

Life of a Festival King (or Queen)

Danced a jig at Irishfest,
sought Germanfest funnel cake frauleins,
ran the Bastille alongside unshaved legs,
chest-thumped alongside Afro-fest drums,
chewed calzones and said *ciao* at Festa,
flan feasted with Fiesta *amigos*,
got sumo slapped during Asian Moon
and have been cursed out
in languages owned by no one
responding:

yo soy, estoy, yo soy, estoy
this accent sounds Australian.

The real danger of festival attendance:
there's no good place to look.

Look down and spot:
plastic cups with red smiley faces dripping of Miller products,
smashed mozzarella sticks/cheese curds/sour cream n' chive fries from Saz's,
crushed packs of Pall Malls or half-smoked butts,
fliers from eleven stages advertising Eddie Money, Devo, Pat McCurdy.

Keep eyes forward
for spandexed guts, butts, and thighs
of baby boomers reliving liberal times
forgetting conservative duties:
raising kids
cutting grass
owning homes
keeping the American Dream alive at all costs.

Yet, refusing the refused ground
or dodging muffin tops and beer bellies
leaves one open for attack
from faceless folk riding the multi-colored Sky Glide
who spit on everyone below.

Down here we're all the same victim.