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"Can Peace Happen?"

Anti-war demonstration
 underway at city hall plaza.
Active activists making themselves heard
 (only to themselves).
Police hang on sidewalks like sides of beef
in blue polyester, (night sticks out, penis envy).
Voices rising from every direction:
"How many more? End this war!"
Then a yell of contention is added to the insurrection:
 "F-off, Nazi pigs!" as a
bottle heads nonstop for an officer's helmeted head.
The glass fractures, so does his restrained attention;
 reinforcements called in.
T.P.F. cavalcades like some domestic cavalry.
Under a spray of teargas, forcing the crowd back,
protesters and observers mashed
 into one mob of perpetrators;
(everyone's a criminal when the cops are around).
Horses lunge, barging the crowd
back to the civilized sidewalks. A man
in the front row gets his foot stomped by
 a compliant horse;
(that gotta hurt).
That man watching the protest,
he didn't even want to be there
 (Just like the horse).
He lets out a shout,
he winds up his fist and cold-cocks the horse . . .
and the horse goes down.
 At day's end:
44 arrests, 27 injured,
a man with a bruised foot,
a horse with a bloody nose
and thousands overseas fighting
 for peace.

A Poem

I carry a small suitcase
splitting at the handles
with friezes of Hindu temples

bundled up like
rows of shark's teeth

I bite through silence,
the hush of the kill.

Images weigh a ton,
this plethora of prey

The more I jam into the mob
the more the suitcase
widens like a full belly,
a mouth full of tongue.

BURIAL FOR A HIGH-TECH TOOTHBRUSH

("Landfills are a consumer Pompeii")

The batteries sigh like a thirty-year-old's spine
in the morning.

My high-tech toothbrush lost its spin,
it's like brushing my teeth with a broom,
painting the ceiling with a mop.

I lumber through brushing, grin a utilitarian grin.

A glob of toothpaste
worms down the handle, leaving streaks of
holographic glitter; an electric-blue larva
on a branch with a corporate logo.

As a child, I took old toothbrushes and turn them
into human effigies.

The bristles made the perfect face,
always a smile.

Sophisticated brushes from the dentist
had contour-grip handles, arched in elegant sway like
a Hellenic bust.

I would dress them in napkins, tied with dental floss.

Then act out the breakdown of Pandora,
the smothering of Pompeii.

Frugalness didn't refuse resurrection in those days.

But not today.

My wrist aches from this high-tech brush,
dead in my grip.

At sunset, I will bury it under the day-glo Forsythias,
an offering to things un-worshipped;
then go buy a new one.

We are throw-away Nomads.

Landfills stand like circus tents,
temples that sink under grass and blue fire at night.

**"A Threesome of Philosophers
Will Always end in an Argument"**

Hand tight on my backpack strap,
the other, on the steel bar
of the subway car.
My elbow bumps the head of
a philosopher. (Or he could be
a music professor with the
feather-duster hairdo, jacket of tweed
and shirt untucked).
"I'm sorry, sir", said to no effect.
In a voice suited for Books on Tape,
he murmurs *"Poet, you profess to
truly exist. Through structures of words,
pulled like strands from the sink drain.
If that claim is of pertinence, then,
your lame-fish apology would
actually contain validity,
instead of a bunch of naught."*
(The train scraped the rails like
cellos played by egg beaters;
did the philosopher really
say anything?)
*"Hey, Captain textbook,
decibels are invisible
but still kill" . . .*
the punk in me manifested.
*"By you responding,
I just poked a pin in your
balloon. Now your head is
not as wide as the globe,
(which don't exist, either) is it?"*
He got off at Park Street,
(or disappeared.) Eluding
to Paris and the Ends of Man,
where, he, Jacques Derrida and
nemesis John Searle
construct an anticlimactic
threesome.