State of the Union

Ted Doty*
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Through conditioned reflex action,
like the sweep of hand to mouth,
are mortal morsels swept with passion
to the Mecca in the South.

Young scientists and engineers
surge through the hungry, flapping lips.
Gods threaten them with silent jeers
so they avoid those brazen pips.

Cynic profs so prone to mock,
(like working men) head to this spot
not burdened with a ten o'clock,
and don’t say much, but talk a lot.

So coffee black in toast they drink
lest they take time out to think.