

America

It is a cold morning, in the morning and it is
busy at the airport. Airports are magnificent
harlots, used and abused and forgotten, until
the promiscuous family and child and white
picket fence move on, for a little while.
Airports have feelings, and bright lights and
lines and single a voice that tells me the
way and the when and to go and to
board; gum is always overpriced but VIBE has
obama and gg has megan fox, there are many
unfamiliar faces in an airport and it is like
a doctor's examination where you feel the cold of
the raised table of leather you sit on,
as you send your stuff and stuff and pills on
the belt, and walk. One feels like a game
show contestant, or a prisoner at G-Bay,
or a pirate walking the plank. America you are
a pirate and I won't grow up says the
little boy and I like sitting in my
uncomfortable airline seats in gates and terminals
and watching and judging and casting thrown
eyes on the passengers, don't be mean America
let me board already, your making
me worry, weary, inside you and I need to
eat bad food and lock myself in steel bathrooms
What would happen if I smoked in the bathroom,
nothing good America, but the mile high club
is a revolt and all, why do you take off that
seat belt sign and urge me, make me, not get up?
Stewardesses are your children America, they've
been everywhere, they know the deal.
You won't give me an extra blanket Son America
or Daughter America, but I want one
and little kids should be restrained because
my back is a terrible thing to waste
and America people are kicking at
your back so move the seat, and request
a Coke.