

The Return of Maestro Insana 13

Sing that South Dakota Rag! Sing the Badlands,
Sing Black Hills. Sing Mt. Rushmore, where our
Own god-kings stare proudly over Snake Farms,
Wax Museums, and the artist-in-residence, Korczak
Kiolkowski shaping -- local folks don't like to talk
Of it -- the Crazy Horse Memorial from his very own
Mountain. Below, Chief Raped Turkey, dissident
Sioux, sells himself eagerly in portraits posed
With grubby little children. These are hard times
Indeed. Sing. Sing the Sylvan Lakes nestled in
The backwoods like tin cans set out to catch the
Rainwater. And we take our Mt. Rushmore embossed
Bath mats (purloined from a local motel) and sing.
At least whistle softly if you get out of the car.

The Return of Maestro Insana 14

Chicago! Ticket-fixer of the world!
City on the make. Friend of The Family.
I drop off the sleepy Maestro in his
Great city, home of Hugh Hefner, Dick
Daley, and The Man With The Golden Arm.
He disappears into the Fine Arts Bldg.
Where, I assume, he returns to his
Office, moves the piano to barricade
The door, and dreams dreams of sweet
Sicilian melodies falling on the snow.
Chicago! Sugar plum fairy of the world!

-- Oliver Haddo

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Editor's Note: If you missed Maestro Insana Goes West, copies of Wormwood 27/28 (double issue) are still available for \$1.50 postpaid!