Industrialism Illuminates the Room

Today I fully intend to wear the pants in the relationship
as the steam from the coffee pot gladdens my heart,
and a permanent erection wears a yellow fishnet stocking.

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Einstein's nose
tiptoes loudly through time,
and the King's mother sometimes douses the fire of passion,
but the blue, translucent pearls ages like a fine cheese.

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Even if the poisonous needle paints her kneecaps turquoise
and the McDonald's Manager licks all his biscuits,
my grade in this class feels insecure.

(A collectively written experiment, using the concurrence of chance operations in writing; written by English 251, section 1, fall semester, 2005)