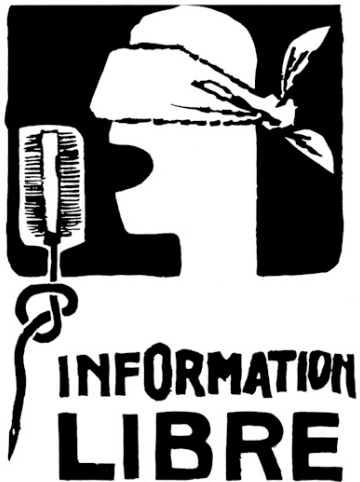


# Poem for my Boss



maxwell mednick

Under this buzzsaw of florescence  
you tell me to change my diplexer design  
& I hear something about  
changing diapers.  
My lips part  
but I fail to mention:  
Fractals of blue veins & capillaries  
poking thru your damp translucent forehead  
beneath this sterile light.  
Nor do I call you  
an isosceles unicorn.  
How I want you  
out of your suit & into a diaper  
poised for the poop deck.  
That I will breastfeed from your  
flanks of pink manflesh  
& slap your hand  
like mean WalMart™ mothers  
as you reach for gadgets  
doomed for antiquity.



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