Russian America

Unkillable as Elvis or as Shiva,
Underneath the frozen Neva
Out to open sea Rasputin swims,
Arriving, after certain days, in Sitka,
Via Murmansk nd Kamchatka,
There to re-indulge his many whims

On wives of Eskimos and Tucson widows
Off of cruise ships. Can what shadows
Now be private eye, not KGB?
Or has the FBI become Okhrana?
Edgar Hoover, prima donna
That he was, would have been first to see

A kindred spirit in the monk, and worry
Lest he come someday to curry
Favor in the White House. After all,
Is there much difference between Onassis
Toppling Camelot and crises
Whose sexy scandals were the Empire's fall?

If Sitka is St. Petersburg in little--
Its logo samovar, not kettle--
So, as once the spider was Arachne,
He the starets, drunken orgy over,
May yet be body in the river:
Seward's Folly's Mary Jo Kopechne?