

"Write one about the
Incredulity of cyclists",
Was overheard at a business
Meeting, more gray suits than
A dove migration, "did you ever
Stop to consider that everyone
Is wrong?" Or, at least, that was
The subtext. Everyone but me,
"Everyone but me", it could have
Been the convention banner,
Hung above every door, the
Passover mark renewed daily
For fear of another Pharaoh,
Another plague, another Moses.
This is the wilderness, but they
Forgot to think that, just kept
Scheduling the next one, "yes,
I can do 2:00," "what about 2:30, uh,
Nope, that's my dental appointment
Time...get it...?" Shrugs. No one
Wants to hear humor, not when
There's manna futures to be
Counted and short sold, and there,
Up above, lines of caves with Icarui,
Icaruses, depending on the Latinists,
All looking over their potential doom,
Looking neither left or right, and
Therefore alone, they made wings
From a convention banner, glued
Together with what they could find,
And now they will test their boldness,
Test it or die in the incoming onslaught.

"Shouldn't have used wax", they
Said the next day just before the 2:00.
"Can't ever tell when wax is getting
Weak. I prefer tape, even, but if
You want to do it right, got to have
Guerrilla Glue." "You know I've been
With them from the beginning?"
"Wish I had been able to get in on
Microsoft from the ground floor."
The flyer, lying face down in their failure
Refuses to stand, worrying that
Others will know that they didn't
Fail completely, consumed by a
Corporate need that sits ever
Inside themselves, when all along
They were neither alone nor failed,
But simply living, and unable to see
The common cause.