

New Year's Ledger 2014

This year's celeb dead tallied, catalogued, glossy
as we near the finish line. Never mind

the ongoing wars (nom du jour conflicts)
the confusing acrostic of factions, fractions,

acronyms, each with its signature violence.
This week, an auld lang syne to the top

twenty most popular bygone, vanished
from the cul-de-sac of an era. This year's

exception to type, war reporter James Foley:
beheaded celebrity.

No matter how famous,

you have to drop dead by the deadline.
If you sip your last breath between Christmas

and New Year's, you slide like a coin
into a meter that eats what it's fed between

this year and next. If you're still on the grid
of the living, the list's unavoidable, sung from

each hillside, poured through ear buds or
cued up on coffee tables. Gone Ms. BeCALL's

Belarus glamour my mother copied.
Gone Shirley Temple (FDR's little darling)—