

Larger than this monstrosity
We gaze upon. Unhappily we
Are all supplied with the same
Nerves and thier endings, holding
You now we turn into truckstop
Distortions the time the poor
Displaced evicted homely dullwitted
Farm girl waited coffee on the
Mercedes driver, hung over eyeballs
Slipping off a kiss in unison in
A hungry embrace in the mirror
On a battered cigarette machine.

I felt like crying when I took
You to the marketplace.
The reds and blacks
On the signs were the reds and blacks
Of angry war flags and the
Bronze left in the color of
Our hands held the flagging end
Of summer. However, I knew each new piece of the
Metropolis discovered is a field trip
To a museum and Yate's Law states
"If some proposal is put forth it
is already being effected." * With this
In mind, and you an unspoken plus of expectation
And colors bright as was flags