

THE REINCARNATION OF SOME SONS OF BITCHES

By Colin James

From the north they came,
virtueless purveyors of their own needs.
Astute, adept at I.T.
They slept on couches
while floating on deep ice streams.
Flag bearers, assimilation forecasters.
Cities fell like Jazz Funk.
Curfews reversed, "I sleep with whom?"
Then a calm of a hundred inverted years.
Safely they walked from house to car.
Cellulite needs balls pressed.
Irreverence will get you old pussy,
and a sadness not unlike contentment.