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Untitled

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Untitled

We have had it up to here.
We have slapped a pointy
cap on its head, rapped
it on the knuckles and sent it
upstairs without any supper.
Forget fairy tales and soothing
bedtime stories. There is nothing
more to fear; no more monsters,
slowering through the cracked
closet door, or snashing evil
teeth beneath the bed.
The world is a finite place
and we intend to keep it that way.
No room for
spirits or spectres—
they're only auto exhaust & sewer steam.
Mirages are merely mudpuddles,
Atlantis simply sludge,
We believe only in concrete
buildings, asphalt lots and No
Parking signs. There's a neon dawn
lighting the night that swallowed up
Mom & Pop & and they're penny candy
schtick. Its all convenient as hell.
The stores here never close,
not even on X-Mass and they sell
every necessity—toiletries,
aspirin, cold medicine.

Craig Bagno