

Remember the Alamo

—for David Koresh

Sal Cetrano

The man who sells the centrifugal lettuce crisper, the woman
with combination mood ring and pregnancy test kit,
the man who seeks damages for his cataloged sufferings,
the woman who warns of morning breath,

the man whose burning compulsion is to wear a dress,
the woman who gleefully sells him her old ones,
the 90's girl with self-help tape, who masturbates
before triptych mirrors and gives birth to the sunrise—

and scores of others—are trampling my fescue,
correct mob demanding to be let in: famished Jacquerie
antsy to hand out all my cake, but I have no cake.
I crawl naked to the doors and set the latches.

“Let us in!” they chant. “We know you’re in there!”
“Who are you people?!” I ask. “What do you want?”
“None of your business!” they yell. “Just let us in.
Sooner or later, everybody lets us in. You’ll see!”

The walls begin to sag. Screams and gunfire mingle.
The armoire buttressing the bedroom door trembles.
I prop my back against the wall. A window shatters.
I hone my Bowie on the skull of an Amway salesman.

Then comes my Mexican sweetheart, incongruously
both blond and Jewish for purpose of this reverie,
ample bosom laden with pistols. *“The cities*
have fallen”, she cries. “They want the mission now.”