

GOING PUBLIC

Holy Guacamole! We wuz warned,

as we elbowed our sibs
in those putt-putt rowboats (six-seaters)

chasing the other famblies around
(nucular two-parent famblies around)
a fake pristine lagoon

-at a nice safe uniform distance
-on (domestically manufactured) submersible tracks

serenaded
by a plague of mechanical
pests

popping up everywhichwhere,

helium voices at critical mass:

"...IT'S A SMALL, SMALL WORLD."

Warned with wax in our ears. . .

Just today I emailed another death threat to Malaysia,
and not 10 minutes later received a reply(!):

Comm and gut me, ashsole.

I wuz only kidding (he's my homie),
but those caroling castrati,
they meant business,

the graffiti on the wall deconstructed into global
MARKET SHARE.

Mickey, you knew it too.
(When you're colorblind flags look alike in the wind.)

You always thought big
for a rodent.

Big period, come to think.
In the Magic Kingdom Polaroid,
you were taller than dad!

Back then chips came in baskets
fried crisp (first one's free!)
and Carol Doda baked Silicone Valley
from scratch—
what the hell did we know?

PROCESSED WORLD 2. 001

So sorry to hear about you and the missus.
That took real old-school class,
blindsided outside
Le Cirque du Fromage,
bouquet of hand mikes in your pan:
"I wish Mr. Seinfeld and Minnie
much happiness."

Not me.

A vow is a vow.
Even in California.

Some days you're the only America we have left.

by klipschutz

PROPHET LOSS STATEMENT

He was just here, working the crowd, making predictions, and now like a set of keys—in neither pocket, nowhere. Like a set of keys that won't turn up. First our ball teams, then the corporate flagships, the postgrad nightlife yo-yo-yo's and every four-piece that got signed. . . Maybe he got tired of our future perfect tense. And who could blame him? An Eleusinian riddle it's not—our offer fell short. A prophet has to eat, and with a career span of a quarterback he'd better sock something away. There's not much as sad as an ex-prophet pumping hands at a casino, or pimping divination tapes on cable. As for us, this slump can't last. And he's not the only human divining rod around, no sir-ree. Next time though, we should make a fuss—throw a parade, clean the streets, do the Lambada in full regalia for crying out loud. The teams, the headquarters, the wheat beer drinkers, they'll be back, and the bands after they get dropped. I can feel it in my bones.

by klipschutz