

Slick

Starting here, washed up on the black tide,
wings at odd angles, a crudity
stuck to the eyes, clogging the throat, the beach
punctuated with bodies, black smudges
on white hulls moored up at the yacht club.

Starting again, from the assumption that we're all
at least potential flakes, freaks and weirdos
out of a Star Wars bar scene —
let's cut the crap. Life's too short
to beat around a Bush, Slick Willie
or Slippery Dick. Contrary opinion
notwithstanding, no matter how you vote
the government gets elected, the rich get richer.
We all drove that oil tanker aground,
we all put some toxic garbage in that barge
looking for a country to dump it on,
we all burn rainforests for Ronnie's burgers.

What we use, uses us. Love
Canal to Prince William Sound, the ooze
slips into our schools and farms, cities
and towns, our blood and brain. Savannah to Hanford,
Sandia to Rocky Flats, one nation.
Seabrook to San Onofre, Times Beach
to My Lai, under God. White Sands
to West Nyack, antibodies gone
berserk. Livermore to Bhopal,
nerve endings terminally traumatized.
Yankee to Chernobyl, cells invaded
by renegade toxins, unnatural rays,
synthetic designer genes, of thee I sing.