

YOUR AWESOME FACEBOOK LIST

Just to explain
why I was only
able to comment
“wow.” to your

fucking incredible
posting of 3 to 12
cultural references
that were important

to your personal
development as
a far-flung citizen
of my cosmology--

so moved I was
that I couldn't
even remember how
to type a “Smiling

Lincoln” ASCII tag
after my abrupt
lower-case, one-word
sentence.

In fact, what I
would have liked
to say, directly
to your face,

standing in front
of you with an
erection clearly
visible beneath my

form-fitting cargo
pants, is this:
“You so fucking ROCK.”
And by that what

I mean is that
I fucking worship
you for the oddly-
shaped assemblage

of trivia and ideas
that make up the
geodesicky cartoon hut
known as your brain.

Such worship that if
I had to become
someone else you would
top a short list

of friends whose
identity I should wish
to climb deep, deep
at home inside of.

As if, in shining
white rooms at the
end of a Stanley
Kubrick film, we

sit opposite each other
in matching white smocks
playing rock paper scissors
and listening to

Brian Eno masterpieces,
ambient through eternity
until I somehow merge
into your face

and hands, but floating,
in a giant egg,
watching the Sun rise
over Earth from space.

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