

surface-city

Jack Trego

city of surfaces gleaming and sharp-edged, ideal, historic,
delimiting all possibilities of action consummate geometric
shapes and feeling crumbling together we all skate atop
this bed of desire and wish a secret communal game being played out
no, more than a game: an obligation — to flatten oneself,
to posture, to act, to fulfill the image's image

cigarettes compressed underfoot dirty descending handrails
caressed by thousands a totemic touchstone for those
who are *here* and not elsewhere, so that
the others know

inhuman contortions to move along, travel, walk every decision doubled —
once for yourself, once for everyone else palpable pressure
to perform their sounds like ruffling paper as all these
flat people move around their holographic city
always ready to strike a pose