

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

What do you want me to do with the news
now that you've given it to me?
Can we please, for example,
dispense with the talk
of fascists and communists
and who was one or the other,
for a while at least on Sunday afternoon?
Listen. There are birds singing,
and lawn mowers, radios,
and kids on the next block
screaming and laughing.
Maybe they are magnifying the rays
of the sun on the bodies of ants,
but what do you want from me?
Scale back your events,
current, recent, and otherwise,
and reattach the flap of flesh
you've pulled from the face of history.
Stitch it up. Let it heal. The days
are short enough as they are.
We learn, if we're lucky, to be creatures
of the seasons we're meant to be
while it still means something.
As it is, I'm reading the papers
for May 8th and it's June 15th. Please
let me worry instead about the conspiracy