

STATE OF THE UNION

Your reasonable sounding businessmen
Doing enough of the work of humankind
But not as much as they perceived
Tricked and invited enough of us over here
For a chance to be like you,
And the chance was inviting.

The vocabulary here more foreign
Than the dream,
As is the case;
And a tinge of that smell
Caught as each intuits
The reason they're here is because they're a help.

Categories of kindness
Stretched wrecklessly, usually with veins:
Lonely grace found only in contortions;
The primal soul sounds
Sculpted to the shape of the mind,
A box or a square.

The Bible's heat lamp
Expands the past inside
Until a volcanic rise
Leads you to the valley to choose;
And you will learn to smile
As the villains rush by foot or float.

At attention with eager eyes
Watching a scene far across field,
Hopeless but for not to know,
To echo the next step like the last;
A hidden mind for obvious
Distaste at this time.

Do not ask about balance
Or the odds of contemporary
Interest as blindfold:

The reformation is coming,
Though not in the melodies campaigning:
Synthesis is head trauma delight,
Amnesia to the power of more than one hand's
fingers:

And our stubborn word acrobats are nervous
because
They know our future's wisdom will be as always:
Memories of them akin to those of Chamberlain.

Seeming more trick than invitation
In recent months, even years:
All signs illegible when not alone;
And neither are you, so living in disturbance:
That for a chance to be like you
Some thought they should be like you.