

GIRL, YOU BETTER TRY TO HAVE FUN

The heart's pithy ventriloquy—

a pink bin always as before on the sidewalks of Brooklyn,
unsuppressed by the penury of one's consignment.

Lately one can see whomever one chooses
and seek quarters for wheat bread and the flat taste of water.

No, one's world must be peopled, asthmatically

— so much is asked of unfeeling. A stark frame moves close to pittance,
as the automated teller forces its liberty to one's hand,

making some practicable change as an end to moderation. Be thou assured: one has to
turn back,

no matter what you do.