

STOCHASTIC EPITHALAMION

*for Karen and me and Judge Nanette Dembitz
March 26, 1970*

For I will consider my cat Chairman Meow,
Let him speak Fortran to wake me up.
For I will remember Mammaw's wedding gift,
Let her cut-glass bowl leap to the floor and break to wake me up.
For Karen and I get married this afternoon,
Let there be many cameras at our wedding.
Fortran is the Vulgate of computers,
Let the computers sing non-linear plain songs.
Fortran is the language of a dead planet,
Let the planets sing stochastic hosannas.
For I am champagning the morning with Henry.
Let all my old girl friends know I am
Forsworn to Karen, whose eyes are big,
For Isabel and Jessica are calming Karen.
Let Meow moan for his can of chicken parts
For his ancestors were interstellar travelers
Let down by their planet and computers.
For Meow will fight off evil spirits,
Let him spit and battle in thin air.
For Meow speaks many languages and hears voices,
Let him guard our marriage like a Tibetan temple dog.
Formerly I would eat
Lettuce and stink of bourbon.
Fortune is my wife Karen in Fortrel sheets.
Lethargy is the six months I took to write this poem.