

## **Simulacra**

The restless *simulacra* in my mind,  
The piquant and horrific mix and meet.  
Kaleidoscopic images unwind,  
Make loves of losses, victories defeat.

With slight adjustment, but the merest twist,  
My brain creates the past I would review.  
The sum of my events comes down to this:  
My conjured past I constantly renew.

Kaleidoscopic colors can enchant,  
The reds, the greens, the yellows do enthrall.  
More somber hues, though true, I can recant,  
Since truth is true if willingly recalled.

The present from the past - a common view.  
Our memories we invent - more likely true.

## **Mexico City Metrosexual - Take One**

Tall, ripped, shades, leather jack

Cigarette, heavy boots

Couple tats, probably more

Biker bling, tall Mohawk

Pushing baby's carriage

## **Mexico City Metrosexual - Take Two**

Pressed Suit, Italian shoes, precise haircut,

Manicured fingers, toes, we suppose

Tiny paunch, suggesting laxity

in some areas.

Impeccable; and perhaps pecable.