

NYSE down 2pts

the pay-check works in their favour.
we expect a local anaesthetic, but
it is brandished like a handkerchief
blessed with chloroform — the financial dept.
move among us, bent toward Radio Bristol MW
and a common silence, which is static; almost
fake. we are not here saving lives, yet
the customer knows best; telephones
still ring.

despite itself, money remains active; after all
it's not the individual religion, it's the individual's
interpretation of, that's in question. but,
paperwork still leans with an account's weight
behind it; you trust the framework will be
stapled and glued, the skin stitched and fitted —
we have our orders. we will outlive this
initial hysteria; officially, we are not
haemorrhaging today. before long,
commonplace and routine
will dig in.

the circus is hiring

the gut and bones of a parts raided
dirt-track motorcycle greets me
as i round my end of the bridge —
2 weeks ago, it was the contents of
a particularly gynaecological issue
of *Skinny & Wriggly*, which had been torn up
and pasted on lampposts and windshields
by the afternoon storm:

a surreal moment for the commuters, who
peeled them off expecting parking tickets.

once, the neighbours called over to politely request i
TURN THAT SHITE DOWN — i was playing *Rubber Soul* —
after which, they spent the entire weekend
re-upholstering the west side of my house, with
a selection of exceptionally rowdy drum&bass.

the park opposite comes alive around 9pm with
teenagers too young to get into clubs, but somehow
old enough to acquire litres of White Lightning —
they gather and fuck; up against the railings and on
wooden animals on industrial springs. they start
waste bin fires, generally make themselves known
to those checking at the curtain's edge.

it is only the subtlety of a police car approaching
3 streets away that scatters them elsewhere.

this morning, leaving for work, the postman surprised me
as i opened the door — he then insisted i close it again,
so he may deliver my mail:

REGHULAYSHUNS, he said, ORL LETTERZ
MUST BE PORSTED THREW THE BOX —
WE CARN'T 'AND ORVER MAIL ON THE
STREET; EW COULD BE ANYWUN.

but, i opened the door...

ROOLSAR ROOLS, I'M AFRAID.

*sure, but, what if the letter
is too big to go through the slot?*

THEN IT'S CLARSIFIED AS
A PARCEL, ORAH SPEHSHAL.

and then what?

WE 'AVE TO KNOCK...

i closed the door and he posted
6 letters — 3 of which were not mine;
the rest, obligatory junk mail.

it made me 5 minutes late for work,
which means a quarter of an hour
deducted from my pay.

that first drink seemed
a long way into the future.