Mambo Cadillac

Drive me to the edge in your Mambo Cadillac,
turn left at the graveyard and gas that baby, the black
night ringing with its holy roller scream. I’ll clock
you on the highway at three a.m., brother, amen, smack
the road as hard as we can, because I’m gonna crack
the world in two, make a hoodoo soup with chicken necks,
a gumbo with a plutonium roux, a little snack
before the dirt-and-jalapeño stew that will shuck
the skin right off your slinky hips, Mr. I’m-not-stuck
in-a-middle-class-prison-with-someone-I-hate sack
of blues. Put on your high-wire shoes, Mr. Right, and stick
with me. I’m going nowhere fast, the burlesque
queen of this dim scene, I want to feel the wind, the Glock
in my mouth, going south, down-by-the-riverside shock
of the view. Take me to Shingles Fried Chicken Shack
in your Mambo Cadillac. I was gone, but I’m back
for good this time. I’ve taken a shine to daylight. Crank
up that radio, baby, put on some dance music
and shake your moneymaker, honey, rev it up to Mach
two. I’m talking to you, Mr. Magoo. Sit up, check
out that blonde with the leopard print tattoo. O she’ll lick
the sugar right off your doughnut and bill you, too, speak
French while she do the do. Parlez-vous français? So, pick
me up tonight at ten in your Mambo Cadillac
cause we got a date with the devil, so fill the tank
with high-octane rhythm and blues, sugarcane, and shark
bait, too. We got some miles to cover, me and you, think
Chile, Argentina, Peru. Take some time off work;
we’re gonna be gone a lot longer than a week
or two. Is this D-day or Waterloo? White or black—
it’s up to you. We’ll be in Mexico tonight. Pack
  a razor, pack some glue. Things fall apart off the track,
and that's where we'll be, baby, in your Mambo Cadillac,
  cause you're looking for love, but I'm looking for a wreck.
Betty Boop’s Bebop

Because I’m a cartoon airhead, people think it’s a picnic down on these mean streets. Sure, my skirt’s short, but it’s a crime, fellows, how you give a frail the slip, leave her simmering, hot and bothered. I have feelings, cardboard, but bordering on ennui, just this side of tristesse. I may not be human, but I can kick like one and bite and pinch, too. Don’t forget, mister, I’m not just a bimbo with a helium voice. I’m no rococo parvenu pillhead. I’ve read your Rilke, your Montesquieu. Really, I’m not as dumb as I look. Or maybe I am. Less tries to be more, but ends up being nothing. My last beau vetoed the philosophy of religion class in favor of pre-law, exactly why I don’t know, but I’m getting a glimmer. Stay zany, the cartoonists tell me, and next year you’ll play Cinderella.

Ganymede’s Dream of Rosalind

Girlfriend, I am the boyfriend you never had—honesuckle mouth, indigent eyes, no rough Barbary beard when kissing me. Popinjay, keep me in your little chest, nestle me in your cosy love hotel, my mouthful of tangy violets, my pumpkin raviolo, my spoon of crushed moonlight in June. On your breast let me sup, quaff the nectar of your sweet quim, trim repository of dear succulence. Only touch my cheek with your hand, and let us again meet as we did that first time in Act II, Scene IV when we ran away to the Forest of Arden. Rough sphinx, you know my heart, because it’s yours, too, and quartz, altogether transparent stone. I yearn for you as a crab craves the wet sand, a wildebeest the vast savannah, a toad every mudhole and mossy shelf. Forget Orlando. I’ll marry myself.
Karen, David, and I Stop across the Street from the Pitti Palace

In questi pressi fra il 1868 e il 1869 Fedor Mihailovic Dostoevskij compì il romanzo L’Idiota

Knocking around after dinner at Alla Vecchia Bettola in the cool Mediterranean evening, we are joined by Prince Myshkin, of all people, because a plaque above a little paper shop (quoted in the epigraph of this poem) tells us he was created here, or so it says. Writers are such liars, and I should know. Fact: until this moment I’d forgotten about the prince. It’s like the TV Western you watched with such rapture as a kid while eating a bowl of Trix; you see a raccoon and suddenly remember the Lone Ranger’s mask. Jeez, and I loved Tonto. Hi-yo, Silver, I’m such a stale piece of crumb cake, because during the dark night of 1974, Myshkin held my hand, even though I was more like a shipwreck than a woman—mute, deaf, gnawing on my own heart as if it were meat, your words a match I lit to find this place—forever in your debt, Fedor Mihailovic Dostoevskij.

Nietzsche Explains the Übermensch to Lois Lane

No, no, no, no—he doesn’t even have nerves of steel. No point asking him to save you, ma’am, he’s more likely to rescue rain from the street. Born on your block, not Krypton, he’s terror with a capital T, the beautiful mind you vain dames can’t see for the mascara on your lashes. You saw exactly nothing when you clapped eyes on him, a nerdy zip, not even head of the class, just skulking in the back, a brilliant light in a room full of blind men. But when he rises, havoc descends on the world, lightning storms blister the earth, for he
fears nothing, feels nothing, sees everything. From the beginning he's been a juggernaut, crushing everything in his path, from the Hindi Jagannath, Lord of the World, a guise of the god Vishnu. A dark Lex Luthor was more what I was thinking of than Superman, ma'am.

Zeus, It’s Your Leda, Sweetie Pie

Zip up your toga, thunder thighs, that’s Hera barking like Cerberus on amphetamines. I was a skeptic, don’t you know, but you've got the equipment, as the frigging king of the gods should. All the mortal gals are agog, hinting for an invite to our next divine date, as if I jump in your Caddy and we race toward a three-star snack, lightning bolts setting the highway ablaze miles ahead. I’m nervous about your wife. She blinded Tiresias, and Apollo plays possum when she’s around. Zeus, that’s your cue—reassure me. Don’t think I want to move to Mt. Olympus. Those relics are a snooze. Athena, there’s dust on her tutu, Venus’s, too, so get a move on, or my Helen will wow exactly no one and his horse. Let’s dillydally, Ding-Dong Daddy.