

i picked a newspaper out of the street –
a wind discard – not quite blown away –
the headline was "your money – their agenda"
with a giant photograph of hands
a magnifying glass and a syringe –
underneath a columned article
spoke of wasted space – beside it was
a caption boasting titillating sex
with a photo – a man watching a woman –

i read a bit then threw the paper out no wiser than before and certainly no happier – wondering the addiction that kept ten thousand papers pushing streets begging a readership to make them real.

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