

death's head

I wonder about the bodies spanning freeways slowing commerce
which cares little for any part of them but their mouths b/c time
the endless hunter now I am wearing a death's head mask to work
computer screen glaring & I wonder about how small the box
my father is in time the inexorable missile now snow on the ground
at her folks' place the smell of gingerbread inside & I wonder what
Red Lodge County Jail served him last year for Xmas dinner
time the floating desk of scattered papers I was trying to say
replace your ailing hearts with sophisticated chatbots [tweet/post/
blog/snapchat] your disenchantment for [everyone/no one]
the weather sucks but what are you going to do strike I walk
to work with headphones in like everyone else the indignities of
public I [do/don't] like being here by myself I collect without
purpose sometimes I am a crowd to be controlled & where is the
riot gear [smoke a cigarette/kiss the reaper] b/c things fall apart
I wonder about how he looked after the nurse took the tubes out
b/c I didn't go back in if you stay with me forever I can create
an android body for you too preserving life is an economic question
I wish people were nicer to each other [headlines/dead lines]
out the window of a plane at night points of light in the dark &
I wonder about metadata clouds what quiet server his voice might
still be stored on time the stage we cross & [sweat/adlib] or
maybe a freeway w/ traffic backed up for miles but if we live
in the past of a parallel universe where time flows backward
maybe he has just been born there maybe the black hole
put him there spit him out & made his body a star