Kerouac gets a smartphone

immediately Googles "how safe is hitchhiking?"

figures FaceTiming Neal

is just as good

so in static speech they hatch wild plans

to hit the jazz clubs

before Jack finds these crazy

clips of the greats

on YouTube which totally smoke

reality

and discovers a drone service

delivering discount vino

lubricating the racing engine of his brain

driving him mad

'til Ginsburg turns him on to Twitter

honing his howls into 140 characters

while Burroughs prescribes

surreal SnapChats

meantime this viral video proclaiming him

father of a generation corrupts

his credibility with the youth

but though the forces stacked against him

are virtually legion

Jack craves a rounded character

and wanderlusts in real time

before GPS circumvents serendipity

yet still he glimpses other windows

on the world

and makes plans to tell a story

but at Office Max

they laugh when he requests

one long ream of typewriter paper

so his streaming prose

is unconsciously interrupted

to check e-mail and FaceBook

and the pressure to post progress

and find favor

with an audience too immediate

while feigning hipness

to so many scenes

leaves him beat,

absolutely beat.

My president tweets

bypasses the lamestream media

eloquently through Twitter feed he, uh

distills real truth

to bare bones essence

questions every fact

people, this is the quintessence

of Ancient Greek thought

to criticize and scrutinize

like Socrates taught

so pay no attention

to those shadows from your cave.

He's the master you must crave

working your strings to save

his distracted puppet slaves.

It's a populist uprising

you think it's surprising?

not realizing we're compromising our ethics

still criticizing the other,

the color, the conspiracy was

44 treated us all like brothers

and still it's the skin again

like that's the way America bigly wins,

he grins through his sins

but, Jesus, his skin is so thin.

Listen, the Grand Old Republic

wanted their gods fallible;

the G.O.P. wants figureheads malleable,

miscues, mistreatments, misogyny now palatable.

Evangelicals say to pray

the immensity of the office overtakes him

and makes him a good man

with aversion to evil,

a therapy of conversion

so he checks his balances

while we make allowances

and genuflect to the billionaires tone deaf

to hypocrisy.

We elected our plutocracy,

elites who won't talk down to us

we're shunning meritocracy,

trending towards aristocracy,

from the cradle to the grave

of democracy.

Introducing Myself to my Mother

*O, what a noble mind is here o’erthrown.*

* Ophelia

*Now who are you again?*

she queries over the cusp

of the care home coffee cup

so I present myself

sans embellishment:

surprise youngest

turned teacher

husband

father:

a résumé in broad strokes,

primary colors.

No longer an ego

for whom it’s important

she’s proud

but a congenial companion

content to idle all morning

in cyclical conversation,

a good listener

with kind manners

reassuringly recognizable,

a boy

ever that boy

whose mama

raised him right.