

Monkey Time

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Communication devices destroy communication.

Text messages erode the language,

stripping her in public, violating
her adverbial flesh & adjective soul.

We wait for the next exit, hope
the infrastructure doesn't implode.

When the bridges are collapsed
the traffic will be blocked.

You can't go around every river.
Some of them must be crossed.

Yesterday two icons, four superstars
& a diva met up for an exclusive confab.

Subjects included skin care & hair care.
Gift bags were filled with decadent cosmetics.

Their collaborative conclusions were confidential,
producing several viral YouTube videos.

Online commentary trended ominously
& friendships ebbed like a flood tide.

This morning a superhero & a megastar
announced acquisition of mechanical hearts,

shifting media attention to themselves while
simultaneously stimulating a lucrative feud.

All a-twitter, many lonely alien planets
refriended, all sentimental, some subliminal.

Several dictators dictated suggestions
to the world at large, modestly attempting

to ignite some brand new world orders,
each of them a mock monarchy.

Meanwhile, canine support continues,
even though it's already monkey time.