

California Dreaming

by Turner Cassity

Capitalism seems to have a need
Each generation for that sacrifice
We always call Poor Little Rich Girl.

Abusive husbands and litigious aunts,
Quack diet doctors, mis-invested trusts,
Harsh flashbulbs of the paparazzi.

We feel conspicuous consumption safe
If Barbara or Gloria or who
Is suffering for our excesses.

Has socialism an equivalent?
Rich Little Poor Girl? No, since lotteries,
As Marx might warn, are to the masses

What seeded claims once were to Gold Rushees,
And, socialism being first a race
To head off fools from folly, outlawed.

That combination's irresistible,
Envy and chance, as Calvin knew. It's why
"Election" offers it both ways.