

MISS AMERICA MEETS FUTUREMAN; OR
THE RAPE OF THE CENTURY

She consents, she is afraid.
When she yields to the butcher knife
of a raw buck nigger or a Mongol Cong,
he crushes like a landslide past her knees,
into her memory like fever.
His clutch on her haunches tears her open
like a tangerine. You go along
and help him get it up.
It's only me.
My fingers rouge your lips. My hangnail
blurs your lowering lids with tears.

I shall be your mustang in a wild herd
and a sleek seal plunging into brine.
Let me tower over you like a Redwood
and whoop through the bayous of your lust.

THE 250 YEARS' WAR

*"Can you imagine, they cut a
beautiful tree down so we can
write shitty poems?"*

So we can sit indoors on winter mornings
when slush in the back yard numbs our toes,
they sluice shit into the rivers,
which only old men fish in.
We swim in a purer poetry
of recreation we have never taken,
of nostalgia for before we came.