***Wisdom and Ah! Fond Memories***bare light-bulb mornings  
before sacrificial coffee  
trash rimming the Hole around  
catches the droopy lidded  
great unrecognized one  
slipping bare threads  
of recycled dreams  
through his head.

it must be time to turn on the ra-di-o.  
Paragraph 24, section (t): "One radio. One authorized channel."

four corpses from the dawn's last train  
which left without departing  
took themselves up the stairs  
without an elevator  
banged on his mind's door  
bang bang bang.

it’s just too stupid  
that they never painted the walls  
after all if they knew how be-oo-ti-ful  
was the glossy shine  
the government puts on solitary  
they would never be civil servants.  
ne-ver.

the issue   
not on the radio this morning  
was the state of all  
human culture  
which they argued from bits  
of toilet paper  
smuggled from the inner  
sanctum  
of various local jails  
madhouses and pens-not-made-for-bulls.  
only the cold coffee  
made them stop.   
it also started them again.

luckily, two were blind  
the bare bulb did not give  
away its lightning secrets  
two were deaf  
so they did not carry  
the prejudices of the radio.  
luckily, again, toilet paper  
messages  
are best read in the dark  
by sign language of  
not so sanitized fingers.

in the end  
there were five corpses  
lamenting the shit-ass  
condition of the world  
as run by free enterprise.  
security after all  
is having someone  
else responsible for  
*Lock-up and Count!*

234 words, 58 lines