Moonwalking on a June Thursday
Jessica Gonsoulin

The heat cooked the moon like an omelet.
Bernie Madoff stood trial.
Farah Fawcett died in the morning—
Resulting in surprise, but not mayhem;
Dispelling rumors she would live forever.
The news spread quickly by text and Twitter.
What was I doing when I heard?
Watching Headline News, of course.
Next Michael Jackson died.
His doctor disappeared and was located.
The police declared him a material witness.
The autopsy concluded cardiac arrest—
but wait four weeks until the toxicology test results: Demerol?
Election riots in Iran were forgotten as were the further deaths
of Ed McMahon and Billy Mays.
Old albums flew off the shelves,
putting an incidental dent
in Michael’s mounting pile of bills.
A choir of questions and answers ascended.
Who is the mother of Prince II?
Who will get custody of the kids?
Will Michael and Farah meet in heaven?
Spontaneous memorial services took place around the world. Fans gathered together to celebrate, dancing at the death of Michael Jackson and themselves.