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Cover Page Footnote
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News of days lies
Folded and crumpled
Variously discarded on the floor.
Foreign cars
Line one wall
As bodies barely veiled
Cover the others
Shrines to Brooke, Christie, and
Dorothy
The smallest family of beaten
Furniture from
Three different designers
Makes a third of the room
Phone books support
The couch and
Two chairs
So conquered by use that only
Wooden frames remain
Trinities of desks, lights,
And garbage cans exist for
The senior triumvirate who
Rule the room
Their major tools on their
Lecterns
Texts, lamps, Webster's
And their steel-stringed harpsichords.
Rambling into the sleeping territory
A different mess appears
Crusty socks and shorts
Leave a musty, sex-like smell
On the floor
Binoculars rest by the window
Eager to focus on the local beauties
And who they're with
Steamy sweat leaks off the
Tiny bathroom walls
This has been theirs for months
It seems a lifetime
Next year, the walls will be
Garnished by a new government

Michael Fauci