

New White Blouses

by Brian Michael Barbeito

always thought you'd show up with a good friendly grin,

your heart full of gnosis and the rest of you dressed in denim or
terrene hues,

back from across the world to honor our sacrosanct thing

maybe it would be in the wind chiseled afternoon,
or the dusk by tables because I want to think of tables,
of how they would catch the departing light

you navigate the earth so well; you would swing your hip,
we would kick Saturn out of the sky with hardly an effort,
but it wasn't to be and the nightmare continues

tell your children to view lots of television and read rag
magazines,

tell them to keep their hair neat,
to go to church with the monotheistic set,

tell them to observe both norms and the newspapers,
to watch plenty of sports,
while lauding their favorite team with the other millions of
morons

instruct them to brush for a full two minutes,
and rinse thoroughly,
in order to get out anything untoward

yes, tell them to stay with situation comedies and grade point
averages,

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/brian-michael-barbeito/new-white-blouses>»*

Copyright © 2013 Brian Michael Barbeito. All rights reserved.

to remain acutely aware of the regular rubric,
to run in circles with other mediocre minds,

make clear that nobody arrives past the edge of witching hours
wearing miracles,
or with love in their pockets

state plainly that such odd terrains are not romantic,
or fruitful or lyrical,
making clear that hours without light are not really for them

but most of all tell em' to stay away from the abyss,
explaining carefully that nobody comes dressed w/autumnal hued
skirts,
summer denim,

or new white blouses

