

Fine Fellows

These fine fellows with their wattles and their medals

Their jowls and joyless eyes

Broadcasting breaking news from the feeding trough

Where these fine fellows congregate and cogitate

These *alphamen* oozing oleaginous charm

Any cute ambitious telegenic girl with a healthy appetite for achievement

Could hardly resist

How unpleasant and unkind and unthinkable really

For men so animally attractive and magnetically handsome as

These fine fellows with their wattles and their medals

To be accursed and accused of “sexual harassment”

Sexual harassment

When every watcher in the world knows

These fine fellows with their wattles and their medals

Are more or less

Irresistible

Clouds Cannot Repeat

Scientists say snowflakes seldom
repeat. Snowflakes.

Genetic code does not repeat.

Days do not repeat.

Clouds cannot repeat.

Words? Words. Words repeat.

Words repeat repetitiously

*deja vu*ing their alleged creators

their butchers and bakers.

Clouds cannot repeat,

though some vainly try

not knowing their uniqueness,

their once-in-a-universe

birth and disappearance,

oblivious of their mesmerizing fluffiness

or whatever makes us lovable.

Salmon

Salmon sounded acceptable somehow
when he put it like that, when the man no one ought to trust suggested that
“Salmon” would be the perfect shade to rehabilitate the tired white railings
delineating our back deck, drawing a perimeter around our privilege.
Never mind that everything around the garden is green.
“Forest Green.” “Seaweed Green.” “Apple Green.”
We sagely avoided “Summer Sage,” and paddled past “Caribbean Coral.”
The person with our dream job, she who names paints,
described a particular shade of orangey pink we found hiding in the basement.
Called it “Salmon.” No qualifier. No evocations.

And that’s the one we spread like cream cheese shmear
on pliant posts and pickets, two zealots convinced
this bold new color choice was simultaneously funky
and inexplicably in harmony with the general scheme of Nature.

When the paint mottled dry and looked like “Salmon” in the same way salmon in a can
looks like a simulacrum of salmon,
maybe vaguely the mind color you picture when you read the word *salmon*,
we discovered that our tired white railings had in fact been dappled
with a concoction called “Evening Peruvian Ivy”
and all our calculations and confabulations, all could be forgiven, eventually,
a comprehensive catalogue of our misdeeds and misnomers
splashed over and obscured
and one day blissfully forgotten.

Matrimony

Betrothed to an all-night train
gone off the tracks, unbound by rails or gravity,
seldom on time. Presently scheduled for no return
on the days she needs everything arranged
just so, without random number generators. Without a pulse
bullying the blood. That mean old bigot who taught Biology
used ersatz bits of Yiddish
for comic effect. Comic relief from chemical revolts
epicentered in high school hallways, where
the nuptial dream began.

Yeshikta! It means “history,” this teacher said.

Now he’s somewhere. Alive or finished.

Yeshikta!

In the fantasy her man was rugged and terribly self-sufficient.

A modern shaman uncorrupted by the corporate extortionists.

In the fantasy, he was home

when she dreamed him. Properly coupled.

Now they’re moving furniture into the middle of the street. Setting
up tents and zeppelins. Ready to fly.

Already beginning final descent.