

Paul Fericano

LOADING THE REVOLVER WITH REAL BULLETS

at the academy awards
a few years back
i was sitting with
edgar allen poe
discussing
ravens
bells
telltale hearts (among
other things) when
my name was announced
as the winner of
that year's best supporting poet
(john bennett took the top spot)
at first
i was quite naturally stunned
but
edgar pushed me out in the
aisle and i quickly
ran towards the stage
passing frank o'hara who was
shaking everyone's hand for me

when i reached the podium to
accept my oscar from
rod mckuen
allen ginsberg suddenly
rushed out
from behind a curtain
grabbed my oscar
thanked a bewildered audience
and then raced out a
side door where
michael mcclure was
waiting in a
tan ford galaxie with
new york plates

afterwards
walt whitman told me over pizza and
beer that ee cummings had
pulled the very
same stunt on him years ago
only ee ended up diving thru a
closed window and
falling into an alley where
ts eliot was waiting in a chevy van

when i asked walt what he
did about the whole thing he
shrugged and said he
went out and had a
sausage sandwich and a whiskey with
some guy who claimed to be
carl sandburg in drag

A. D. Winans

AMERICA

AMERICA
drummed out of
the infantry of death
i came back to you carrying
the poems of my soul opened
the door of life and found
only death inside.

AMERICA
i have read the state of
the union and listened to
the state of the economy by
statesmen in a state of hysteria.

AMERICA where
the poor and the black
are sentenced to
attica and san quentin and
the rich serve time at
San Clemente.

AMERICA where
the only sound that can be heard is
the opening and closing of
the downtown bank of america
the angry voices of suburban
mothers preparing their children
for death
the hurried jerks of masturbation from
the closets of the university.

AMERICA where once proud hoboes now
stand in line in hope of becoming an
s.p. detective riding free
the slick superchief special out of
san jose.