm old  
again

and I can  
do something

as sophisticated  
as writing  
poetry