

JOHN MCAULEY

A Found Poem at Nuclear Medicine

Take a blue pill and wait two hours.
Crawl over hard metal surfaces.

They're sick people.
They make noises.

Lab-grown diamonds are carefully cut
for you, so happy longevity and survival
of continuous perspective.

Here are photomicrographs
of the transparent secular good. Icy prisms against wrong,
but is that enough?

African diggers break their backs to find the moral diamond,
the antithesis of benefit. Readers will be dumbstruck by
chocolatical naked diamonds snuggling in strawberries and gold.

Those born before 1945 and those after 1982
are so different and so branded.

AI will upgrade the rough to polished,
according to those in the know in *Rapaport Magazine*.