

# 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."

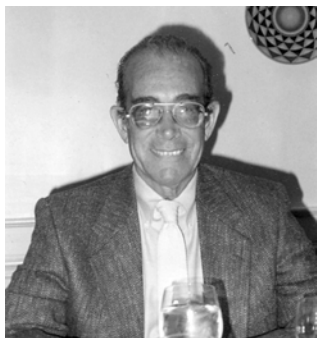
In search of additional commandments,  
ecumenicals continue to study  
graffiti on tenements.

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

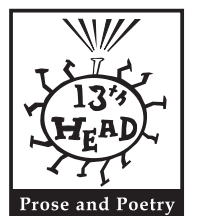
They've also customized coffins  
with cellphones, in hope of  
instilling an inner relief.

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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