

There's A Moving Of Lips When The Governor Reads

That people in high places so readily relinquish the pleasures
Of reading -- not necessarily diversified reading just reading --
In favor of pictorial presentations of complex matters requiring
Signatures or stamps or seals or official spit of some kind
No longer shocks. Overtensing is so much a feature of our
Licksplit lives that little really shocks. Hundreds thousands
Millions do the agony twist and we ACT with our little dance
Twist we would so delight in seeing the first lady do in the
Context of family and world tragiforms panel after panel. So
Now we watch the governor's lips in fascination with some of
Us saying THERE I saw his lips move he really read something
And others of us saying NO he is just nervous and that is why
His lips quiver. Meanwhile we take pictures some of them
Developed and printed in ten seconds and some in brilliant
Colors, and we also take Bromo Seltzer and Bufferin and
God in small doses, trying to be left without need. But we
Need. And some of us bleed when we watch the governor's lips
So hopefully. And our own lips dry and split beyond repair by
Chapsticks and kisses from virgins titillated by our hair and
Underarm deoderant and toothpaste and other marks of worth --
Our own lips seek again the simple milk now contaminated
Irretrievably it seems by those whose lips moved not only
Here not only here but elsewhere and not to read or suck or
Sing but to decide about us for us without us.

-- William Sayres

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