

Jeremy Engle  
Lives in a tangled  
Rent controlled apartment  
With his communist family  
There are books all around them  
The dining room table is lacquered  
With news clippings  
Yellowing badly  
They argue at dinner  
His brother's friends drop by  
To throw a line in or two  
About Tolstoy  
They all play guitar  
And they're all very far away  
In their own minds  
From the upper west side  
Of manhattan  
I never got past his  
Googly eyes  
That looked at me sadly  
In mocking surprise  
The way a lord looks at his placemat  
Or a stain on his tie  
It never happened for me  
And Jeremy Engle though  
Wanted to step through that portal  
And try on that other dimension  
Of high high browism  
Jeremy's hair and brow  
Grow very high  
And no not I  
I'm more of a napkin  
Not blessed with the vision  
Beyond how I'm matching  
The china and wine  
Now there are the Engles  
Skewering Lenin  
And chewing through  
Six pounds of venison  
Thigh that they shot up  
In upstate New York  
At their uncle's  
Jeremy needs me  
To wipe off his eye  
Some gelatinous thingy  
That his brother's rebuttaling  
Mouthful let fly  
Sometimes all you need is a napkin  
Sometimes all you need is a napkin