

America

It is a cold morning, in the morning and it is busy at the airport. Airports are magnificent harlots, used and abused and forgotten, until the promiscuous family and child and white picket fence move on, for a little while. Airports have feelings, and bright lights and lines and single a voice that tells me the way and the when and to go and to board; gum is always overpriced but VIBE has obama and gg has megan fox, there are many unfamiliar faces in an airport and it is like a doctor's examination where you feel the cold of the raised table of leather you sit on, as you send your stuff and stuff and pills on the belt, and walk. One feels like a game show contestant, or a prisoner at G-Bay, or a pirate walking the plank. America you are a pirate and I won't grow up says the little boy and I like sitting in my uncomfortable airline seats in gates and terminals and watching and judging and casting thrown eyes on the passengers, don't be mean America let me board already, your making me worry, weary, inside you and I need to eat bad food and lock myself in steel bathrooms What would happen if I smoked in the bathroom, nothing good America, but the mile high club is a revolt and all, why do you take off that seat belt sign and urge me, make me, not get up? Stewardesses are your children America, they've been everywhere, they know the deal. You won't give me an extra blanket Son America or Daughter America, but I want one and little kids should be restrained because my back is a terrible thing to waste and America people are kicking at your back so move the seat, and request a Coke.