Jacques Cousteau filmed a lot of fish.
Jacques Pepin cooked a lot of food.

Jack, in the beanstalk, felt his camera
Might provide just enough evidence to convict.

Jack Lord’s hurricane eye bore sugar,
While Jake, a snake, pinned his opposition.

Wouldn’t John rather? An evil clown,
Working the vending machines, one & another

Lever, the top down, John? Its flashlight
Peeing under the square & down around the toes

Where brother Jack sleeps & arched & dreaming
Of vermin rustling over, collects bits

Of sand & dialogue he otherwise might
Have employed when waking, carry

A pail to the top of the hill, bite down
Hard enough to break magnet’s polarity.