

DREW MILNE

Go Figure

this imperium's eagle spreads ancient wings
as the saying goes ahem friends, Romans
and globalists, most dextrous ego-surfers
of the remotest control, say well welcome
let slip the bristling clusters and gas
but as I fly Air India the word draconian
leaves its mildew as stucco fronds peel
from each harsh Doric column stabbed long
and hard into a ruin of sea, the dimpled air
most cleaving indifference over physical
features that depict no political borders
all the solids gone the way of amalgam
lost upon spicy chicken wings as claws
do special resolutions in pink cartoons
nails down tankers, the chalk on board thing
and the gas is all for oil, galley slave
of this grade class, fellow-guzzling petrol
and not to bury Caesar or mock his father
but stacks of cheap beer waiting to party
till even a spangle-toed smoke akimbo
can't fully wipe the thought of a pretzel
turned TV assassin exploding Cubans
spread far across the axis of nonsense
a.k.a. the death squads of those with most
squeezing the life out of those with nothing
but words bang to hearts turning real hard
so scream now or forever hold up paws

for the cut chaser doing that's all folks
buckshot or bounty creaming in the spume
some squirrelled hint out of Prof. Heisenberg
still counting on meltdowns to explosion
over ghosted spread-sheets from Halifax
the embrace as plausible as a love train
of leaf-peepers off to blushing Vermont
so much chasing after reddening glory
and the little matter of chemical yarns