

James Tate

EDGE CITY

At the intersection, cool as a moose,
stood a supernatural being,
and I waved but did not honk.
He or she was no cosmic bum,
but delicate and well-grouped.
A great eschatological ferment
was at work. Ah, there's Lavinia
draped over a parking-meter,
though she's not for sale,
she told me that herself.
And there's Orc with his face
like a pincushion. He still lives
in the Carboniferous Period.
And there are three hominids
entering Antonio's Pizza.
They are tiny and will have to stand
on one another's shoulders
to be noticed at all.
And the invertebrates themselves
are back in town
asking to be counted.
A great eschatological ferment, yes.
On my way to a very ancient shrine
and thinking about Cleopatra's nose
had it been shorter.
Most of these people have big plans,
careers the likes of which
I can barely imagine.
Cop a plea, cop a nod, that kind of thing.
Can't wait to go to the cold-meat party.
Little boyo saying, *Pass the buddha, please.*