

That admonition
to *quit smoking*

petulant
impotent
whack

sounds
foolish

and is foolish as it sounds.

Alight.
Baroque.

Your desire for it so correct

that only The Industrial
dares speak fear into your

stark
wet
beauty.

This foul and dangerous weakling —

“empowered”

strident
LOUD

— poisons your ritual

then
promotes you, enslaved,
to Sergeant.

*Vile,
vile scheme.*

It is only The Industrial
that seeks your death

not

your soul
nor will
nor self

No.

For these have not been years of failure —
merely of confusion.

So

Bow down, despair!
BOW. DOWN.

Free now
to trust my ancient adolescence,
I, laughing whisp’ring, wail

:
O! Flora dessicata!
This body welcomes your particulate ghostings,
and it is not afraid to die.