

Dr. Help

Houston pop rock over Telescan tech support.

Friday, midnight, EST. *This is for Mary from Joe.*

Hope—from the American dark. Huge as the Rockies.

It shoots the moon, excretes malls and cars.

Till Dr. Help picks up: does his job, rights wrong.

As always I thought: get work, go on.

But what of Mary or Joe? mad, murderous, suicidal?

At the end of the lines of listening and talking.

29th December 2000

PhoneFree.Com: *Let freedom ring.*

Web calls for nothing.

At the potluck: blinis to samosas.

"Model-thin" Jennifer, like K so long ago.

Some want bucks? or just to catch the show?

Before the weekend, before the snow.

One for the road. The 2 train home.

Everyone gone to wherever they go.

Here's a joke: we yawn and blow, none the wiser.

Some crowed: *I made this—it's gold.*

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Some aim telescopes to grab non-randomness.

Even if star travel is relativistically next to impossible.

Though some propose *n*-spaces, warps, holes to the heretofore remote.

Like those of Earth trapped in this trope?

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