

## CHRONOCLUTCH

it all began with the banana man  
cornucopiating on captain kangaroo  
profondes and pochettes softly bulging  
black and white produced his green world

univac arranged romance  
folks played cyanide roulette  
on the people are funny show

long before a teenaged billy graham  
got god on the eighteenth hole,  
before the sphinx and carnac's temple  
withered into lime

an idle crowd of parvenus  
gathered to watch the sale  
of retorts, crucibles, elixirs

pharoah's eggs and sooner pills  
a shovel of ether perched on coals  
and the boy levitates

we knew how to prepare  
the flesh-colored paint  
so it would not glow

we hired carpenters  
to build new spirit cabinets  
rather than tote them  
from town to town

we'd procure the local chief's friendship  
to embolden our territorial patois and politesse  
protect our handbill's modest claims

ours was a clean spookshow  
just off a century or two  
the world's most expensive dream

we still seek the old stone  
purveyors of feathers and camel droppings  
we are dusting the oasis for fingerprints

--thomas hastings

from crop circle secrets (muse rules press, 2004)