

Ross Knapp

Syllogistic Parallelism Parable

Elegant spare bare predicate logic
Modal metamorphing transforming to illogical tautology
Formal deduction demolished in the fire of its own implication

London

That odd combination of the literary, rich history, hard cemented castes, financial flocks of rats, dreary rainy streets, a Mecca mega church of cosmopolitanism, yet still some hints of the introspective repetitive rhythmic rituals of a vast history; a right time for waking, a right time for taking tea, a right time for brunch, a right time for lunch. Still, to some extent, that *same old* outdated imperial ethos of only one prim and proper time for everything under the sun.

Freedom-Spenserian Word Sonnet

Chatty city
Laughing lights
Witty gossip
Fuckwit shiny knights

Endless flights
Drag queens
Botox frights
Beaches pristine

Turquoise seas
Lots of Ciroc
Numb lonely
Sore cock

Not looking for a place to call home--
Looking for a place to die with freedom

Good Customer Service

I want my latte
Now before my eyes
Hurry the fuck up
Memorize my name
You *will* be cheery
Be very merry
Or I'll report you
But don't think of that
We'll act like old chaps
Where one is master
One is dependent
Enslaved mind and psyche
Where two people just
Happen to play house,
Abusive house, each
And every day.
Rage hatred scorn spit.
Have a good day sir.