
BED

Rising, rising!
A request of some sort.
No one tags along
as acquisitions turn pale.
Appetite forecloses wanting sugar cane,
wanting more in depth infringements,
wanting more of this thing that I saw over there,
wanting more of hold my hand
and withhold, I mean withdraw
from spontaneous breakouts
of chicken pox and medieval diseases,
wanting more of clean tea
and prototypes of this thing that I saw over there.

Rising means uprising against
so much more than
what I saw yesterday at this new off-space,
I mean office space,
which is set up with furniture
that totally got rid of people
and is completely fine with
just being by itself.
But what should one do these days
when cool white fluorescent is so much darker
than it used to be,
huh?
