

Titanic

Probably nothing bad will happen
but to be safe we turn the ship around.
One by one the monarchies
fall because of ill-concealed
affaires with dancers from the Balkans.
One by one the great estates
of the Argentine sell off polo ponies.
Workers in the dawn in their clogs on their way
to the mill fall weeping,
unwilling; Social Democrats demand measures.
Suffragists invade the Houses of Parliament,
find them vacant, are seated.
No one dies
of boredom. Dracula and Moriarty
pursue, undeterred, their efforts. In their vests and high collars,
the Nietzscheans gradually retire,
ill-humored for not having seen
the Superman; when at last he appears,
it's another American.

*Frederick Pollack is the author of two book-length narrative poems, **The Adventure** (Story Line Press, 1986) and **Happiness** (Story Line Press, 1998), and two collections, **A Poverty of Words** (Prolific Press, 2015) and **Landscape with Mutant** (Smokestack Books, 2018). In print, Pollack's work has appeared in *Hudson Review*, *Southern Review*, *Salmagundi*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *Manhattan Review*, and elsewhere. Online, his poems have appeared in *Big Bridge*, *Diagram*, *BlazeVox*, and elsewhere.*



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