

Yet another training-ground.
Big-city ambition in a riverbound town.
This ragged-center won't hold.
Our cannibals of culture eat their own.

Hangover brunches of the waiting-line set.
Gray-rain voluptuaries slumming in low-fashion high-rent.

Slinging the fallow irony of weaponized-snark.
Mimosa & Bloody Mary take the window-booth to shit-talk.

Modal-interchange & white-trash donuts./ Burlesque vegan meat-markets.
T-shirt & tattoo-sleeve mortgages./ Bowling-alley laundromats.
Armies of chucks & black-hoodies./ Karaoke-sushi stripclubs.
Exquisite-marginalia of credibility./ Carnival-barker food-carts.

Coffee, beer, weed, cider, wine, & whiskey.
Bahn mi, ramen, donuts, mac-&-cheese, and poutine.

Bone-broth, gluten-free, certified-organic.
Free-range, grass-fed, hypoallergenic.

Headshop convenience-stores.
Pocket-change arcades.
Festivals shut down streets.
Summer-drenched parades

Dogwalk-dignitaries chart their course
of piss & shit through the homeless camped
around the very building that houses their eviction.

Untaxed cliques erect monuments
to the lowest-common-denomination of indifference.

Their negligence plays like happenstance,
though tells the tale of profit-margins.

Paramilitary babysitters
in their sycophancy-pants
administer enhanced-interrogation
to those who can't afford it,
& deliver semi-automatic charity,
imposing comfortable-terror,
in a bid to assuage fears,
to those who can't avoid it.