

## TEN O'CLOCK

---

It started with that monkey hauled on board  
in a net by the Cuban brothers who'd been told  
at noon to (quote) row, row, row your boat  
past Natchez till the end of time (unquote):  
as the blood-blue tuna spilled out and bounced  
like rubbers among each other into the hull  
the monkey flopped out, flipped and slithered  
from the heap of bruised applause,  
clattered into a pail and over,  
splashing rainbow rings of bilge.  
There it lay,  
baby-sized, green, and celestial,  
blown up like a giant kidney  
droozed with wires, one arm only socket.  
Close-up. Pan across the sunrise  
slag glow on the western bank.  
Then a swarm of sirens handcuffs the jellied  
men from Communismo to the sky for which  
lightning is predicted: Murder One.  
A tube of toothpaste makes a million  
toilets flush. Pop — Newsflash:  
"The President publicly commiserates  
with the chimp for both its limb and life" —tarts.  
— talk of a seance; — perhaps some primal law;  
— Nielson promises nuking the island  
will ensure the teledemocratic future  
of a species fast becoming race, and the whole  
true world aches in its armpits just  
to hear (a giant leap for our collective ribs).

---

Cut to news: monkey with numbers, 34X,  
caged in PrimateResearch is confessing in a press  
conference to the murder of his cage-mate —  
(egglights) — claiming he was  
blown away by the new cocaine, and that she'd  
screamed for it anyway — having had her tail  
propane-flamed on the 8th — so high on pain  
and wine she later knifed a white rat;  
finally, caught on a spit of moonlight above  
the river she met her real man's — Monkey Sam's —  
murderous red eyes — and hit the flow  
opposing her thumbs, crying for Castro.