

BEBOP by No. 25

Bebop, you who challenged my elan vital, changed my world,

Far from this lascivious crowd and tormented bold,

Where words are pearls and your life is gold.

Like Primo Levi's survival of Auschwitz,

Who flipped this path? I'm a melancholic witch,

Razing this Earth, recognizing, you, my glitch.

Undulating in grass, pollen in the eyes,

Sima Martel glazed beneath your vise,

Neck-deep in sweetness and struggling light.

Quick. Rolling. Presents at my door,

A talking cat and scissors on the floor,

But maybe... I don't really care anymore.

Bebop, you spirit of the Netherworld,

All the nameless, dancing sins you've unfurled,

So, I surrender. You ate my soul.