

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.

They revise the soil in a brine
of fertilizers made in the mind.
Their bulldozers scrape the soil
into coal county rivers:
their dynamos want coal
to light the lamps of Manhattan Island,
to light the phosphers on my television screen
and snow darkly, deeply on my window sill.
The coal burns instantly to feed the hum
of air conditioners
so we can sit indoors on summer nights.

They cut the quiet forests down
to publish these poems on and stuff
holiday gift boxes with pastel tissue.
They cut the Wampanoag King Philip
into toes and fingers, preserved in salt
as trophies for Mayflower soldiers.
They scalped the genitals of women.
With machine guns in a Christmas blizzard
they cut the last of the ghostly dancers down,
who shivered surrendering for rations
at the end of the longest human war.

They did it for posterity,
for you and me.