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## Its Hour Come Round at Last

William Pearlman

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WILLIAM PEARLMAN

VENICE PAVILION

He had hashish on the walls, a loving cup of Acapulco grass,  
assorted roach holders, a shelf of imported pipes from China,  
and a room full of black cats

A strobe light in the head, a sunken bath, a shower full  
of lilac water, and that marvelous little waterfall in back  
of it all

The way up to the tower that was his bedroom was lithographs  
and poems and paintings of the ancient creatures who reached  
the summit and died

ROBERT CHETKIN

"ITS HOUR COME ROUND AT LAST..."

And when the last revolutionary  
Stumbles down from the mountains in triumph,  
Spits on the corpse of Goliath,  
Snuffs a stolen cigar  
In a massive, vacant eye;  
And when the first official messiah,  
Priest of the glorious new order,  
Leads him into an empty sewer  
And silently, impassively,  
In the name of internal stability,  
Slits his throat;  
Only then will Yeats, forgotten,  
Have at last earned  
His prophetic,  
Decomposing  
Grin.