

Chillin @ D8

Latté Grandéed, fightin the yawns,
scopin the folks bookin to holiday meccas.
Airportin Sapiens given up to *phena-typica da-verse-i-tay*
perform their auditions before us:

Rotohammers hurk
mondo black briefcases.
Space Beavers parade
mit minimum rollo luggage.
Attitudes with afros
pose poised in the corner.
Mary Janes with Pooh Bears
ooze polished crystal saccharin.
A uterus in jackboots
scorn-burns the throng.
Precise numbers wusses
salaciously fingertip laptops.
Pink-kinked, leathered & pierced punks
oh... zone alone.
Families far from home
cover backa circled baggage.
Doin "life", port employees
polish indeterminate marble floors.

While the reverbin P.A. punctuates the action
with garbled stage directions.

Dixon 8/30/96