



Now
I wear
Midas' coat . . .



...it *smells* just like him.

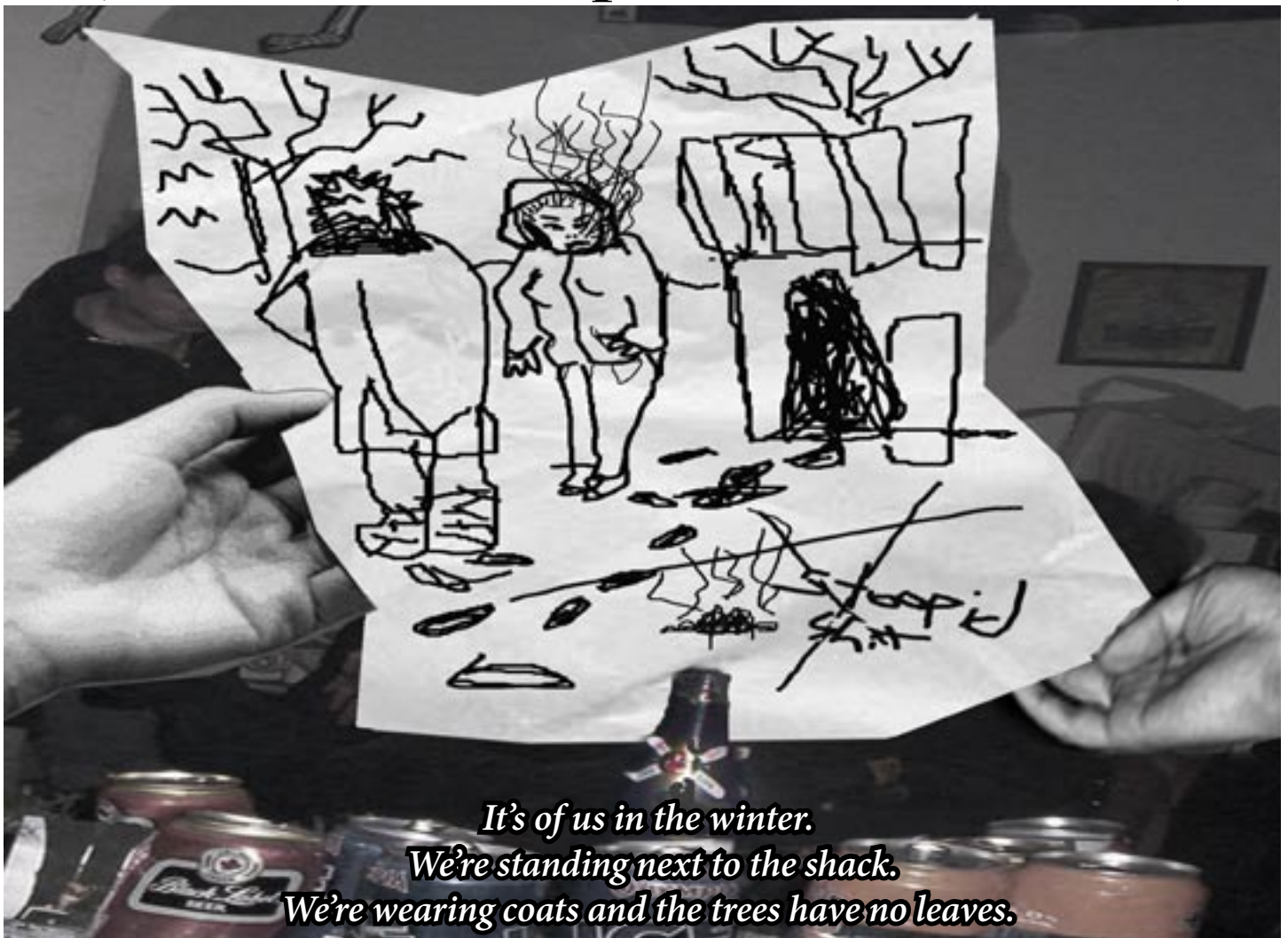


In his pocket I found a flier
for a SPITBOY show we both went to.

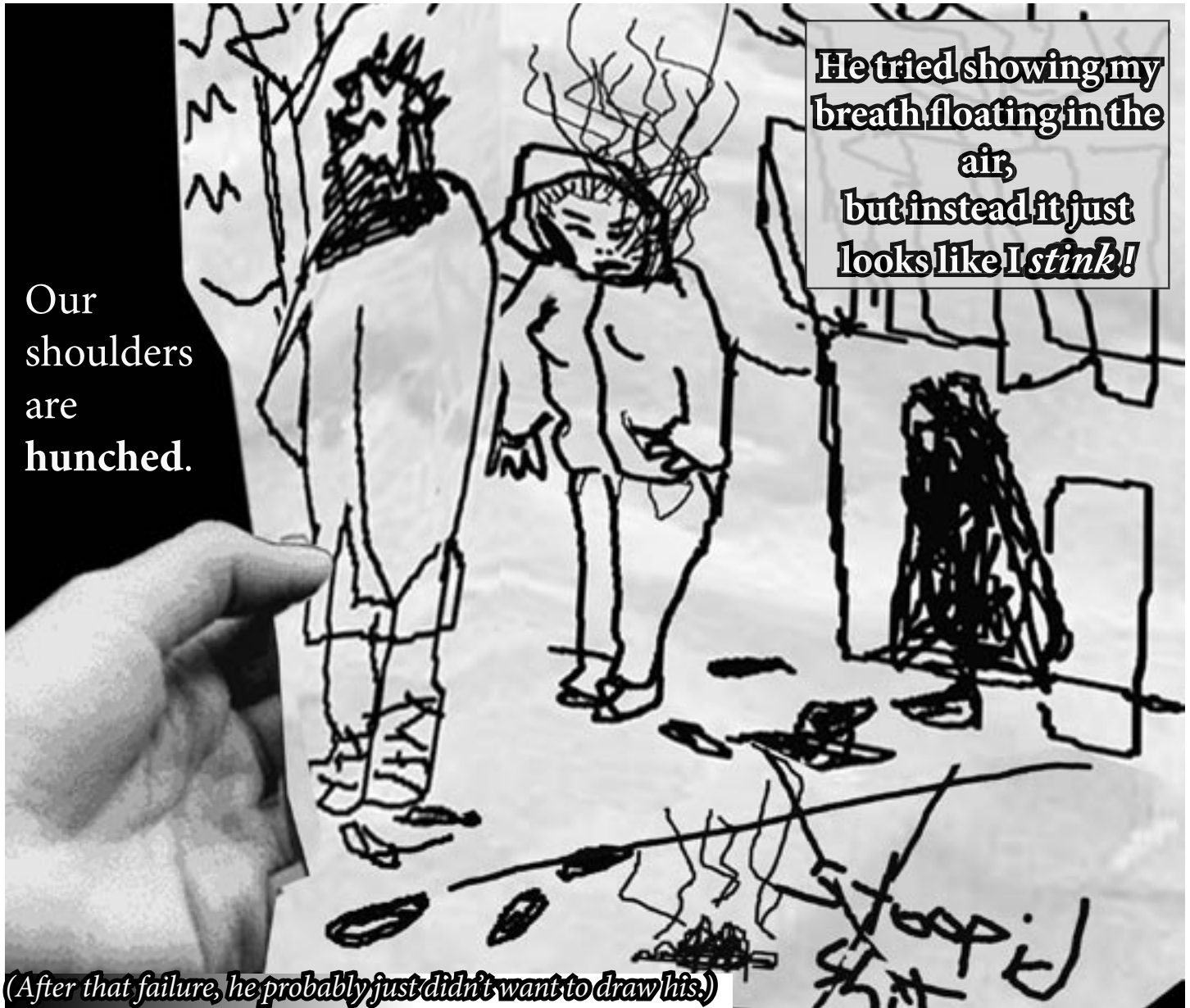


*On the back he had
drawn a picture.*

(It wasn't the best picture in the world.)



*It's of us in the winter.
We're standing next to the shack.
We're wearing coats and the trees have no leaves.*



Our
shoulders
are
hunched.

**He tried showing my
breath floating in the
air,
but instead it just
looks like I *stink!***

(After that failure, he probably just didn't want to draw his.)



I keep that picture in the pocket I found it in . . .

Sick from the **GOTH** invasion, I feel like the town's being taken over.



Inspired by the latest Anne Rice novel,

they walk around with *black lipstick* and try to be **SPOOKY**.

Marilyn Manson wannabees?



I'm **spooked!**

Walking

down a sidewalk, in the fall,



I'm wearing Midas Rat's coat *again*.

I watch my boots hit the ground.



***The sidewalk is black
from a recent rain.
My boots kick red and
orange leaves. Some of
them stick to my soles.***

*Suddenly I feel like
I'm in a Japanese painting.*





The leaves seem to float on the sidewalk

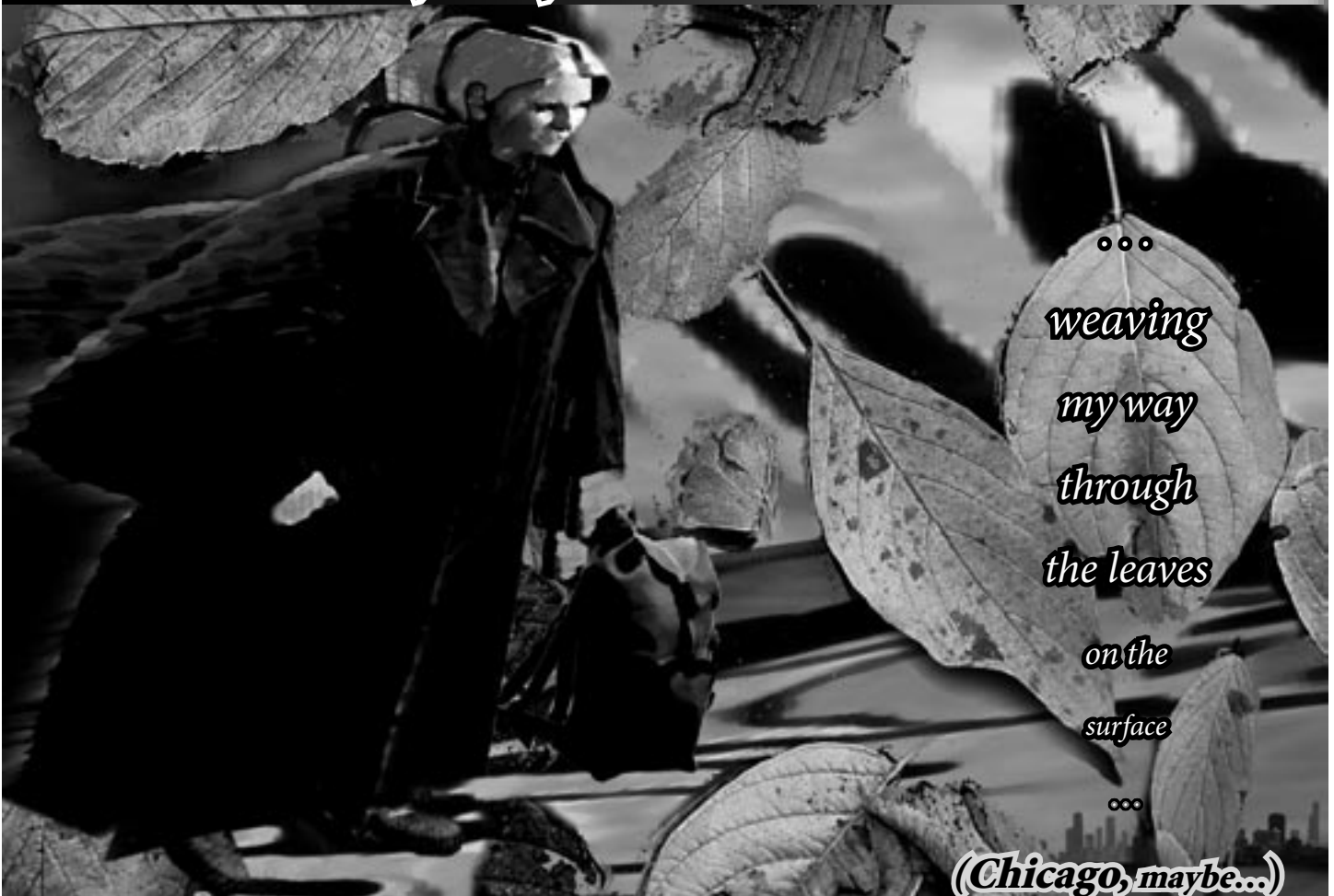
Their color over that sidewalk is so much like paint.

The
sidewalk,
beneath
that
color,
is *deep*
like an
ocean.

Midas J. Rat must be down there.



*I feel like a giant boat,
with my heavy coat...*



...
*weaving
my way
through
the leaves
on the
surface*
...

((Chicago, maybe...))

the end

Midas Rat and Me

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