after marilyn (two interviews)

art we have art sex and books
the presidents are new or no longer great
the playwrights speak
in mahogany voices
rasped and sanded and exquisitely waxed
to begin pasts their recreations
come to those of us watching
like bread or wine
a timid fluxing of the flesh
in the sane or unwise
though mediocrity becomes harder to attain
with age must vision darken rather
than dim the effort grows listening
the favour's in the break from the seed