

## death's head

I wonder about the bodies spanning freeways slowing commerce  
which cares little for any part of them but their mouths b/c time  
the endless hunter now I am wearing a death's head mask to work  
computer screen glaring & I wonder about how small the box  
my father is in time the inexorable missile now snow on the ground  
at her folks' place the smell of gingerbread inside & I wonder what  
Red Lodge County Jail served him last year for Xmas dinner  
time the floating desk of scattered papers I was trying to say  
*replace your ailing hearts with sophisticated chatbots* [tweet/post/  
blog/snapchat] your disenchantment for [everyone/no one]  
the weather sucks but what are you going to do strike I walk  
to work with headphones in like everyone else the indignities of  
public I [do/don't] like being here by myself I collect without  
purpose sometimes I am a crowd to be controlled & where is the  
riot gear [smoke a cigarette/kiss the reaper] b/c things fall apart  
I wonder about how he looked after the nurse took the tubes out  
b/c I didn't go back in if you stay with me forever I can create  
an android body for you too preserving life is an economic question  
I wish people were nicer to each other [headlines/dead lines]  
out the window of a plane at night points of light in the dark &  
I wonder about metadata clouds what quiet server his voice might  
still be stored on time the stage we cross & [sweat/adlib] or  
maybe a freeway w/ traffic backed up for miles but if we live  
in the past of a parallel universe where time flows backward  
maybe he has just been born there maybe the black hole  
put him there spit him out & made his body a star