

Book of Mountains

by G.E. Simons

Suddenly at desks in abattoirs
Where slicing the culture
Leaves answers between cuts of prime truth
Marbled with fatty archives
Seamed with veins conveying literature
Like paper-wrapped straws do sweetish colas

Instantly on monitors in call centres
where responding to the culture
Are endless answers to every question
Saturated with digitally scripted answers
Headsets screaming with suburban boredom
Like a million voices in a kingdom of lawns

