

Jack Shadoian

13.

options. progress. those are good words,
but the surging mob advances,
a shimmering phalanx of identical dark glasses,
noisemakers, can-openers, sewer bilge,
mouths open wide for food or sex,
a stunningly sculpted choreography
of Dizzy Gillespie goatees
and mail-order bop berets.
should we open our hearts too
(it can be done, as in the old country)
or just continue cautious, crotchety,
belching fumes of moo-shoo-pork?

if we were rich and dancing on The Riviera,
gambling love and milk-money away,
we wouldn't be asking such questions,
or require their speculative resonance.