

THE HOLIDAYS

I used to use her absence to chase strange pussy.
This year, for some reason which I haven't yet discerned,
I call my kids instead and take them to a movie.

I have become a connoisseur of children's fare:
Sinbad, d'Artagnan, Bugs, Old Yeller --
a strange eclectic new mythology.
Already I find myself borrowing images:

ice caves and lava flows and bats and belfries
and the Mississippi River.
This ain't all bad, my mental retina being ordinarily
a blank grey screen.

As with adult films, it is seldom that you find
a children's film poorly photographed.
Too often, though, the story line,
not to mention the accuracy to history or the original,
is sacrificed to brevity and the excellence of the
special effects.

I also have bad news for you who may hate Disneyland
as much as I do -- the Disney films are still among
the best.

Not only the animated classics, but even those
starring Fred MacMurray and Ken Berry.

I guess they can simply afford to hire talent.
And, surprisingly, the socio-political slant
is no further right than the old left.

What really scares me, though,
is that I haven't been missing the pussy.
Half-pint of vodka in my side-pocket,
a warm body under each arm,
hot buttered popcorn transporting me to my own youth,

I'm ashamed to admit that I find myself quite happy.