

Immanuel Christian School & the Second Lady

I leafed past it but kept going back to an article about Vice
President Pence's wife,

Karen, who teaches at a so-called Christian school in Virginia
where staff & students

are required to sign a pledge that they believe marriage can only be
between a man & woman

& that they themselves are not gay, lesbian, bisexual or transgender.
There's a photo

of my Vice President's wife smiling, looking straight at me, & I want
to drill a hole

into her forehead & remove stained brain lobes & press in marijuana
or a love potion

& close her skull up again & send her back to teach at her so-called
Christian school

where the smug & brutal condemn those born to be who they are.
Meanwhile, she & hubby

support Tweets without blinking, our POTUS who paid hush money
to porn stars,

has cheated on his three wives, has bragged about grabbing women
by the pussy....

In another context, Robinson Jeffers knew why his verse had lost
its reason.

May you, Karen & husband, ingest this dispatch from the poetry wars.
Sincerely yours.

Blackbirds

No, I'm not protesting too much when I say I wouldn't want to be
Paul McCartney

who is launching—this is 2013—a U.S. tour requiring thirty-one
trucks of equipment

including lasers, huge pyrotechnics, explosives, state of the art
video displays—

at one point in the show, Sir Paul will rise 20' above the stage
in a spiral construct

as he performs "Blackbird" & "Here Today" acoustically.... Imagine
being one of the old Beatles,

traveling to sold-out arenas where berserk fans want your DNA
so your bodyguards

have to cut a swath through them & through paparazzi
& you become

caricature with make-up & rush through changes of clothes,
& whole industries

of roadies & technicians & record labels & vendors of maryjane & hot dogs
& memorabilia

expect you to deliver. No, I am not protesting too much, he's my age,
I love this

easy chair of mine, candle & coffee & cursive, sure I'd like money,
enough of it

to fund my four grandkids' college educations, pay off a couple
family mortgages,

but all that hype & blare, that travel, & the burnished oldies receding,
"Hey Jude" & "Yesterday,"

& John in his grave, & George in his, strawberry fields, don't you & Ringo
just want to stay home

wherever home is, don't you just yearn, Paul, to compose something
even better

than what you've done, aren't you gut-sick of spending your power
in such disquiet,

wouldn't you withdraw if you could, aren't you, compared to me,
unhappy,

they're all screaming, you're seventy & spiraling up through colored smoke,
you're trying to sing

acoustically, "Blackbird," while my own "Redwings" & "Blackbird Spring"
are much better,

I'm insufferable to say it, but it's true, "I celebrate myself," you could build on
your book of lyrics

Blackbird Singing, couldn't you, I'm going to write better every year, are you,
Paul you're wearing

too much rouge & lipstick this spring day as the males have returned
to marshes hereabouts

to declare their territories, *look, look* at their bright red gashes, *hear, hear*
their warning songs!