

BEEP

I have seen the best minds of my generation
Drink their identities from bottles in packages of twelve and six,
Smoking and snorting a regulation fix
In proud attempts at self medication.

They are the children
With one of a kind, priced-to-own, personalities;
That are the products of products of mass production.
Brilliance caged by Prozac and Ritalin.

I have seen them
Growing up on sub-urban streets named after slain Indian tribes
Insulated with the asbestos the modern caste prescribes:
Lower-middle, upper-middle, middle-middle;

They are the children
Who learned to drink the milk of paradise in 1% or skim,
Raised by commercial jingles and Full House catch-all maxims
That we're all different and we're all the same and WE'RE ALL OKAY

WE'RE ALL OKAY

So let's take a drink for the American dream,
The blonde haired, fake-baked, lean pristine body machines,
The unrelenting despotism of the prom kings and queens,
Giving the gift of eating disorders and low self esteem.

Let's raise a glass to the screaming counter-culture regime
Who stand up and defy the dominant paradigm
one rubber bracelet, converse sneaker, and indie CD at a time.
Selling their mind to another cause (for money is too extreme).

Cheers! To all the minorities! Affirmative action for society!
To sewing up the oppressor's children's lips
with the dried blood from their ancestor's whips,
the prisoners of the culture war, stuck between pride and propriety.

*To following the leader, the leader, the leader
To following the leader, wherever he may go.*

A toast to all the lost girls and boys
who crawl through the black aisles full of white noise.
Listening for familiar ringtones coming from polite mode phones
And the quiet observer, with her seditious murmur
Who presses one, or stays on the line.

Another Word For Beautiful

When I first tried to write a poem about the man you love
I imagined him as some grocery store lecher
surveying women's bodies between the canteloupes and anjou pears
suffocating them in a thin plastic bag of charm

Perhaps it was somewhere in the produce section
that he decided he didn't love you
putting you back on the shelf with your unsatisfactory fruit sisters
A brute, too senseless to see the beauty in the soft bruise of a peach

How dare he! I thought.
How dare he not see how beautiful you are
slashing and burning the hanging gardens of your mind.

All the while I did not know
why my poem was failing
the words molded into fat rotten peaches
sour and unsatisfactory

As I searched to find you
another word for beautiful
I realized myself as a fruit like you
One that he had picked.

The Opportunists

I was watching two girls
Make out in Trafalgar Square
In defiance of the stone lions
And passing red buses.

The businessmen and high school boys
Gawked at the kissing
Aching for the honey
Formed by their mouths
As they pretended not to notice.

I was only half interested
As I drank my herbal tea,
Tried to imitate Anne Sexton,
And chain smoked clove cigarettes.

Real lesbians
I thought to myself
Are an endangered species
Going extinct by bisexual chic

I flicked my cigarette butt at the girls.
“OPPORTUNISTS!” I spat, and walked away.
They glanced at the remains of my cigarette
And laughed, and pretended not to notice.