

ANN VICKERY

A D V E N T U R E A T S A D I E S

Down the rabbit hole, we find
a world of cottage cheese and over-inflated
princedom. That joke was thirty years too late.
Sitting there on the piazza
between the banana trees and austere flamingos,
we conjecture convivially on the poet's last fuck—
ing stand. He's got beautiful cheeks,
 beautiful eyes,
 beautiful thighs. And yet, he still
couldn't rate with a tardis. Between anthropomorphic stars
and unfamiliar history, a garden gnome quartet
practises dub karaoke and pert variety singers
live high in the grass. What price Russian formalism?
How unusual can an everyday poem be? These things,
wrestled with a knife and fork, remember Jameson.
We take what crumbs that sparrows throw us
and discuss the code of the West:
 common sense, Coalcliff, occasionally Coltrane.
That night you had the illness poem real bad,

coughed your guts up and took inclement gigabytes,
washed down with lachrymose love-notes from Spicer.

Hyperventilate now!, you said,
I can't find my postoffice. Was it a postoffice,
or just a plain old pawnshop? Sometimes we just
don't get history, or history doesn't get us. Say, haven't I
heard that before? Circularity breeds
stove-top despair, the coffee always spills twice.
Say hello to muffin-tops, good morning high-quality buns,
your baked goods so heavenly cool.

Oscar remonstrates with Shklovsky and finds a
substitute in Ken Brown: what a gambler!

And as we drive back south, we become

part of the Great Tradition. Thanks Mum, thanks Dad,
thanks Pam, Ken, Laurie, and the whole damn gang—
Rae, Denis, Tom, Barbara, Micky, Kelen, Alan, Erica,
Kate, Leigh, Sal, and Kurt. (Ella, make a note!)

In the distance, someone waves, a touch sad.

Athol don't be blue, be a marine aid,
and watch over the incessant bridal parties,
still caught in baby's breath and the last sure spray
of the twentieth century.