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Green Man Feeling Sorry for Himself / Dierdre

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Additional Keywords

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GREEN MAN FEELING SORRY FOR HIMSELF

(AFTER READING BARTHES AND
DERRIDA AFTER READING FRAZER)

by Len Krisak

Ah, 1994. So, when I bowl
These days, it's only cabbage heads that roll.
I wrench them from your common, modern soil
And play for free at Country Lanes (not royal,
I know, but then at least they're purple). *Still*
You harvest? In this tearless, bustling vale?
Forever happy, painted in your cels
And always animated? Not as well,
As I might like, I straddle you. Your fields
Still feel my shadow on their bumper yields
(Its ghostly force presides, a shade as thin
And tenuous as some medieval wind
Would blow on these, your cartoon agro-lands),
But now.... I'm just another hired hand—
The Good Knight's host turned out to be a tour
Guide; spirit of The *Sudor* of LaSueur;
The Minnesota Myth on acetate
Who might have wished to take some other state
(Colossus of Wisconsin, maybe?). Say
My figure, shrunken by a cathode ray,
Could keep the cool of iceberg, the reserve
Of Boston, lettuce. Might I not deserve
To snow across your screens my onion flakes,
Fine-sliced, thin-skinned? Then produce scales would shake
Again to hear my hollow, thumbs-up bass
Of broadcast laughter. Now? I'm glued in place
And labeled to a grasp-sized, ten-ounce tin;
I pose athwart, emerald-leaved, paper-thin.
From Gawain to a can of French-cut beans,
Green Fisher King to frozen carrots, seems
An epic fall, o semiotician.
Not deconstruction, decomposition
(Organic, too, at that) () signs of woe
(And weakness). Green, once Gone, now Ho Ho Ho.

DIERDRE

by David Sparenberg

I am looking for her
but have not seen her
I do not know who
or where she is
If her hair is long
or short
If she is tall
or small, thick
or thin
I do not know
the coloration
of her moods
or in her eyes
or of her skin
I do not know
the shape of her hands;
the size of her waist
I do not know
how she walks or
tosses in her sleep
I do not know if men
turn their heads
to the musical scale
of her voice
I do not know
if they look behind her
when she passes
I do not know
if she is
or merely seems
In the clouds above
or in the circling sea
I have not seen her;
I have only dreamed
I think her name
is Dierdre