

Immutability

Yawning windows stream the sun's rising
Beams inching over eyelids grousing;
The blackbird's chirping is the final locus
On the parabola to alpha conscious.
Right? A wont image, tired sunrises
Eaeraj fnf sdjn; uiopn zxqwu tkkises
How many gallons per minute in there?
Hurry up, shine your teeth, waxy hair
Impresses the masses, right?

What does your reflection say to you?
Handsome! Great smile! Top Class Beautiful!
hahaha, says to you? Voices scream to you?
And transmogrifies my finger into a loaded gun?
Pow, pow! Cow-boys and Indians. All over the sun.
Metamorphoses my neck into a second mouth
Gaping, great smiling, bleeding dripping down.
WHAT TO WEAR?

WHAT TO WEAR? WHAT TO WEAR? SO AND TOO MUCH CLOTHES IN THERE
and from where? Even exotic sounding countries. Invisible.
Locking the door after fixing again your plastic coated hair.
Fix to my favorite morning jazz station; evinces a risible
Attitude and fingers into sticks crashing and clanging
All over the steering wheel. Dirty carpet's a bass pedal.
"And cigarette packs litter the floor," says the _____.
sexist.

Chirping esophagus begs the cup tilting
Caffeine jittering into heart palpitating;
The long line's stretching is the key
For the corporation's proliferation to profitability.
Right? A trite acceptance, tired sunrises
ghasi dhj fhpdaf; dnjaksfds jl vnjvrises
How many barrels per coffee bean brewed?
Brand name, Ethos water bottles, ignorance, dude
Or dudette; gotta be a pluralist, right?

What does the worker say to you?
Everything okay? Our special today? See you soon!
i am tired, says to you? Life's ambition in full bloom?
And reiterates the futility of a voice?
Ring, ding! Clock in & out. Without a choice.
Recapitulates my measly hourly wage
With your small purchase, five times that amount.
WHAT TO BUY?

WHAT TO BUY? WHAT TO BUY? SPEND UNTIL MY CARD'S DENIED
and for why? Even exotic sounding countries. Invisible.
Depositing my check after signing again at an ATM, fortified.
Fix at my favorite neighborhood dealer's house; evinces a risible
Sedation and body turns warm shivering and shaking
All over the pleather couch. Dirty carpet's a hypnotic wave.
"And doesn't this look light to you," asks the _____.
consumer.

Sweeping appendages stretch sidewalk's shifting
Bodies ricocheting off comfort zones drifting;

The compact class deluging is the result
Of the state's most prudent budget cuts.
Right? A pliant public, tired sunrises
fdhij jdi hvjdd; qwon zchuo fsysises
How many tax rebates per largest contributors?
Offshore frauds, lost jobs, immune polluters
Making an easy buck, right?

What does the reporter say to you?
Celebrity dirt! Buy this skirt! That's it for the news!
censure then indicted, says to you? Advertiser's certitude?
And mountebanks interviewed for a true cure?
Click, click. Partisan prattle. Teach us, epicure.
Disquisition on Utilitarianism from Professor Verax:
Diverse stock and a business degree equals happy.
WHAT TO BELIEVE?

WHAT TO BELIEVE? WHAT TO BELIEVE? PUSH MY BRAIN THROUGH A
SEIVE

and so naive. Even exotic sounding countries. Invisible.
Gleaning my well-being after surmising again my government won't deceive.
Fix to my favorite congress member's cant; evinces a risible
Faith yet head fervently nods subscribing and preaching
All over the boozy debate. Dirty carpet's a vomit site.
"And I ain't indoctrinated, but welfare's gotta go," says the ____.
pundit.

Whispering waves lull both ears retiring
Voices grumbling on relational miring;
The interminable incantations entreating is the gist

Of the television's most audacious twist.
Right? An entertained audience, tired sunrises
ioqw nfdjsaio as; oisa vjfu mkqxises
How many laughs per calorie stored?
Sedentary, weary apathy, calloused torpor
erases my worries, right?

What does your body say to you?
Voracious appetite? Another bite? Hey, it's the right hue!
is this healthy, says to you? Does anyone have a clue?
And studies conducted by credible universities?
Ching, ching! Research grants. Mindless spirit ditties.
Equanimity settles every undulation
Rippling into baseless conspiracy theories.
WHAT TO DO?

WHAT TO DO? WHAT TO DO? RESIGN UNTIL I SCREAM ADIEU
and turn blue. Even exotic sounding countries. Invisible.
Awakening my body after realizing again all of what's true.
Fix on my favorite reinforced combat boots; evinces a risible
camaraderie and an army armed storms singing and chanting
all over a mansion burning. Dirty carpets torn apart.
"And not only in American dreams does the proletariat succeed," says the boy
sleeping.

10/09

1/12