

## Pali Gap

When I listen I see my life in pieces  
From a boy's height I see dope heads  
On missions, hookers on the stroll  
Stick up kids prepared to pounce  
Pimps and pushers roll, into  
Pali gap  
I see moms in front the record player  
Her Afro in a caster fingers snapping  
In the air, six-foot colored feathers  
Rise behind a wicker chair, into  
Pali gap  
Flowing down in a whispering avalanche  
The foundation for the fury, electric sprinkles  
Of the flange and decay storm, gunning midnight  
Lightning cretinous to the time of  
Pali Gap  
Acupuncture is indeed a meditation  
Needle point licks stitched swiftly to riffs  
Mixed gently with bells on the ankles  
Of tired souls walking into  
Pali Gap  
Jimi James lit a blue flame  
Burning hot but slows at 98.6 degrees  
Black sand beaches trade wind bent trees  
While the metronome flashes  
With the bedazzlement of a richter  
Scale needle on a meteor struck moon  
Like a last day of life's sunset coming  
too soon, Even when you've done it all  
you will fall, again into  
Pali gap