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You wanted to be foolish;  
Everyone did. You wanted to be  
So drunk.  
"I'm no good," I hear you say.  
"Life is hard." Delusion.

Children mimic the grownups  
Chasing each other, sloppily.

Act as if you are good, that is all.

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A mouthful of grass, an inverted scream  
My stranger and companion,  
The assorted pastel company, a parboiled  
Bride and Groom.

We drink from the cup of the venom of shame,  
The priest wipes it clean.  
Nothing sentimental is true.

#### PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

from: The White Slavery of Words

The people hide nothing  
Yet they want to believe: nothing bad, nothing bad.  
The people express everything,  
Yet the language grows away from them  
Hardens around a television set, a bitter  
Cold kitchen, screaming kids

There is no way now  
To tell what happens,  
No more word for failure,  
Or words expressing doubt  
The subjunctive: use it,  
You'll be put in jail,  
Your books and papers destroyed

The Mafia controls the word "protection"  
Just as the government controls the word "defense"

Give us an image, the people cry  
An immaculate, unimaginable house  
The man in the house, his wife and daughters,  
Who always seem to be going forward;  
We want to be like them