

Thomas Fink

CEO COLLIDES WITH BRUTE PARADOX

We press hard-working myths full
of quoted passion into the service
of capital
accumulation.
Much actualized
delusion is rich
soil
for the
luminous fewest. Yet abject
valleys' fantasy
consumption oft
triggers shadowy
slowdowns, clerical
fuckups, mental truancy—
stepping on efficient
redistribution from
crass labor
all the way
to the
golden
apex.

KICKASS PEDAGOGY

The headmistress
reenters the speakeasy
with an authoritative handgun.
Snow
is no
deterrent now.
Our search can encompass.
Budget cuts earn
our disdain.
My pupils
wisely
endure
a structure
that
does not fit
their lusts. Shortly,
raw joy of discipline may ripen.
Rethinking inevitable.

ANONYMOUS APOSTROPHE

Skies

drain as
they must. Baritone birds plug

a gap in melody. Theirs is
(one might forget) inhuman. Casual
bells scowl.

Tonight
I enjoyed involuntary access to your
high-pitched portion of a call
stretching

from Cold Spring
Harbor
to Jamaica, due to your
apparent nonchalance about who could profit
materially before

you from that kibitzing about loose
screws
in the superstructure—
& how to tighten them.

Ah, but your mask's inferior.

It
will not save you from

chaos, though it might
succor

SURPLUS VALVE

A line of patrons grumbles for tables.

A jingle is winging
from precincts unknown.

Though some blessings
get disguised
in cacophony,
customer
dissatisfaction
cringes at
each voice
crack.

Common science
will survive imposed
ecstasy.