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(B) THE MELANCHOLY OF THE EXTRA TERRESTRIALS

Most of us who have insinuated ourselves
into their workdays and country clubs
come home at night and immediately take out

our little radios, and report to the mother ship
that our accents had been perfect, our manners
seamless and undetectable. I, for one, have lived

for such praise. We'd look at each other,
honored to be serving our planet, then break
out a bottle of something, and toast to seats

on school boards, and to those future sinecures
of leverage in local government. To what end?
That was only hinted at. Blend in, the elders told us,

be effective. When history becomes a subject
at any gathering, remember to have sympathy
for the indians, mild disapproval for the colonists,

and do try to be neutral whenever the talk turns
to outer space. It was good advice, ~~But~~ the cost

lower case "i"

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