

JASON

Bryce Christensen

Helmsman for drunks, Jason laughs at his friends.
Herc heaves out the side; Nesty roars delight.
Booze flows, coke fumes—this is how college ends
for sons of the rich, never forced to fight
to capture the wealth they waste in the night.
The journey is over, the sheepskins new,
Trophies for frat brats who barely squeaked through.

A business-ed major soon yoked the beast
corralled in the glow of monitor fields.
Schooled to turn profits, the mind has been creased,
plowed for quick planting and quarterly yields.
T-shirts came cheap with academic shields:
Trial by professor brought boredom at cost,
A trifling with interests, by degree lost.

Jason's girl, Meddy, instructed him well
in glandular frenzy and fevered kiss,
shortcuts to rapture—sans hymeneal.
Proferring her body for Friday night bliss,
Med took her thrills, expected no promise.
“My daughter, remember . . .” Father implored—
She cashed his checks and charitably whored.

Captain of revelers in riotous crew,
Proud Jason guides Argo in giddy race:
At home waits a new BMW,
a chariot fit for its reserved place,
saved for a broker with pedigreed face.
Suburbia's hero claims wheels for show,
while tenement boys watch dragons' teeth grow.

“Jason” © 2007 by Bryce Christensen

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 4 No. 4 2007