

Not pulling back the welcome
mat but the surprise
when your front window

breaks, the unnerved talk
of truth as never without
unjust cause, but how

do you spell
authoritarianism
without asia, or will,

given the atavic ore
we tore our now for,
the strength heard in speech

upon "I'll protect" speech
be the exit of
a limping king or a

scene, pleasuring yourself
to find your hand in
the mirror stroking a

chimp? *When should I walk
away?* When does nothing ...
remain, replace the pane.

(from Jason Wee, 'In Short, Future Now')