

Two poems

by R L Swihart *

We're A Piece

Seed Blok's twelve and see a baker's dozen of mapmakers
Toting Kiplings and computers

They storm the winter convention, pu(t)s(c)h for a simpler globe
Nix the parti-colors and salamander lines

*

Taking an abecedarian approach, the new politicians axe the un-
Potables and the wild notion of nation

They recast themselves as the *linemakers* and ceremoniously
Dispense chessboard wills

*

For years everyone's easily tagged and tallied by the slogans
They slur and the pills they pop

But that was before the white sale, whitewash, and market
Crash on White Wednesday

*

Pan from left to right, taking in the White Pantry near the White
Knight on an absurdly white map

A ticktack later, carrying curies of white lies, an ex-black's
Buried in a white plastic bag

La Magie Noire **(Descending)**

From a fixed point below shine a light
Up

From another point, at 30-second intervals
Record the angle of elevation between the ground
And the spot of light

And calculate the corresponding
Ceiling

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The bowler will be a nice nostalgic touch
But she'll insist you remove the tie

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