

Nostalgia With Ice Cream and Stillbirth

I long for the past, for bell bottoms
and jumpers and big tortoise shell glasses,
for bulbous cars and long, flat ones
and silk. I guess there's still silk.
Some things never go out of style,
I mean, I guess the spiders
are still hard at work at the loom,
churning out webs and whatnot,
I never paid much attention in science,
that's a good thing about the present,
I guess, no teacher to spank you.
Still, it was nice back in the day
to get ice cream from the truck,
to have the baby inside, turning.
Since it happened the music of the spheres
screeches, what is there to say
except that there's a gorge
where the baby was, is it wrong
to wish for the Vietnam War back
to take my mind off things?, I ask,
and when I turn back to watch the space
where the truck once was,
the trees have moved.