

**T.E.O.T.W.A.W.K.I**  
**or The End Of The World As We Know It**

america

I want to bite you in the ass  
the way all your abbreviations  
are assumed  
& all your acronyms are true  
I chase the word "HUGE"  
like a balloon around  
the early afternoon  
having gone a whole morning  
without checking the news  
I wear the glasses  
*because* my eyes get exhausted  
in these frames  
schadenfreude  
is not an endurance test  
your symptoms  
& anyway ha ha

america

acting as your analyst  
if I'm being honest  
eventually I stop taking notes  
it's like a game of hide & seek  
you tire of & fall asleep

america

you big bear  
you sexy fuck  
I want to whisper things in your ear  
like a podcast you set a sleep timer to  
I put a sticker on your shoulder  
that says Wake Me Up For Food

Dominic Symes. 'T.E.O.T.W.A.W.K.I.'  
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america  
I sing the body eclectic

america  
I sing the body acclimatising  
these new pants are troublingly comfortable  
you essay

america  
I'm listening  
I'm listening  
I've got these  
noise cancelling headphones

america  
my america  
my newfoundland  
the hope that when this all blows over  
we'll have something good to eat  
like popcorn  
G.O.O.D while you can  
get it?

america  
bless the machinery of war  
keep it quiet  
I like this film  
I hope it wins the oscar  
it has no plot  
no heroes  
but you feel  
everything

*Dominic Symes*