

Young Professionals

He was never the kind
of person I much cared
for He called himself a
'young professional'
He spoke in abstractions
and non-sequiturs Or
so it seemed.

In no time at all he was
gone.

I stopped to think.

He could list off a million
names in no time at all
Strong American Names
This was one of his few
'desirable' traits Another?
I forget Give me some time.

He would look in your eyes when he would ask 'how are you?'
'How *are* you?'

He was a 'thousand-hours-of-
TV-a-day' child He was Nestlé
Coca-Cola Adidas Reebok Nike
Samsung and ExxonMobil all at

once He spoke of brand loyalty
like the optimistic communists
of the 20th century spoke of the
workers It was True It was Clean
It was Beautiful, Right, Honest,
Sincere, Nonchalant, All these
things, All at once He never even
had to try.

...days pass by...

...11 new messages...

'Stop!'

'I haven't checked my email for weeks and I won't for weeks more.'

'Stop!'

'I will never drink another Pepsi product.'

'Stop!'

'I will tear apart the 407 with my own two hands.'

'Stop!'

'I aspire to establish a New Moral Order.'

'Stop!'

'I want to declare the Atlantic Ocean as the world's largest city-state.'

'Stop Drinking!'

'Stop Eating!'

'Stop Sleeping!'

'Stop Breathing!'

'This is a Protest!'

'We will riot for Theocracy!'

'This is a Protest!'

'It's time to create a new Theocracy!'

'No more!'

'I will not stand for the Korean anthem!'

'I abolish fear!'

'I refuse to purchase another LG product!'

And things like that.

He was the kind of
person who could
ride a horse named
'Sincerity' through the
gates of Hell through
the gates of Islam
through the gates of
the new-Church the
new-Theocratical Union
the new-Anything and
he would be claimed a
King on the day after
next Every word he spoke
was a convoluted metaphor
for nothing-at-all And I ate
it all up
like a blind dog.

I intended to append a love poem.

Perhaps I'd leave it be – allow it to live as an unrelated coda – not so different to my character's insipid political interjections.

Perhaps I'd reformat it – tear it apart – cut and paste it through my original work – shadowing my work's original meaning under embarrassment-free alienation.

But I forgot the subject.