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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.