Dystopic Metropolises
A PIECE OF WORK
he must be very happy
he has a wonderful son
who draws pictures. he is an artist.

SUMMER
blood is green

PITY
having to pronounce the word iron
so early in the day

THAW
around the bend
marshland and the old sun

HEAVY
mothers carrying
a billion years

THE MAINSTREAM
bastards

WAR ON DRUGS
the only way
its ever been done

HALF A MACHINE
all it took

THE CUP OF TEA
come back
please come back
you holy terror

THE PHONECALL
as the world comes true
again I find
somehow
an excuse
to write
poland
ice
summer

WRITTEN IN PUBLIC
someone’s looking
over my shoulder

DEATH
jazz w/ the sound
turned off

THE WHITE HALLS, THE WHITE WALLS
we’re all writers at this corner
yo ho
OBSERVATION IMPLIES EXISTENCE