

Sean Meggeson

Ron McJohnnyson

Do I know you?
For helvede, your name sounds—
We must have met.
Maybe it was in—
darkness,
or was it—
at a food truck
somewhere in—
Dumbo?
Waiting for fries—
and mayo?

Your goddamn name!
You were—
Someone we all—
One big role
in the 80s and then—
(like Fred Dryer in *Hunter*).

May I call you—
Ronny?
Like I know you—
and we have history.

I won't tarry—
I'll nod—
Show you
some teeth.

Here—
gimme a fast side-hug—
ya fantastic, footballin' fuck.

Nice—
talkin'!

Po' Tommy McNopedong

I know your name
is not your name.

The rumor goes,
you had a—
cough—
slip
listening to—
(really?) AC/DC.

minute-five
into “Thunderstruck.”¹
God—
totally—
cut off?

I'm glad you've made
a career out of it.
Your name is on-brand, but
my question is:
what were you thinking?
Out there, that blazing day—
dancing—
with a straight razor
in your birthday suit?

Was it the tune's mania?
The masturbatory intro?
Ayahuasca gone wrong?
Does it—
still hurt?
Existentially—
or otherwise.
Sorry—

¹ AC/DC. 1990. “Thunderstruck.” Track 1 on *The Razors Edge*. Albert, ATCO, LP.

Do you—
miss it?

Asking,
for the sake
of loss itself.

Can you still sing
and dance, my po' friend?

Can I—
seriously, now—
take a look
to see
what's not
there?