

Doctor

"you have a year at most,"

She stares at him,

Waiting to snatch
encouragements crumbs.

But she is exposing the
weakness of a polished
pedantic army,

and he is bound as
tightly as a mummy
in the papyrus of text books.

Multinationals wont prop him
up with potions from the
lucrative pot.

No lasting profit in the doomed.

All he offers is a smile,
His pen tapping nervously
on the gleaming desk top
beats out the tom-tom
rythme, His smile becomes
fixed to the tension,
a devil mask.

"yes about a year"
Careful woman.

He is pointing the bone.

(Harass, Harassment,)