

where do we get off?

whitekids waiting: Urban Outfitters
will in good time ajar those jaws of
fiberglass: what fleshy, funny fables,
fits, not-molars to return to tiny towns,
to reach out the rotting erosion,
bad apple in good barrel, cultural
canine teeth? where among the tchotchkies
and the tight jeans lies the justice?
in the crotch, at the ankles,
in the shining orbs of Chinese lucky fisting
cats? we foot steps edging the proximity
of Forefather Historic Pratfalls, in
excessive days, old, new, any of us,
any all of us, any all the safer,
us, with ticking feline swish-tail clocks?