

## STAR-SPANGLED BANTER



**Unlikely 2.0**  
www.UnlikelyStories.org  
500 S. Mesa St., #389  
El Paso, TX 79901

**by Bob Marcacci**



# **STAR-SPANGLED BANTER**

**by Bob Marcacci**

for Angela

published by  
**Unlikely 2.0**  
500 S. Mesa St., #389  
El Paso, TX 79901

[www.UnlikelyStories.org](http://www.UnlikelyStories.org)

Text Copyright © 2006 Robert T. Marcacci, Jr.

Cover Art Copyright © 2004 Nancy Victoria Davis



#### **About the Author**

Bob Marcacci is a California Vacavillian presently living and writing in Beijing, China. His poetry has appeared in many online and print publications around the world. He is the host of the International Open Mic every Wednesday evening at The Bookworm in Beijing, and PJ for The Countdown at <http://miporadio.blogspot.com>.

Thanks to those of you who continue to provide Bob with your support and interest. Find out more about Bob, his life and his poetry at <http://marcacci.blogspot.com>. Send this e-book to someone you know or e-mail Bob with your rage or praise: [bmarcacci@hotmail.com](mailto:bmarcacci@hotmail.com).

in this dream of the panther  
 perhaps  
     we are too precious  
     we love each other and the warm light  
 we need  
  
     in this dream of the panther  
     press against earth  
     the feline body and sound  
     of the heart  
  
 in this dream of the panther  
     ancient symbols  
     in darkening rosette  
             we are one of them  
  
 in this dream of the panther  
     search for tracks in warm earth  
     search through leaves and buried remains  
 search dark passages of rain forest  
     search long hours of green-blackness

*In the Order in Which they Appear*

---

dictate promised world	5
american said he was something more	6
“and what am i but a man”	7
believe	8
breaking news	9
fast talk	10
“hordes of mice commit suicide on the front lines”	11
I Am Convinced We Continue To Operate	12
i am world power	13
“push blocks into castles”	14
reprinted from the fall of america	15
screwing blind lines	16
The Present Continuous Circus	17
“steer clear of barnyard”	18
“victoria’s secret”	19
“weary indigest-”	20
“the shoes go well with the tie”	21
<i>excerpts from</i> in this dream of the panther	24

---

in this dream of the panther  
panther night  
the dark night of lonely stalking and scents  
of hidden flowers and dark prints in earth  
dream above earth sleep with her touch  
this long sleep  
in long animal breaths

in this dream of the panther  
we trample flowers and roar  
we conquer jungle  
lovers

in this dream of the panther  
we never see sky  
and trees and heavens  
we dream of meeting

in this dream of the panther  
in this dream  
we make a darker dream  
the lonely wandering dream a long love's path  
to dream again  
we call out in the dark forest

in this dream of the panther  
we cherish

*excerpt from* **in this dream of the panther**

in this dream of the panther

suffer

claim the moon and the green-black forest

and darker colors among shadows

claim resistance

in this revolution of the panther

we listen in the silence of darkness

we feel darkness and move through shadows

challenge rosettes that form

eternity

in this dream of the panther

we smell the warm breath of night

and the green virgin of the forest near us

we sense her walking with us

leading us to running water

smell her presence among the small animals

she protects

she is not afraid of us

**dictate promised world**

dwelling

state of our mind

attempt to be more precise than time

which will outlive itself

try

taste the hour

men made poems women made them also

the paint the earth gave color to color

argument for serious discussion in a kitchen

where a ceiling-fan revolves and draws smoke

into thinner and thinner sidestreams and gets lost in such white walls

do we make another sufferer

listen to the current story

**american said he was something more**

said he was war-torn and he was worn  
on his sleeve  
not his heart and not the artful dodger  
who art in heaven  
a heartfelt imagination  
a patriot all striped up and star-studded  
at home with a newspaper  
in his hands  
the word of god awful  
gargantuan  
what he said he said and he meant it  
or that he read it somewhere before or someone told him  
he was not so big only thought himself  
a model citizen  
a regurgitation  
a propaganda tactic

wired invites in the letterhead an artistic splotch  
to imagine the guests attending hocus-  
pocus nobody's party collecting  
gifts scheduling delay patterns on circumferences  
in cases of emergency axes  
planets catonine  
lives purrowing  
jaws half-  
licked

stop the opponent watch  
the damn cowboys  
that qualify wherever you need to be  
falls somewhere in the middle  
number 8 in a series  
breakthrough too far removed  
at a point far from center from a negative posit

i don't know exactly not really a pool player  
what this is leading up to tear at heart  
wrench invaluable palpitations fret  
nursing a paper-  
cut to health i'll drink to that dark  
beer please  
slumped back in the pitch bar  
smoking no one  
guitar to talk to

meeting for 12 at drinks  
noon maternal care  
nursery rhymes and the like  
happy father mother happy  
passing cigars for the doctors

dead assassinate daze considering sides  
tetrasick at this rate no word for it  
pondered calendar holidays in different countries

and what am i but a man  
who has never seen a war with a gun  
in my hand so-to-speak  
i'm speaking america

**believe**

in the uniform      proof  
of the swagger of a nation  
proud to have designs on you  
only troop and pomp of a one-man military  
unit      faith  
in his regiment  
to keep wind locked up  
forever blowing at trees

the shoes go well with the tie  
i've been wearing everyday  
thin gold rope chains  
succoring plastic taxes  
cowboy denim shrink  
in the future you will  
they put together synthetic plant life  
that can grow in space  
dormant for eons  
transmitting the same message  
media circuits trial and error technology pucks  
burgeoning with culprits  
insecticide genotype configurations make it hard to concentrate  
  
what is the most popular sport in the world  
  
i discovered a new island      complete vacation packages  
  
this is a short questionnaire  
44 city  
see your participating northern california chevron  
dealer      i need another chance  
jazz on the half-  
shell      a 24 hour cable  
21

**weary indigest-**

iculate          ion  
                  morsel  
                  charged from one end  
moody electrocutor of insects  
i'd forgotten  
                  you made me promise  
                  routine  
expousing nations  
the names of movements          conjecture aperture  
                  the fledgling party  
                  to progress progressives  
                  have we reached the end of science  
                  frozen solid  
conversing at room temperature  
                  it's that much more difficult  
                  strut-  
er          we can only see to the edge of the universe  
                  byproduct wormholes  
there's no such thing as a fad  
circling the globe in the space of an hour  
                  wooden match collective  
                  jargoning excrement  
irrational systems of belief where you tell the same story  
to me through the window  
                  i think

**breaking news**

live  
iraq explosion  
  
special forces  
turkey  
  
chief executive  
in his independence day  
stand up for those who are oppressed  
yesterday  
tense with a curfew  
force change

**fast talk**

this truckin' four-wheel drive-shaft  
halfway quad in a 4 X 4 cowpoke  
rodeo for monster cattle calls  
and wall to wall cowboy prattle

wings his little ditty  
some city-slicker hick  
in a 10-gallon misfit  
crammed on his melon

boy-howdy you sho' is  
show biz  
with all that fancy fizz  
and ramblin' man get-up

your mama would turn over  
in her grave  
'f'she knew you was so plucky  
and damn me if you ain't

**victoria's secret**

perfect at the bottom of the ocean  
a serious malfunction hope  
tragedy community  
salvaged bodies are recovered  
suffering families

insurance claims killed all the other ones  
traces on nightbeat embedded  
treasure mecca  
homeless jobs at the tourist attractions stable  
plan implement remains combination  
fire olympics  
day and night tuned  
to the tv  
clearly we're a little bit happier  
at the pool

steer clear of barnyard  
talk the strange talk  
a toy machine makes  
when the string is pulled out of its hole  
goes back in as the middle spins

hordes of mice commit suicide on the front lines  
possibly triggered by overpopulation on China Steppes  
two women who live around the corner complain about mice  
in their walls they claim they hear  
running back and forth  
i tell them it's good to have cats  
if this is a premonition of an unprecedented drastic earthquake  
scientists have not found any signs  
and what has been taken from the sky was scooped  
up at one location

### **I Am Convinced We Continue To Operate**

on a basis of mistrust. Our basic nature,  
in recent years, has been  
the result of a carefully thought out plan on the long flight  
from Tokyo to Seattle.  
Not a lot of the traditional show-biz razzle-dazzle.  
The government's role as watchdog  
will demonstrate to the world  
the depth and breadth of their powerful grip.  
I thought about what I had seen.  
I can barely maintain a straight face.

### **The Present Continuous Circus**

Apparently transparent visionary circus caravan  
came aware on the granite steps leading to the Boss.  
The gargoyles slept behind the blackened window glass.  
The sidewalk ended here, at their feet. It rained.  
Everything was consumed on one instant.  
It was Tom Thumb who pulled out a plum from the gutter pie.  
Everyone joined in to sing christmas carols.  
Someone spread a rumor about the Boss  
so a lengthy investigation was to be held  
if they could get a hold of the acrobats,  
who were at this very moment going blind  
from reading the newspaper.

**screwing blind lines**

fuck the girls  
get stepped on  
wish the sky would die  
red white and bled-blue  
  
because they bother me  
the newspapers  
don't say anything  
black and white  
most people own color  
TVs  
  
i don't even like it here

**i am world power**

bruised like a hypnotic monster-  
nation with a notion for black blood dirt  
under my skin like everyone and a sucker  
in my mouth.  
there is nothing greater the earth flushes  
continuous shit blank universal majesties  
over and over

push blocks into castles  
or airports for the toy airplanes  
stand up toy army men  
on the fantastic carpet  
gun down the whole lot of them

**reprinted from the fall of America**

by the honorable elijah muhammad  
shadowing with wings  
the dead piece of our earth  
the moon  
a look at venus  
and they did not lose their hands and feet  
on opposite sides  
babylon the great has fallen  
hateful bird  
destroy them  
the heavens shall laugh  
can designers and manufacturers dress the woman  
in a country that preaches christ  
you can hardly walk two blocks  
their voices are heard on the air  
if they were true  
what kind of little girl can we expect from a mother