

*Les Wicks*

## PLANET

The people here snick back their necks  
gulp the sluggish air  
like inflamed ponds with mangy carp.

It's as if they steal it.

There is always the noise of their factories  
fermenting food that is dark, drugged  
& heated from within. There seems  
to be no joy in the eating  
just combustion spiced with beige rage.

Vehicles constantly beep as though  
their mobility is an act that spruiks for itself.  
Peak hour is like breeding blowflies.

Houses are rated by difference—  
the architects have vied for decades  
to break each of their self-imposed rules.

Average homes last only two years  
before demolition ordered by fashion laws.  
It seems the latest trend  
is houses built upside down  
& most citizens' domestic life  
is a story of psychotic discomfort.

We play in the parks  
asthmatic volleyball  
drama & poetry  
where the storms drop off to sleep

Been here for years  
purchasing timetables, sturdy shoes.  
I pace the ceiling  
fray & buzzing.