

# THE HOLE

I saw the greatest minds of my generation destroyed by the 40-hour-week, slithering towards the office with swollen wrists of tendonitis, aching 90th degree's spines, blue-blood daughters of white-collar genealogies, pale-eyed sons of insomnia and Xanax,

who left their siblings' wedding parties before they were over, to rush back home, save their bristles, sleep for a short hour, so that they present themselves decent and productive at work,

who hid their Black Flag tattoos and their past in autonomy under Vardas suits and gaudy, golden cufflinks,

who covered abortions with designer shrouds and suicide attempts under bracelet-handcuffs, who argued with their cyborg spouses about whether SEGA or Nintendo would make the better nanny for their android new-born,

who quietly sobbed in fetal position over a lost promotion, partly covered with hyacinthflavoured essential oils in four-legged-bathtubs,

who believed in trickle-down economics, monotheistic male divinity and the theory of the two extremes, even though they should know better, damn,

who lived a year of winter and ten days of summer and experienced no climate change between the transient seasons, who spent their BA's in pot ramen and their MA's in overboiled pasta , trying to catch the deadline of fine dining in their Michelin forties,

who paid three months of rent in front, as a sign of trust and respect to the landlordman that will overcharge them for pre-existing damages at the end of the contract,

who sometimes blankly stare at their computer screen, vacant eyed workplace-sleepers, trying to grasp onto a beautiful moment of paused nothingness,

who have competitive CVs, drive sunroof SUVs, share concrete STDs, watching a POV of themselves working harder in VR,

Johns and Maries of this world!

I'm with you in Tiredsville. Copywriting and copyrighting,  
content puking, where poets get hired as social-media executives.

I'm with you in Laptoland

In plastico!

**Alexandros Athanassiou**