

Phantasmagoria

Tremors are causing the
Easter Island heads to bobble
and the Radio City Atlas
to wobble, dropping its
oxidised world
down 5th Avenue
toward St. Patrick's
Cathedral it whirled
Splintering the confessional and
shattering the condom dispenser
as Rodin's Thinker
jumps up exclaiming
"I remember! I remember!"

They've replaced Lady Liberty's
pledge for the needy and desperate
with: "Send me your affluent,
stock diversified and
portfolio literate."

While Starbucks franchises the
Taj Mahal into a coffee shop,
Gandhi ambles by Union Square
in cargo pants, bling chain
and afro-hair,
muttering: "Peace, mother fucker!"
Gripping tight his walker

And arms outstretched, from afar,
Corcovado, bungee jumps
off Pao de Acucar.

Overheard at a Washington luncheon:
"Our president resembles an
erectile disfunction."

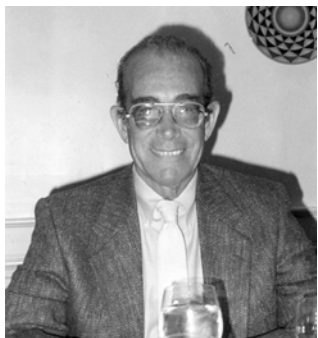
In search of additional commandments,
ecumenicals continue to study
graffiti on tenements.

While NYU students are kept
busy with their theses,
Venus de Milo tries on
her new prosthesis.

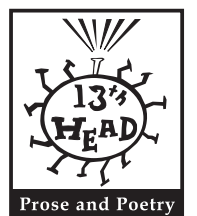
They've also customized coffins
with cellphones, in hope of
instilling an inner relief.

And Michelangelo's David,
petitions for a larger leaf.

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Joe Treceno is a native New Yorker of Spanish descent. He is a graphic designer who uses the pigments of satire and humour to paint words onto the canvas of poetry, rendering visions of phantasmagoric images. Currently commuting from Lambertville, New Jersey and Manhattan. A seeker of truths, with little patience for human hypocrisy. He is a member of the National Poets Society of New York, and is published in numerous anthologies.



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billstickers Ltd.

13thhead@gmail.com