

You Know Something Isn't Right

when you see reeds at the edge of a song,
or the staccato of a surveillance saccade,
a man followed by a watchdog,
the police with zip-gun heads,
criminals who embryo each other,
people buried under hate slabs,
a black hole staring at you
with its blue parliamentary eyes.

The predicament is predatory; it
expands its scope.
All the cats of Kotor yodel in ecstasy
amid blood-coloured serenity.
You begin to suspect that something
isn't right, and then,
one binocular morning,
you just KNOW IT.