

Our Friend Jane

Our friend Jane
likes Jesus Christ Super Star &
Erik Satie, plays them for us
when we come over,
exhibits the exact same
amount of pleasure every time;
has children's books in by her bed,
Woolworth pictures on the walls,
has never been laid &
works in research,
dopes up dogs &
cuts their kidneys out.

She wears some kind of
chin strap when she
sleeps because she
grinds her teeth together.

Her father is a VP for
Mobile Oil,
found her in an orphanage
when she was 3,
gave her a Mustang & a
case of gin when she
turned 21.

Calls her his baby.
His precious.
His one & only.

What is poetry doing,
getting itself processed
thru so many institutions?

A flash on
wild horses
stretching out across a
mesa, jeeps & helicopters
& radar narrowing the circle.

Marlboro men.
Ready-made disaster.

-- John Bennett

Ellensburg WA