

## Seeing the Famous, Our Desire for Fame

Seeing the famous, our desire for fame  
flares up: match/gas. We are so lonely.  
This is the reason we dream of soirées

of the famous, long for the static electricity  
of rubbed shoulders, the struck tuning fork  
of ice in crystal tumblers punctuating

the anecdote of an ingénue—empty calories,  
intoxicating. Seeing the famous, our desire  
to make it through this life widens

like a curtain on a minimalist set: one chair,  
a table, one lamp. We know enough  
to expect an intermission. A cigarette

can be an island in the Pacific. A drink  
can be a drink. It's then, with our companions,  
that we discuss the famous of film &

television we've seen onstage. Go,  
warm your hands over the little conversations  
concerning the famous, the famous,

like love, a universal language. It's clear  
they have something. What is it? I'm asking you  
who, seeing the famous, think autograph

but act insouciant. Yes, yes. At the next  
table. Did you see them? Tell us  
about the time. It's passing so quickly.

## History Will Remember

maybe not today, but this July,  
surely, the way the city wakes up  
to brunch, the café windows

thrown open to foot traffic.  
It rained overnight. But now sun.  
Or if not this July, certainly the skyline,

the bar graph of midtown, the Empire  
State Building, the Chrysler, all that was  
accomplished. And that we were?

Not we, as in you and me,  
but we all? Impossible  
that the record could be garbled

beyond translation. Centuries on,  
careers will be made retelling  
what's ... sorry, a cabbie's honking

at a bike messenger, and the newsstand  
on the corner's glossy with everything  
you'd ever need to know

about red carpet nip slips, double  
truffle burgers, how soon the West  
Antarctic ice sheet's likely to collapse.

I've got weekend plans. My wife's  
friend's rented a place in the Hamptons  
we could never afford. She doesn't buy

she says, because it'll be under water  
in a decade. I'm hoping, like last year,  
for clear nights. We're crossing through

the Perseids, that annual shower  
of meteors: traces of a comet's tail  
that flared some time ago.