***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