

## **The Last Revolutionary**

You stuck your nose where it wasn't wanted.  
No surprise then when they sheared it clean off.  
It all goes back to these others' need for privacy,  
to keep themselves to themselves.  
And your tongue got the same treatment.  
A good slice of politics,  
a great chunk of what matters to you.  
That's interesting, they nodded,  
before gutting your throat.  
So you retreated into your eyes,  
stared your way into the being of the crowd,  
until they found you out,  
dug out your sight with their stilettos,  
their umbrella handles,  
their plastic swords.  
All you could do then was think of them  
and that would never do.  
They kicked your head around like a soccer ball  
until it broke from the neck,  
smashed against a brick wall,  
crushed the brain.  
Now, there's just this headless man,  
walking and touching, walking and touching,  
with no clue who or why.  
Would you believe they enjoy that.

## **Man on the Ledge**

A great silence undertook  
to relieve him of his duty.  
It hardly mattered that  
he had to stand for hours  
on a narrow ledge of stone.  
The unrepentant world  
stood unveiled before him:  
streets crisscrossing  
like veins and arteries  
unloosed from their hearts,  
crawling beetle cars,  
people-like creatures  
with their necks arched upward,  
their mouths forever frozen  
in fascination and horror.  
He had no one to answer to at last.

He couldn't float up  
so the sky, blue and cloudless,  
stripped its direction  
of all responsibility.  
The air below was free and indifferent.  
The ledge was charged with the loving prospect  
of ultimate annihilation.  
If it could stand it, so could he.