

*imitating wordsworth*

They write of nature

Purposely forgetting

The traffic jams and the snarls  
From heavy construction equipment  
Towed on the back of  
Trucks that tear apart

The parking lot of the grocery store,  
Bank, fast food restaurant  
That she used to sit on the waxed curbs and  
Skateboard with her brothers

And

Their

Friends

They instead write

Vague stuff, vague imagery  
Rooted in a vague understanding  
Of symbolism

*And the movements of the wallowing grass  
wisping; Growing from the center an earth  
with two kerosine colored eyes above,  
suspended in the thin  
Twisted branch of a tree,  
Eggs, twine, and other artifacts  
Of nature  
A mother feeding chewed food  
To her baby.*

They write this shit

In black leather bound notebooks

In coffee shops

Surrounded

By

Computers & laptops & cellphones with parts made from  
Exhausted mines collected

By underpaid workers with nimble or missing  
Fingers  
Baristas hollering orders from  
Behind machines that steam  
Set to automated timers & perfect pours

Security cameras that follow  
The bum who needs  
To  
Piss, recording all of us and what we do

And the cash registers  
more accurate than

The measurements of  
The depths of  
The craters on the moon  
Mellowed by sentences like:

*The winters and the snow  
Were like white sheets  
On thin snowy paper  
Before dirtied by muddy  
Boots.*

Then suck on the tip  
Of their pen,  
Staring out the window  
At cars that park themselves,  
Former country club valet employees  
Replaced by non-existent men that don't have to  
Pay taxes

While none of them have to  
Stand in bread lines  
For hard black bread  
Like the peasants in  
Tolstoy's Russia,  
Hacking at thick  
Weeds embedded beneath  
Ice in Russian winter.

I try to understand what they  
Are saying, but it always seems

Out of touch - too distant for me  
While I am afraid that  
The human experience,  
The emotions and understanding  
Will be replaced  
By things nature,  
Despite the beauty it provides,  
Could have ever prepared us for