

Fortune Reader, 2012 Oil on Canvas, 59.5 x 48 in

ROBERT HERSHON Billy and Clark



COURTESY THE ARTIST

Robert Hershon's fourteenth book, *Freeze Frame*, is due this fall from Pressed Wafer. His most recent collection, *Goldfish and Rose*, came out in 2013. Hershon's work has appeared in *The Nation, Poetry 180, Vanitas*, and many other magazines and anthologies. He has won two fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts and three from the New York Foundation for the Arts. He has been co-editor of Hanging Loose Press since 1966.

Billy Batson the crippled newsboy became Captain Marvel simply by saying Shazam!—S for Socrates H for Hercules, A for Albert Pujols Z for Zero Mostel etc. and that always seemed far more efficient than running into a phone booth to emerge as Superman Besides, there aren't any phone booths left no place to leave all those green suits Goodwill probably has rack after rack of barely worn green suits but no takers

On the other hand

there are no more newsboys either like the one in San Francisco who was shouting The body's been found! The body's been found! What body? my friend asked *Anybody*, wise guy. The body's been found!

Superman and Batman and various clans of specialized talents who can turn themselves into fire or mercury or strawberry jam are still with us avenging whatever the hell they need to avenge but Captain Marvel and Mary Marvel and Captain Marvel Junior are long gone, not killed by grizzled bad guys but condemned by the courts which declared that the Captain was a ripoff of Superman's copyright and could no longer go streaking across the skies in his orange costume

Actually they've been living in my basement all these years, afraid to go out lest they be zapped by the law. I join them from time to time and we cower together around the old furnace Billy Batson occasionally reappears but it's hard to stand on the corner hawking CNN and Fox News.

Everybody's already heard all the news, all of it, all the news