Airwave

Ken Pfeil

It WAS that souped-up, tricked out, **bass voice,**
prophesying my doom.
It WAS that plasticene face, that bonded smile
(ran about six grand).

[A bit of caviar, tight Cuban cigars, a *real* Rolex, diamonds are forever,
please bring the car 'round]

And all I could think at first was: She's fucking him He's fucking her
after they warn--→ us
about impending disaster,
about crooked top brass,
about apathetic workers we trust with our lives.

Or maybe before: She fucks him He fucks her
Then, the possibility of our fate.

In return, the REWARD.
How much depends on how many of--------------------------------→ us
believe without wondering if
they're fucking,
without wondering if they're laughing----------------------------→ at us,
without wondering if
they hear their own words.

Are they as scared as they want--------------------------------→ us to be?

[Children eating feces, fending off vermin to get a night's sleep, government cheese, a stillborn
in a Kentucky Fried Chicken box, we can't have you folks messing up the park]

And I crawled into the corner
and I thought about

them fucking.