

Last Letter

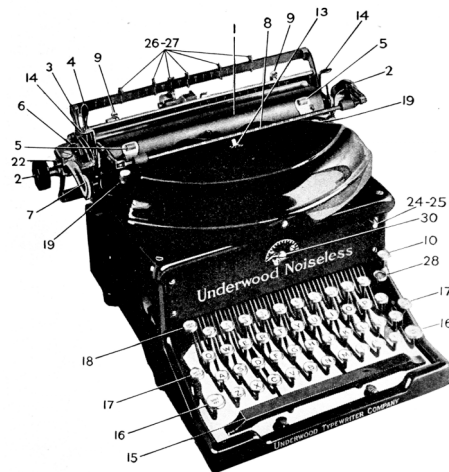
Dear mother, wife, soul mate and
Probation officer (pick at least one).
I lost my digital camera, so I must
Use abject and chintzy words to describe
This spectacularly appalling place, where
Gray fleshy flesh is steered through climate-
Negating, hyper-masculine spaces. Although

We're given individual rooms here, all six
Or seven billion of us are forced to negotiate
The same bed, for the sake of "transparency."

Bumped by a gentleman named "Duron," I couldn't help
But explain that "dures" is Latin for "hard," so "durable"
Is the universally-applauded ability to stay macho. "So
What's your point?" His face hardened even as

His eyes betrayed some permanent hurt. Speaking
Of hard-on, I miss you very much, Dearest. No

More soon.



Imagine

His palace surrounded, he fled through miles
Of secret tunnels, hopped into a waiting SUV
And was driven to a house of worship, where
They finally found him, hours later, praying,
“Dear Father, I ask you to honor the heroes.”

He was never stripped, made to stand naked
With his arms spread, shit smeared on his face,
Forced into high cut, low rise panties, punched,
As girls grinned and german shepherds growled.
No one jumped on his naked feet, stuck things.

Disputing widespread verdicts that his regime
Was violent, corrupt and anti-intellectual, he
Produced a hand scrawled note, listing his token
Humanitarian gestures, which failed to temper
An all-volunteer firing squad. Pow! Pow! Pow!

Hearing how his sneering vice had been wasted,
Then strung up in public, he vowed, “That won’t
Be my parting scene, scenario or shot.” Kissing

His golf ball and horseshoe-loving dog goodbye,
He calmly killed his mistress and tight-faced wife,
Bit cyanide ampule, pumped a depleted uranium
Slug into his smirking mouth. Burned and buried
By his remaining lackeys, his lying, straight teeth
Were dug up by his bummed out enemies.

No, he was never kept in a suspended cage
In a mega arena, executed during halftime.