

Hard Publics

David Seiter

Not their felon, not their lackey, you.
After the sclerosis of your tissues,
the emulsifying of your fluids,
relieve
in as thick a prospect, a hand mitten.

Abnormal hardening leaves you
something of a corn husk, an heir apparent,
the block of the person behind you.

Where everything gets slippery
you'll be astraddle your mores, the folkways
given stern and bow by people
you have first deified and then
in so warranted a fashion renounced.

You told stories and did not think
of the public—the hardest part.
Not your sponsor, not your vehicle, them.