

the tell-tale heart

Buy me! Buy me! the candidates beg,
heart mold already staining their
blouses & shirts, promises clinging
to their chins like drunkards' vomit.

STAMP MONEY OUT OF POLITICS

I decorate my \$20s with this scarlet
exhortation, but have never seen any
but my own. do banks cremate them?

I never shake the vacuum hands of vile
politicians. heart mold, the color of money,
spreads even by a wave, a flipped bird,
a selfie, a ballot cast behind an Oz curtain.

heart mold body-snatches, 3D prints itself,
bursts like a puffball, a pulverized Dracula cape,
enshrouds even moonlight, emits an odor
like asparagus too few can detect in pee.

kissing babies like kissing bugs, the ambitious
infect their minions early. they nibble while you sleep,
neck & lip, then shit in the wound for good measure.
decades later, Chagas heart disease sets in.

sometimes much sooner. no blame.
Nature beat me to the analogy.
politics has become a pre-existing condition.
prevaricator, heal thyself.

5.22.2017

advancing to the rear

gas. human gas. or its surrogate,
welcome BS. you might want,
discreetly, to leave the room.

I dropped my hand after Ike
vaccinated the Pledge with
“under God,” too close

I thought to my Nazi
souvenir belt buckle’s
“Gott mit Uns.” 1954.

nine years old, I booked.
like Khizr Khan, I’d read
the Constitution. cool,

then & now. Trump’s cooked
numbers, lullabied slumbers,
made geniuses of fools.

however massive the strike,
rubber becomes glue.
the home front comes too late.

7.8.2017

Apropos the Swamp Thing

just duplicitous enough to win
the trappings and the suits of power,
the victor squats like Corso's bomb,
magisterial in Chinese-made regalia.
oh, doofy-coifed imperious denizen
of gilded, ostentatious tower after tower,
oh, master of chicanery *sans* qualm,
oh, recently eviscerated in Australia,
if you could drag that cloud across the sun
I might believe you, but its chimera's
dissipated & a rainbow's come to town.
no *ex machina* allowed no more, no gun
to an innocent head, no more zero
sum games. get ready for the meltdown.

7.9.2017