

Verisimilitude

Halfway through the bit
About special friendships
I found a knee,
Laid out my hand
And cut in:
“Your Royal Highness
How would it look
If I went back home
And informed the Post
You have clammed up on us
Withholding evidence
Which could lead to the capture
Of militants who intend
to destabilize our economy?!”
Air ducts hummed
Fronds deferred
A lanner stood on its hood
My host sat aghast
As if I was a kid
With bad table manners
And he was my granny
This didn’t matter.
For one thing, I knew
The tart crackle
Of repartee among staff
Aboard the return flight
Would supply a crucial note
Of truthiness that had been lacking
During our stay
(Not like we weren’t pickled
The entire time).
In other words, I knew
People who “write”

About jobs
Folks like me do
Adore locutions like
“We got nuthin’
They just shined some sunlight
Up our ass”
Which was hot Vanity Fair copy
Even as I spoke,
RIYADH VANITIES
COME TO DUST IN VEGAS
A Syria scene
What counts
Isn’t the way
We’re in cahoots on my end
But how the phrase guys
Spin their story
So every stiff who doesn’t think
In the US of A will buy it.

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