Miss America Meets Futureman; Or the Rape of the Century

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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.