



# C O N V E N T I O N

Emotionless warp of damaged light tossed back from the background,  
Listener rocking to the rumble of traffic through glass divisions,  
Feeling is pavement, thought seems some register above it, a black ocean,  
Smart leagues of comfort, how it is, the girls love the girls, the boys the boys –  
Whatever between them some song or another like marriage or the forest  
We think disappearing like the invention of plastic, or it's ubiquity –  
One power or another, the style variation, to make music no matter what  
The pure height of a tall glass of beer, or the parallels of her pleated dress might say.

