

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/3

Chris Hughes
Poem to Cooks

*'...Jesus saw the multitudes were hungry
and said, oh lord,
send down a short order cook.'
-Anne Sexton*

Your wife waters the garden
you chop onions and herbs
to sauté filets of chicken with

The Sunset stains the countertop
where flowers leave a silence
that deafens arithmetic

Time to cook for chefs is a leisourous thing
An unspoken favor is expressed
as You become yourself overtime

And you believe in meditation
because you are no longer harmless
and fence in your garden

Every night your wife watches television
and every morning takes the train
to be a nurse and a person

You come home later
and meditate in the parlor
to watch yourself disappear on the wall

Your inspiration comes from within
you have traveled the world
to find that out and now you have

you have mastered the language of yourself
and that is all

The Red in Me

*'If you want to know the taste of a pear,
you must change it, that is,
you must chew it in your mouth'
-Mao Zedong*

However seldom there is chance or indication
of a dimming of the imagination
—the resentment of the childhood self
that suffocates the spirit—
you must annihilate this oppression
with every thing you own—
including ! the body and soul
because to me— to you
everyone in the west
has all but lost this war

But when you read these poems
I wish for them to feel as I
slap you on the back
and say 'Comrade, the war
has just begun!'
why must I write — for fun
(this maybe, the words comes easily)
but revolution is far more
when one is queer

Leave your keys. your amplifier and beer.
Go to Maharashtra or Jakarta. Go to Columbia
or Palestine— go to Syria.

leave your friends and family, they think
you're a fag anyhow