

Business is booming,
Out in the street
and cars engines,
fuming,
Our new global treat.
Vertigo beckons,
with whores in the room,
the window is open
to offer his doom.

Hard data confession,
Of retiscent life
and thanksgiving lessons,
perturbed
By his wife.
Regressive angry tensions,
of past lives inventions
slowly he turns
to end his perversions.

Across concrete lots
and half-built plots,
a suicide note flies from his case,
whispers,
"falling from grace".
Rushing, picking up speed
following - haste, and then;
a pause
in the rat race.