

Bus Stop

By Diana Ferguson

Under the cathedrals of normalcy
We
Have yet begun
To see
Our destructive sediment
Collecting at the bottom of the glass
Nor do we understand
The copulation of fermentation
Which is the cause for delicate discourse
On our industrialized palate

Our active fixation
Has made many an announcement
Of underachievers
Who are all just batting averages
At a composite sketch
For the rest of us
Who pulled the long straws
Of evolutionary grandiose intelligence
Watch the world stripping itself
Like a cheap hooker
At 6am
In front of a fading
City bus stop

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