

APRIL FOOL

A cool wind on a smoky room
We are all very comfortable
We love to sit on down cushions
Covered with velvet and mohair
Displayed in exquisite colors of red, green, white, blue
and gold
We love to sit on throne seats
Adorned with ornaments of jewels.

We are imperial in our desires
We love to experience the highest state
We are pleased by the adorations of ignorant people
We are wretched so-and-so's
Who insert our wretched names into the space inscribed "so-and-so."

When we were little children we had dreams of becoming kings and
queens
We paraded around our small flat
With chenille bathrobes and dreams of great glory
Tinfoil crowns and mothers complaining.

With a sudden shock, piercing and blood-letting,
We grew up without a crown, without chenille bathrobes
And found ourselves in a sea of insanity
With no court to recognize our imperial heritage.

How lucky we were
How fortunate not to be recognized
How fortunate we are to realize that we have the
right thought
The moment we wake up, we try to extinguish wakefulness
But, as it happens, we are stuck in a puddle
of imperial mud.

Lucky is unlucky
Mud is French onion soup
We are the mud eaters
We are the *haute-cuisine* people
We are the only people who understand mud
as French onion soup.

So much for our dream—
Little babies become kings and queens
Little sniveling brats become universal monarchs.

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