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## Self Portrait as Fuseli's Imp

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SELF PORTRAIT AS FUSELI'S IMP

A vicious whimsy got hold of my scalp  
and the root of each hair, encased in its fatty sheath,  
became worthy of attention.

A millennium of that and I was ready for a new voltage.  
The Treaty of Homunculi provides some distraction,  
though my diplomatic work goes mostly unappreciated.  
I do love a good street-lamp, I squat in its glare for hours.  
About my ears — the ruddy whorls, the sweet black tendrils  
within —

I can say how sound shivers across their private membranes,  
and I feast on it for days. By the way, the Bride of Frankenstein  
was my idea.

If you sip an elixir of any thought I've ever had,  
I feel a sting in my talons, in the stony nubs on my head.  
No nerves grow there, it's true, but I can't escape the impression,  
and indeed seek it out. It's like being someone else,  
someone with skin a few degrees warmer than mine.  
One time I dreamed I lived in this apartment with great décor,  
sort of Louis Quinze meets the cave paintings of Lascaux.  
I was happy. I was also dead,  
but still appreciated the landlord's oceanic gentleness.  
I woke up content, and often wonder why.  
You know, I have always loved jaywalking.  
For a long, long time I thought that  
was my problem.