

# Protocol

In Rome, they forget  
their time, though such  
forgetting an error  
of sense. Forget an age  
of shoe bomber, of underwear  
detonator, of airplane  
null. Forget American  
Gosselin serialism: eight  
children they do not  
love; a dozen screens,  
playing losing games.

These are all signs; bright  
as a street corner,  
audible as punks-with-beasts.

New York's dowdy  
towers can be sentinels.  
A time unmarked, a decade,  
unremarkable. Save for  
the rise of protocol.