

When Occupy Venice began,  
military intelligence, thinking forwardly,  
sent the reserves forgotten by paperwork submitted in  
triplicate.

So while thousands flooded Italian canals  
and chastised sun-wrinkled gondoliers for their  
extravagances,  
men beach-landed in California in fatigues two sizes too  
large

and shoes without laces,  
armed to their bleached teeth.  
They forced the smug palm trees to their un-smudged knees  
and buried muzzles in their trunks to trigger weeping.

In pairs, they dug foxholes for the skaters to ollie over  
and picked fights with bodybuilders looking for something  
to rage on.

They rounded up poodles on leashes, asking for  
identification,  
and imprisoned grunion in sandcastles

without due process.

When it rained,  
which it never did,  
raindrops played "The Star-Spangled Banner" on their  
helmets,  
and it sounded like a drinking song.

Every morning,  
they picked up litter  
and played basketball,  
shirts versus skins.

All of this is classified and redacted  
except for all of this

Lloyd Aquino