POETRY

From The End of America, Book 8

Mark Wallace

Temps available

costlier parking

"Don't even pretend I'm

the one responsible"

Wires crossed across the public

selling

Found myself in the wrong

interrogation room

people waiting for an eight

headed ecstasy dog

gotta make 'em want it, right?

Like the nerves I felt

had been choreographed by distant

rats pushing

buttons for food

after I paid for contemplation

in official degree form

If my back

yard is all that interests

me in the post

garage sale fever

going high speed all over

this beach town's bountiful

system for directing traffic

towards the non-free

zone, the ever more slender boutique

that each of us

imagine ourselves up

against

It doesn't take batteries

It gets adjusted

from the digital booth

No wonder people long to be naked in boisterous prominence

property values in their flip-switch control

all the microphones calibrated

to the tiniest rhythmic variation in anyone's hidden universe