Work

i was on my way to work

when everything suddenly was normal

a moment descended like the rubber mallet of time

did nothing to my perspective, left me breathing

for that perfect time, in that perfect space

everything was moderately as it should be

there was no mission, no goal, no hidden cost

and

the moment was undone by the glance of a woman

for whom i was less than attractive

but still, an interesting specimen in that i’m not

*everybody else*

then i realized without the slightest attention

that i wasn’t thinking at all

and

later, i sat on the curb

and allowed my ass to converse with the concrete

a passerman gave me money

and