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

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Paul Zarzyski

## Zarzyski Curses the Burning of His Bro, Zozobra, Old Man Gloom

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 *horno*,  
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-Tinkerbelle  
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

Paul Zaritsky

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.