

*Business / Kimberly Kay Yeager*

Blue and Gold Macaw women  
and pencil-shaded men,  
impeccable holograms  
casting no shadows,  
glide unperturbed across  
denatured stone,  
prostrating themselves  
to the cycloptic gods  
inhabiting the mirrored temples.  
I feel their eyes beyond the glass;  
the silently crossed breasts  
warding off the heretic  
intent on exposing  
their aberrant reality.