

1972

# 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