

Protocol

In Rome, they forget
their time, though such
forgetting an error
of sense. Forget an age
of shoe bomber, of underwear
detonator, of airplane
null. Forget American
Gosselin serialism: eight
children they do not
love; a dozen screens,
playing losing games.

These are all signs; bright
as a street corner,
audible as punks-with-beasts.

New York's dowdy
towers can be sentinels.
A time unmarked, a decade,
unremarkable. Save for
the rise of protocol.