

### 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.