

FOR EVERY NEED

For every need
there is an entrepreneur,
for every hunger
a salesman.
They move through the air
anxious to please,
their hands
are filled with bandages
and books.

For the empty room
they provide a lover,
for the empty time
they provide a war,
for war they
provide
the fat face of peace:
who would begrudge them
a small profit?

Stand still: the entrepreneurs
are sniffing at your
dreams
like dogs
against a tree.

— *Stanley Cooperman*