

an untitled poem

Anonymous

Air past its sell-by date
expired soil
not swimming
dead in the water
stuck in limbo
lying in-state
lay-by breakfast
fast-food vomit
open-air concert
paying through the nose
a bird's-eye view
of a clearfelled landscape
dead-end job
suspended in time
crash-course in love
marriage in outerspace real-estate
double-yolker battery-egg
to free-range twins
with restricted living

solar-powered electric chair
eco-friendly execution
greenwash propaganda
cardboard funeral
for an ethical death
wind-powered hearse
is the direction forward

a readily complying crimestopper
in the age of speed-dialing
your fingers are only millimetres
away from the SatNav

to help you locate your grave
they say every screen opens up
yet another window of opportunity
(all eyes fixed)
another nail in the coffin
that seals/steals
your imagination.

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