



THE JOURNALIST

*you swooped in man
with a thousand hands
to flip over rocks
questions burning your pockets
theories 'round your head
like our lost halos
tipping us to
who rolls our spotty dice
in every game*

*and you can leave man
your book boning up
in your briefcase
while we muck through the plot
but your profit's
not all you'll reckon with
we marked you man
wait and see
how eternally unsame*

LINDA SILLITOE