

Time

by Ann Bogle

His pen isn't worth a dime at the San Jacinto War Memorial where the sailors unzip their wares for a forecast. All the movies in this world aren't worth a damn if they don't have George Clooney in them. Give me Sean Penn. Give me Bruce Springsteen. Tell Bono I want my seventy bucks back, to go against the rain to charity; tell Bono I want it to go to a non-suicidal Palestinian. Tell Johnny Cash I want my men's heroin back. Tell Jimmy Carter to stop apologizing to Bill Clinton who apologizes for stooping a proud, fat Jewish gal from California (not dead), her effervescence, as if Spiro Agnew had floated to a sea. Kn-opf. Knock. Spell anxiety when I walk down the street in New York, now at the airport in Montreal, where they didn't rebust me, a drunken driver once in Minnetonka. Son well-rehearsed. Sound nepotist.

