Chewings of a Bubblegum Mind

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i'm getting sick of
goody-goody nuns
who walk hand in hand with
cynical criminals
and dance to the
same
twisted tones
of the black and white discoteque . . .
what ever happened to
wide-eyed figure skaters
that trip and fall
in the public sunlight
but
jump back up
reskating

throng of seasoned passengers
and i
clutch to a sinking ship
during a raging storm . . .
don't panic
they console me
see the waterwalking coast guard captain
off in the distance . . .
i reply
i'm nearsighted
an occasional clown
in a procession of mourners
is enough
to postpone the funeral
for a day (at least) ... 
lookout mr. clown
your looseness
may get you stiff
remember the mourner's motto
if you can't join 'em kick 'em

why don't the headless ostriches
turn off the air raid sirens
destroy the fallout shelters
pick up their heads
and become
sweat lovers
for some needy
construction company

i wish i could
vomit out
the two-ton balance sheet
that's rooted to my gut
then in its place
i would plant a
weightless dove
pregnant with
soaring eagle
and nail a sign
to my head and heart
that says
accountants forbidden

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