

DAVID BUUCK

from **FORM FOLLOWS FINANCE**

extracting land-rent
from the ground that's
falling out beneath
even as we build up

& over the glut of empty
street-level condos
ready to be spooked
by spectres of value

that haunt my plastic
pressed against my thighs
as a pocket-projector
of future-work, debt

for debt, war for taxes
you do the aftermath
money without content
the countdown twrds what

search-engine stage
management 8657.09
it's not just the war
it's the antidote

antiwar poetry down 18%
hole up in a box
& work off the book
in third-quarter earnings

as the colonization
of the future 1102.08
punch in the numbers
& out comes culture

I didn't write this —
we all did, & now
we're properly fucked,
shame-shaped into over-

choreographed pantomimes
of pre-apocalyptic glee,
fondled into cartoon fonts,
traipsing cross the screen-feed

a sky-blue Mazda Minerva
speeds cross the border
in reverse; its lights cast
out thru the acid-rainscapes

twds yesterday's carbon-futures
the new breed of transport
works its way out through
us; making vowels from meat

historically conditioned
to've become a joke
at one's own expense
accounting for the jerk

logic of the controlled fire-sale
had to destroy the social
program in order to salve a crisis
of over-accumulation / here

comes the crash — again
brought to you by "Wal**Mart*
as a verb" — 3.9% of what
for whom? Foreclose this,

October 2008