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The Last Judgment

Raymond Oliver

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THE LAST JUDGMENT

Medieval sculptors knew,
Better than marxists, what to do
With the exploiting upper classes:
You carve them naked into stone,
With fiends that strip them to the bone
While shoving skewers up their asses.
Torture them richly and with skill.
And let them pay the bill.

Raymond Oliver

IDLING WITH OBSERVATION & SONG

* * *

Just now I saw the sign
on the necklace of a crazy Zodiac
Lil announced

And what
did it tell you the poet asked
leafing through the Slingers
extragalactic notebook

Las Vegas is a vast decoy

How do you interpret it? The poet idled

A mirage it is not
It's real, like a hunter's duck

Then we're in Luck, the Horse observed
Only the duck is faithful to that deception
and when he is shot down
his temperature plunges
to meet that of his fabricated brother
wherever that is
in the water of a glacial pool
in the gamebag of a metropolitan fool
or in the wagon of a suburban ghoul
yet he may rise again, when the oven's hot