

EUROPE

The poor, the impoverished, a snake of mercury sliding across a table unnoticeably tilted. Give me true time off. A vacation to an ossuary, bones of workers stacked to the heavens. Thy neighbor's injury is your moral imperative. His injury and infection, black webs across lawns, streets. From light post to light post factory. Imagine the smiths and farmers with batons in hand. Give me taxes, and also the rich. Give us the rich. An animal on the highway who has fallen out of the back of a truck tumbles among the cars, a thousand ways to dart and most ending in death. Artisans and industrialists.

A country of. A car wreck and your blood and your enemy's blood are mixed together among the metals and plastics. To think in terms of enemies, plastics, moves and mistakes. A corpse becomes art if placed in a certain context. Every law the people has not ratified in person is null and void. Give me a workers' right. When the popular movies criticize the highway for bisecting the family farm, I want to scream. Oh Industry! I could be the animal with all the choices. You could be the snake with all the land.