

Prewritten Requiem for John Ashbery

I always liked the way he shook

language down for its milk money,
standing there in his penny loafers
and Fantômas fan club sweatshirt.

A duck walks into a bar.

A bar walks into a dusky sunset.

It's all done with Spidercams

and gyro-stabilizers.

It's a fine way of walking

for those of us who get fatigued,

similar to riding a train

made of nothing but windows.

We don't really need the radio.

Something else is always on.