



IN STRESS OF TIME

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"Ooooooh! It sparkles!" Says the cop, pulling at his badge.  
--pulling at the very threads of his "uniform". Grokking.  
Freaking over his own superiority.  
"Ooooooooh! It sparkles!" Says the guard, being handed his first rank.  
Or her first patch. The beads of wash water fading it.  
Abiding the laws of entropy.  
"Great career oportunities!" The body yells in irony as it dies.  
"Ooooooooooooh! It be shiny!" Says the ghetto drone.

"Meethinks you needs some time," says the judge from within his/her  
dress. Draped to toe like a reaper of the sowed ways of those brought  
to be weighed. With a twig of tree in hand, time is given.  
Taken. Even suspended. Clamped in hand--the wooing winds of Nature  
clamped tightly in an unfamiliar shape.  
Still abiding the laws of entropy.  
"Ooooooh! It shines!" Says the judge, holding a bank card in the sun.  
So it is Time comes to pass--and the judge too  
will fade away in the grass--abiding the laws of entropy.  
Maybe even of his/her idol, collecting seeds sourly sowed.

It's the writers in the cells--calling bullshit in the moment.  
Before heading south on the prison bus, out of the Day-Glo suit;  
leaving behind the giggling officers, the boots never moved, the  
yahoing, zonked out society sheep. Those with shiny, sparkling  
ranks in jest. Those tested by mirrored faces of green.  
The euphoric garlands of blue light trains.  
Like Kesey and his acid, the drones all yell together:  
"--". Nothing, because no one cares.