

CHRIS BULLARD

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Bourgeoisie

Unloaded loaded at the station,
I wave off the mother-of-pearl taxicabs
with the outrageous confidence of the Archduke
after the bomb missed.
One weighted foot follows another
through the things we came for.
Captain Nemo, I loved your pirate's ethics:
torpedoing slave ships while playing Bach on the pipe organ.
I could walk through the Graveyard of the Atlantic
without a taking a lungful of salt water.
Then you went condo on Mysterious Island
and the world became as transparent as gin.
Thought balloons bobble like buoys among the stars.
Glub, glub, I'm home.

Dear Leatherface

The shriek of your chainsaw
is killing our weekends outside.
We want to read the N.Y. Times beside our koi pool
while our kids create colors for Montessori class.
What a magnificent place for a child to grow up—
even for those who follow you into the basement
looking for the fuse box, a missing friend
or a fast way out. We understand:
those young people volunteered.
History is cinema.
You can still keep the volume down.
We paid to be undisturbed.
Noise from your house can be heard we don't know how far—
Afghanistan, maybe.