

Graffiti II

Cry an oblique signifier
to frighten young receptionists
sharing cramped labour market
buses to terminal work stations.

Who can know the hour of deliverance
from mock chicken loaf and apple
concentrate on S.M.E. prospects
believing quick books solutions.

Whole acreages of forests burn
while sharp investors prowl our
gulls squeal mocking slow Slavonian
tourist proudly sharing road maps
depicting obsolete grain elevators.

Between internship and service
you network with mock Nubian men
trading illusory leadership collectibles
while you sink into bad hair-spray hell
eating only incubator project salads.

I long to deconstruct your ample bodice
to kiss your deeply hidden grotto of fear
rocking your tightly shielded pelvis
in the bosom of my Abrahamic sooth.