

THRILLSEEKERS

in the sticky junely dust
children scatter

with noises like plastic
pearls rattling in a
plastic box

a machine spins you 'round
then spits your body
pins your knees to the ground

[it is then
the keenest pleasure]

the worthy climb. shriek. slide down. and climb.

you fail to comprehend
the beauty of the climb.

instead you choose
to be tossed around.

as a thief (which you are,

which – again – is no lie) is shoved into the cop car. when it stops
dead in its track/s –

(...)

refuse is saved; yourself, salvaged –

make;

no mistake.

this is war. wounds are given and mended
by the same
[word].