Spring 1993

Zarzyski Curses the Buring of His Bro, Zozobra, Old Man Gloom

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With his red-hot grimace of teeth
glowing like a blast-furnace grate,
with lunacy blazing in his pizza-pan pupils,
and his nose the size of an homo,
this 40-foot marionette could be my clone,
my dismal spitting image, my kindled
kindred spirit. Burning in effigy
for the sixty-first time, he kicks off
Fiesta de Santa Fe—the year’s woes
up in smoke, they say, as Zozobra,
flailing his triple-jointed arms, groans
and explodes. We’re talking hot-foot
gone hubs-of-hell wild, the tipsy crowd cheering
this inferno, this animated Roman candle, and the Fire
Dancer, who torched my somber compadre,
leaping like a maniac-Tinkerbell
dressed in red leotards
beneath a hot shower of debris. Is this Salem
and the Hindenburg revisited? Is this
the gloriously torrid dream
of that Texan daredevil, Red Adair,
OR WHAT! And what in flaming Hades
is wrong with a modicum of melancholy
anyway? Old Zozo—my morose amigo,
my fellow double-Z, fellow last-in-liner
for life’s ration of happy-go-luckiness,
my hibachied hombre in black
bow tie and billowing white cassock—
although my gloom does not yet hold one luminaria
to yours, I'll join you in this toast
the day my Polack-Dago bones and blood
spontaneously combust: here's to our home
in the doldrums; may our ashes,
blowing together as one
dark cloud across the cosmos, drift
down on fiesta-goers
everywhere; may they all burn
from their boisterous, joyful bowels up, hot
tequila-sangria hangovers, long-
smoldering into the heat
of another wonderfully sullen year-after.