

STAR SPANGLED BANNER POEMS

1. OH SAY CAN YOU SEE

These words heard mostly
at big time sports events....
The competitors tense.
Prelude to the perilous fight.
Rambunctious fans
put their hands
on their hearts. Might
parts of the their enthusiasm
be linked to patriotism?

A TV watcher can only suppose.

I was told about a man who rose
for the anthem before ball games
he watched in his living room. Despite pains
that were acute when he stood.
His own tribute to the mood
the lyrics inspired.
I guess that must be good.

2. THE HOME OF THE BRAVE

Give me a Niagara of Viagra.
I am so damned done in.
Some son of a bitch
tried to run me in the ditch.
Driving back from work.
If there'd been a gun in
the car, I'd have killed the jerk.
We need more fucking law.

Flicker - Brokaw.

Hurricane
LANICANE
Terrorist raids
LEXUS ROLAIDS
Homicide tsunami
TIDE KENTUCKY FRIED
Go to hell
DURACEL
Enron
NIKON
And on and on and on...

Too much crime.
Dinner time.
Live forever.
What's that moving around?
Out there?
Don't make a sound.

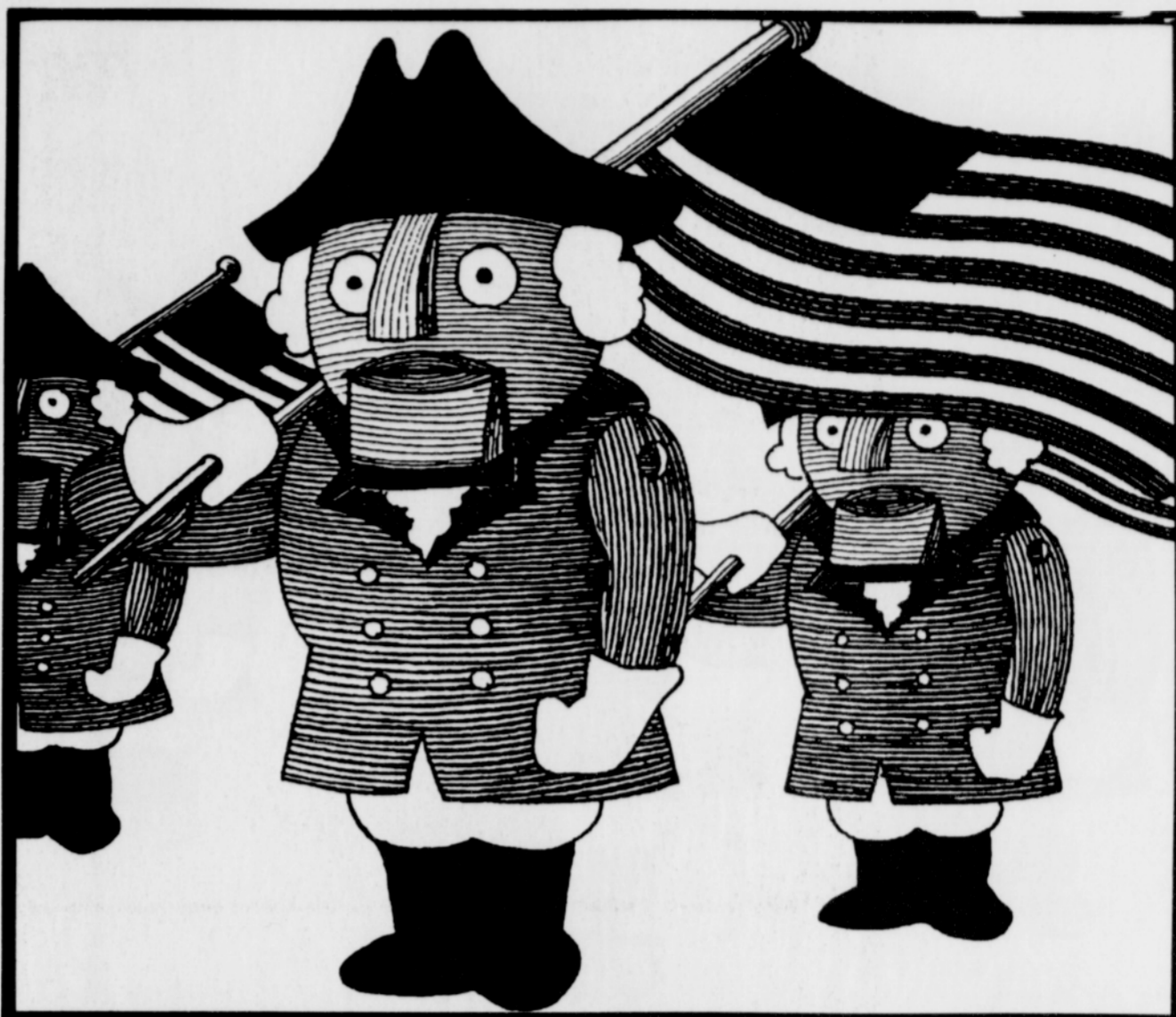
3. AT TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING

No bombs bursting in air.
Out there.
Only the radio.
Listen. Gershwin.
So sweet and slow.
"There's a Boat Leaving for Somewhere"
The street runs down the hill
to the river.
Ships at anchor, the water almost still.
Drunk unto dribbling
scribbling this stuff and yet
(The calm on the Columbia
comes on me. A
banquet. More than enough.)
from this particular prospect,
it is not clear
what I'm supposed to fear.

~MIKE McCAULEY

I have no problem walking by the church on
Sunday morning high as clouds
I smile and wave at the old woman coming out
I stare at the sky and think holy thoughts
of freedom
I practice taking the Lord's name in vain
as many times as possible in one sentence
(Mary fuck Jesus goddamn Easter morning masturbation)
I will not bow my head to original sin
I will not worship money
I will not pledge my allegiance to a flag
There is something so sacred all around me —
take my hand it's still bright outside
Let's desecrate
the holiest of places
I'll tell them all what's mine
will be mine forever.

~TERESA BARNES



CHRIS VAN ALLSBURG

POETRY

VICTORY & VALOR

"Voting is as essential as washing your tail in the morning."
~CHUCK D (aka CARLTON DOUGLAS RIDENOUR)

THE PARTY IS OVER

All credit cards nationally canceled,
America's Elm Street shades are drawn.
Women and children, under pastel bedding
lie stunned before TV static and snow.
Manly beer bellies soured and gaseous,
the boneheads under hardhats are crushed
as Military/Industrials foreclose on the land.
Now matriarchal scout cookies are crumbled,
the air let out from all our balloons.

~BILL BERTIN (D.12/3/2001)

We know now what the victory was, we know
how to eat politely at the table, remembering:
song, solitude, laughing laps, wounded bellies,

earth spinning. We eat our ravenous words
for justice, for breakfast; we rage, rarely sing,
laugh, bearing witness to the false,

bare soles and souls believing. After all, we have
had valentines, have eaten their chocolates.

Mind the rose-scented tint of the lens, patriot;
this velvet venom erodes the pink glow,

demands a life in the thinking back-
seat of history voracious, this piranha

fish ejaculates eels, does not feel,
reeling in the ripe time,

sons
and mothers, loving and
broken.

~GERALDINE HELEN FOOTE

REUBEN'S FIVERS

for Don Petrie (aka 'Pasta Don'),
June 25, 1934 - June 1, 2004;
proprietor of Reuben's 5 Tavern

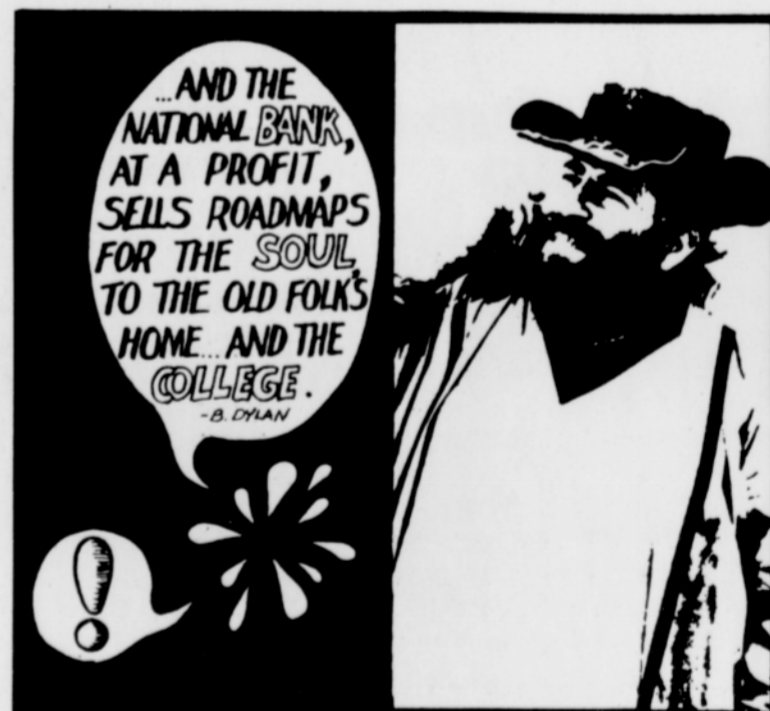
I used to think Reuben's 5 regulars were queenbees
of the liberated future. Maturity unblinkingly redefines
us as just another tavern crowd, despite our exotic
disguises, esoteric philosophies and wanton behavior.
~MICHAEL McCUSKER

They were tough sons-of-bitches,
Those Reuben's Fivers.
They hurt
And hurt
Until the pain was gone.
And, then, they hurt some more.
They dared to explore
Many levels of consciousness.
They were lonely as hell, those sons-of-bitches,
Seeking love in a glass
Or in another lonely soul.
They laughed themselves to tears
And cried themselves uproariously.
Theoretically, they trusted everybody,
But, really, they trusted nobody.

They were tough bitches,
Those Reuben's Fivers.
They hurt
And hurt
And hurt
Until the pain was gone.
And, then, they hurt some more.
Sometimes they went to Reuben's
To escape male chauvinism
Over a glass,
But chauvinism was there too.

I'm a tough a son-of-a-bitch,
A Rueben's Fiver.

~ARTHUR HONEYMAN
(1970s)



Sandwiches*	
THE REUBEN 1.40	
DON'S BEEF AU JUS 1.25	HAM 1.00
COPPACOLA 1.00	CORN BEEF 1.00
SPICY Italian ham	
PASTRAMI 1.00	SUPER CHEESE .90
TURKEY 1.00	THE SAMMICH 1.40
* served with tossed salad-choice of darts, roquefort, french or 1000 is 2-decker, ham, turkey, swiss	
TOSSED SALAD .35	
Wines	
DRY RED • DRY WHITE • LOGANBERRY • BLACKBERRY	
.35	
HOT SPICED WINE .45	
november-march	
Pizza	
COMBINATION 2.75	REUBEN'S SPECIAL 2.50
4 kinds of meat, olives, mushrooms	coppacola ham, olives, mushrooms
&c.	
PEPSI STRAWBERRY SODA	CREME SODA .25

REUBEN'S 5 MENU BY JOHN ECHOLS (1970)