***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