



## Late spring's last tawdry tulips

articulate eternity but your artisanal poems go  
the way of hospital clipboards, extinction  
a form of fame : the dodo, Studebaker  
Western Black Rhino & authenticity, living  
as we now do in a world *naturally flavored  
with other natural flavors*. We've trouble  
discerning pearl from paste, duped by ambiguity  
& the euphemistic, how we get Clinton /

## Trump, two sides of the same bogus coin.

We wage war to protect capitalism, claim  
we can't stop because populations we bomb  
will fall victim to totalitarian ideas, but we worry  
really we'll lose markets & consumers.

Mornings when birds scribble song lyrics  
in the trees & I verge on orgasm with my  
voluptuary, I decry my lack of exit strategy

& she shouts *Pull out, damn it, just pull*

