

A Fib

by David Ackley

We want our lives even-cut,
using the same measure
as before, as always:
inches, minutes, meters.

It falls from the pulse,
inclining us to the regular.
So many per each you, all
one pump, two pump,
that's it for you,
chump; it comforts
mostly

but for the airy skip
when Old Reliable books
around the corner of what's next
with way too many steps
like Keaton on the lam
from those
foolish, button-busting cops
armed, this time, with Glocks.

