

## CAPITOL OFFENSE

I used  
to sit here reading  
now I sit and write

I only  
wack around here  
observing  
ready to regroup  
at the drop of a hammer  
because I have the option  
to pick up and out of here  
cowards will run  
but in the meantime  
this is what I see...

A gap  
becoming a yawning chasm  
casually burping on itself  
growing blacker and ever fatter  
as sides dispute  
like pushing a black boat  
from a white dock  
the water chortles between  
no farewells

A walk to work  
nothing high or mighty  
a simple thing  
piddle person could enjoy  
but not so easy  
to sidestep the homeless  
likely sick or crazy  
Pass the rusting dumpster  
try and hold your nose  
and your eyes still tear  
having to walk into the street  
to get around the garbage  
or avoid the city rat

Pulling this thing further  
the walk goes underground  
once again meeting the metro worm  
what we once called trains  
where well-dressed people are cattle  
and push and heave and hate each other  
no wonder the trains are silent  
and sometimes it's so crazy  
that the conductor just says when  
and shuts the door on some  
poor blighter

CAPITOL OFFENSE (CONTINUED)

You can't get anywhere  
and there is no solution  
to that previous shit written  
but a simple kitchen light  
over my flannel shoulder  
the frustration  
penetrating my pores  
and oozing from my  
fleshy hole

The district is  
gristle  
between my teeth  
so I spit it  
upon my plate