

We're in the Pepsi Generation

and I grew a beard, and everything
but that didn't work much either.
I mean
they kept coming down on me anyway
and I still couldn't make nothing new
and no chick loved me significantly
and my mother kept mailing me those god damn checks
if I promised to not come home.

Why I even stopped taking baths --

which simply ruined my stretch pants
but not too much came to mind
and they're still selling I.B.M.
which outrages me
cause they pay such a stinking dividend
and there's something basically invalid
about growth stocks
cause only the rich cats own them.

So I refused to register to vote --

joined the peace corps
went on a freedom march
sprained my knee water skiing
and smoked five pounds of pot
but . . .

-- Jean Rosenbaum

Private Thoughts to a Public Figure

Too late come the bright-eyed suitors to your fame.
Offering lava hot praise and an open hand:
to their bank books
 (now there is no need)
to their gay Paree parties
 (nobody quite looks gay as
 they pass the green cheese)
to their wives
 (everybody is an Eskimo these days
 when there is little left to barter).

Too late they come, without kindness,
In such numbers we wonder if some great stone,
Pushed aside, belched forth scurrying troops,
Ordered to collect and fold you in
If not too late.
Laugh well, my friend,
In good health, my friend.