

pig

I was a pig once

no imagining,
no dreaming,
no pretence –
just simple, unostentatious piggery

I rummaged once
long ago
through your front yard
backyard too
when you turned the other way
turned the other cheek
or
turned yourself on
as the good book says

Strike him
they shouted
Strike him down
and stick a knife, better two knives
in his neck
never mind him
he rummages all day
all night
all the time
that's all he ever does.

Pig! Bloody pig!

I was my own dictator

The good people from HR tell me
that I am my own boss,
the captain of my destiny.
“The sky is the limit of what you can achieve here,”
they say. I must be my own dictator.
I am Hitler and Stalin.
And if I wake up in a good mood
I am Ceaușescu.

I order my own executions,
I sign and stamp my banishment
to a faraway gulag,
 I starve to death. Nothing works:
 The following day I find myself again
 in front of the bloody computer.
 Once a month, people from HR
 disturb this ground hog day.
 They debrief me about “how
 I am adjusting to the new ecosystem...
 of the organization.”
 “Good,” I murmur.
 In truth, I *am* getting used to this.

I am dancing in grandiose parades,
carefully choreographed in my honour
and I clap now and then,
looking bored stiff
at my contortions,
which are worthy of a Chinese circus.
I drink children’s blood
mostly my own,

and late at night
holding a gun, I order myself to sleep
for a nightmare or two.
At first light, I grab my hair
And scream to wake up.

My last HR review did not go well.

Two minutes ago,
Someone from “Employee Wellbeing”
sporting a self-loathing haircut
and two rings in his bottom lip,
turned up in my office,
with a security-guard.
The hulk hands me a box, gestures
with urgency, for me to throw all
my items in it and buzz off.
“But why?” I manage to whisper.
“Because,” the hair-cut bellows,
“you do not reflect the values
of our company.
We have one inclusive, equitable, and diverse
dictatorship here. No space for outliers.

remembering Radio Yerevan

Radio Yerevan tells us that we can save the world
– you, me and everybody
sitting bare-arsed on a hedgehog:
you either shave the hedgehog before sitting,
substitute someone else's arse.
or follow a directive of the Party.

So I saved the world. Yes, me.
It wasn't easy
as humanity dragged us to buggery,
right on the edge of our
festering demise.

I pricked its arse clear of muck,
two minutes before cosmic midnight
with a fat hedgehog.
Imagine that!

This was not salvation *sensu stricto*.
I am not God.
I don't love the world THAT much,

just got it out if its bother,
its pressing messiness.
A momentary delay.
No one noticed anything.

Except the hedgehog.

In the morning Radio Yerevan announces
that all remaining hedgehogs – of all things!
must report to the Red Army Choir.

My wife scolds me:
Why do you keep doing this?
Why all this thankless effort?
You've tried so many times
and you just screw it up!
You are so naïve
to believe this planet can be saved
by you and a hedgehog!
Leave them the fuck alone.
The world and that poor hedgehog...
He'll be happier singing in the Red Army Choir
And you only have a tin ear.
Yeah, yeah, I say.
Yeah, yeah, she says.