

Sleeping masters roused to burning homes from beds. Steeping to  
ddlers plucked from their watery deaths: ribbons, plaques and s  
oft-soap are the ephemeral rewards paid to the slaves whose sel  
fless acts accord a higher value to their masters, while partin  
g gifts (bolt pistols) console the rest. The remainder. Too bad  
the tributes paid to lives that relegate these thrones to live  
s spent valuing the runners-up, are known to be neither fleetin  
g nor desirable. But nothing surprises me these days. I just si  
t and watch the box-cars roll by and wait. Patient. Unattended.

A package under a terminal bench. A short fuse to scatter stea  
dy hands if I forget to remember that better lives have been li  
ved in the margins, locked in the prisons and lost on the gallo  
ws than have ever been enshrined in palaces.