



Friedrich has traversed
the Martian landscape
on a Schwinn to say

"Blah, Blah, Blah".

He scribbles to me cryptic
compliments phrased as alliterative
aphorisms, such as:

"Always allow your beauty to bloom".

Friedrich cranes his neck, gifts me
a Newton's cradle

comprised of eight
of the nine planets.

Now, a fleeing philosopher, as evasive
as he is indirect, his moustache is coated
with chocolate milk.

Neptune sends
Mercury flying into retrograde as Friedrich
leans in, his eyes shut.



"Everybody's got Something to Hide Except Me and Nietzsche"

by Vijay R. Nathan