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From the Ides of March to Mayday 2012

by Mike Emery

On wheel and on foot,
The family tree expands its borders
In the four directions of delight,
Finding refuge from winter
In sun-dappled shadow,
Finding respite from summer
On twilight verandas,
Where viewers tweet secrets and
Contestants sing praises
To the pastas of spring
Gnoshing with fishes,
Faceless and nameless,
On the Lower East Side.

Living small is the best revenge,
Analyzing the couch
In a just-so apartment
With friends in a
World of one's own
Might be tiny but thrilling,
Healing an act of defiance,
And owning the past
A declaration of freedom.

Lessons in the history
Of the hard sell
Abound rebound
And reverberate
With songs of lament
In the mind of a con-man
For the vicious end
Of a battered fortune,
Where the American
Dream explodes
Into clutches of cactus flowers
Along a lonely desert track,
Dreaming of the next rain.

