FASCICULATIONS

By Dean Ballinger

The little fascists goosestep up my spine
on their long march through my institutions,
rewriting my constitution
with the ink of my nerves.

Polishing their jackboots on my tongue,
rehearsing their tirades
of blood and thunder
in my arms, pared down to the purity
of bone.

My body politic twitching
into a glorious future,
a bronze statue rigid
and unyielding,
head gazing irresolutely
into the nationalist abyss,

destined for the gaudy, vulgar tomb
of the great father.