

The President is Giving the State of the Nation Address Today

by XXXX

I wasn't able to finish my sausage and eggs,
or my coffee. My mother broke the glass counter
on top of our dinner table, a crystal spider web,
missing its diamond spider. It is a cloudy day.

The protestors have burned a yellow effigy
of the President. They and the police have begun to dance
a tango of stones.

We fought during dinner again
in the Japanese restaurant where they know us by name.
Mr. Mercado & his special friend.
What is so special about you?
I've seen you naked. I still cannot figure it out.
But the world is smaller when I see it
from the crook of your neck.

Your love is a blessing in disguise
but the blessing has been fooled by his own costume.
He himself believes he is a misfortune.

