

Poets lovers lunatics —
nothing new there or thinkers and statesmen
found out as traitors

confusion of art words poems
tokens money customs law
as representations of value

but who would have thought the State Department
would stamp you PSEUDO-AMERICAN
stymie your efforts

to get you and yours out
before Washington declared
war on Italy

would call your exercise of freedom
to rave a legal equivalent
to aiding the enemy

or that the DOJ wouldn't
understand that poets lie
even when telling the truth

or that they'd put you in a cage
just for shooting off your mouth
the way you always had

or that in Paris toward the end of the game
guest of the playwright you once put down
as a Joyce sycophant

seeing your own ghost on stage
in an old coot and his blind cripple
sidekick double

you'd break your rule of silence to whisper
to no one in particular
c'etait moi dans la poubelle.