

Kafka Futura

Well legged beauties in armor,
Safeguard the walls I enter.
Behind a statue in marble,
Mother with three little boys.
One drinks a jug, it could be a brew,
The others play to waste my view.

But around, under the glass dome,
Slaves of perfect order,
Each with their digital master.
And I am defenseless, I was scanned.
My bag too with electrons that see,
If was carrying a deadly steel.

My true weapon hidden in my skull.
Maybe too numb too by now.
But this entry and the grandeur,
Made me gasp for air.
And so I entered the mood of cold,
Imbedded in some godly void.

My number came up slowly,
The man was polite and smiled.
Our business floating on air,
And I wished he make me stay.
But I had to leave a long way through,
And so I saw that there are others too.

Others who feel the warmth,
In the deadly jaws.
Infectious this joy?
I don't know cause I reached
The end of the corridor.
And a man with his machine opened the door.

Out in the street, still dazed,
I make my way.
To the electric cars covered in snow.
The well legged beauties now in jeans,
Look away as I scan them up with my eyes,
To find a face that will reflect the joy that's mine.

Written after my visit to the Hungarian Pension's Office in 2013.