Poem

Sitting indoors to write poetry
for yourself and posterity
is as unhealthy as it ever was.
I should get out and do something practical,
I tell myself, like curry favor with the gods.
I will go to the all-purpose neighborhood shrine
and offer shredded wheat to Health-Conscious Demeter,
shredded poems to Neo-Conceptual Apollo,
and the shreds of youthful passion to Distant Aphrodite
for her invisible scrapbook.

But there is no suitable offering
— except perhaps shredded leases? —
to propitiate Tribecan Zeus, guardian protector
of insatiable real estate enrichment, in support of which
he flings bolts of legalized lightning
from the heights of Olympus Corp
toward downmarket targets below,

in one of which I am recalling his gentle cousin,
Garden Zeus, who spent his days and nights upstate
unseen, for the most part, in support of flowering vines,
bringing classical focus to anonymous rustic air.