

"The Kreutzer Sonnet" from *June on the West Coast*

Intellect mice  
Capture their cheese  
At the end of a winding  
Maze of veracious volubility.  
Gathered behind laptop screens  
Shooting up on caffeine.  
Left ear listening reveals  
Their discussions are subtly unvarying.  
Tantamount to commercially printed news  
On reality shows, murder, miracles and the truth.  
Fame is the name of the game,  
And everyone but me is to blame.  
A camera or a microphone  
Incessantly recording.  
Woe, woe, my civil liberty.  
As if I know what that means.  
If one orgasms during rape,  
Are they truly afraid?  
How much would I take  
To have my life taped?  
A weekly televised display  
Of my insatiable intrigue.  
Leaves my mind buoyant  
In looming paranoid belief.  
Post moon crest,  
The hours of sleep dissipate  
Into what may have been a jovial dream.  
And just as I begin to scream,  
Flailing against the wind  
Careening to imminent death,  
A bewildering buzzing overwhelms my dissent.  
Oh, just my alarm ringing.  
Eating red meat before sleep  
Does that to me.  
I flee to the Kreutzer.  
A required ounce of vitality.  
Now, I'm happy.

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