

The Center

The vagrants are not here.
There is no key.
Some said there were voices.
A conversation would help.

The overgrowth is cooling.
The mist grows dense.
Building 93 houses
My greatest fears.

They removed the giant cube.
The hospital is naked now.
No resident was ever healed
Or sent home.

Brown aromas drive away
The establishment.
An old mattress would do.
Try to keep it dry.

Is your room secure?
Is it intact?
Your generation has past.
It's all stagnant, anyhow.

The acquisition is complete.
You can dust off the powder now.
Your appliances will cover
It all up; you are safe.

Sewer

There is only one route.
The rest is poisoned.
The wind carries it to the sea.
It has always been this way.

There is a chamber.
The contract is signed.
My eyes hurt from the sun.
They will hang a sign

On my head for free.
It reads WE WILL BE CLOSED.
There is plenty of space;
They will fit

With room to spare.
A sink hole weeps as
It becomes obsolete.
Someone is responsible for it.

The officials are here,
Prodding and prying
The artery. There's
The sun again,

Trying to expose
My true intentions.
Voices spit from the AM radio.
I do not know these people.

They want me to contact
The diocese. I am blessed
To meet the new disciples as
They beg for donations.

It is better to sleep through this.
Tomorrow the carters will come
And haul off all that
Has gone to waste.