

Convention

Somewhere outside an owl hoots
in the middle of a self-examination
Mailer-style stuck between journalistic
slabs of sensitive tough guy Americana.

In the background the windmill groans against the air
reeking not so much of the pigs and spilled blood
as of the big city savvy of it all the greasing
of palm loin and spindle oozing off the page.

Lost again on State St. Whether or not
we stopped the war mostly irrelevant since
no one who could have been called clean had a snowball's chance
or anyone saying that every citizen should be paid

an annual national dividend from the treasury
and even if against all odds he'd somehow won
we'd still have been stuck with the same hammer between the eyes
system, the same steaming meat hook insanity.