

## The Triumph of General Washington

I was quite drunk, but lucidly rolled  
Barrel-like out of a bar  
Into a puddle; spattered with cold,  
Startled a passing car

As I crossed to the Public Gardens where  
The mirrored swan boat's swans  
Were resting from children and motion and day,  
While somewhere sound trickled on,

Water stippling the summer night  
Like beery suds on the sea,  
When General Washington loomed in my sight,  
The Garden's stale trustee,

Confronting elegant Newbury Street  
And the narcissistic shops  
In a martial coat of muted green  
Like a mounted traffic cop,

And I jeered: "The cavalry is old hat,  
Come off your high horse, George,  
It's time to feed on the nation's fat,  
Not freeze at Valley Forge,"

And, backing off to salute, I jarred  
The mirrored swans in the drink:  
The water unrippled to glass again,  
The stone of my malice sank,

I faced the moon like a glistening seal  
As that globe unveiled in the sky,  
And the General, still on his pedestal,  
Rose high and mighty, and dry.

-- David Leviten

Boston, Mass.