
123 712

I got busted in a suburb
of New Orleans, # 123 712,
for dropping poems
in people's mailboxes.
And then it got worse,
they discovered I was
a member of a bookclub,
worse: a Literary Society.
They went through my bank
transfers and found out I am
supporting an illegal immigrant
from Bangladesh, worse:
a Roijinga from Birma who
I had visited in Cox Bazaar.
And there are black birds
from the U.S.P.R. overwintering
in my backyard, squeaking
at night from the washing line.
Executive AI Order:
“Deported to Camp Liberty.”