***30 comes after 29***it's hard to be white and really mad.
that is, bona fide mad.
sick eccentric a-bit-off-the-stride,
yeah, okay
but not
mad as madness should really be.

i've seen the raving assholes
who would never merit a shit in country club johns
wag their butts around the playgrounds of really serious philosophers
who gave their lives
so that these prison stones could
hug others not so blessed.

you don't have to be a mathematical genius
to know that some gook
long before Einstein
figured out place and time warp
relationships
while chanting *fuck!* for the eighty ninth millionth
time as the Hack tried to remember
that 30 came after 29
at “Lock-up and Count!”

you have to be on the outside
to definitively misunderstand
the inside.

now, that is profound.
that's not white-man bullshit,
that's the real scoop
dribbled in the dirt by
real mad madness assholes
whose journey isonly through the inside.

it's too bad
this enlightenment that says
“you are ever to be deprived, white-man"
is all that I have to latch
my sickness onto,
because it is *so tantalizing*
i mean, shit, i too want
to be reborn
but we forgot that jesus said
you have to be born again of a Third World woman.
*fucking shit!*

so, jack, there’s no way inside
from the outside,
get my meaning?

yep, i’ve ac-cepted
—as you know they say,
“will you ac-cept this parole?”—
yeah, just that way
is how i received all of this
calmly
on the track one day
as some moses sauntered by
walking like i can’t walk
laid a paper on me
like all those too hip lay fives
winks and gaits away.
the note says,
“You are a winner!”
*motherfucker!*

so i left as i came
a babe in arms
actually, someone’s orphan
but with the realization
that not only could i get out
anytime i wanted
but that i could get back in
with all the privileges
of the creator of the place.

see, in me the serious philosophers
haunt the world.
it’s a comfort to know
at least
that i’ll never be madly mad.
i hate to misplace
adjectives.

get my meaning, jack?

365 words, 78 lines