

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Peter Magliocco
Inchoate Chaos

They take the bough from shallow edges
 Of desire's inchoate chaos
& cut the tree again. Life falling
 Through a sieve of flawed crystal
Hemming you in: once in a crap game
 You gambled your life away
 Not wanting it back.

Burn that digital camera, too, or freeze
In ether these time-ruined images
Of ourselves disporting like French lovers
In a Truffaut film, unmarred by color.

Dear Ex-, you had the requisite abortion
 & took it better than I did.
 Imperfect male
Dreaming of scientifically enhanced progeny,
Or the power to free grace
>From the arms of love

Severed
By the tree
Surgeons.

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3 Ways to Pronounce "The Truth" With a Missing Tongue

1.

The lies of modern times
Overwhelm those of greater antiquity,
Propelling all words media-wrought
Into a common electronic dram-thought
Sometimes devoid of meaningful outcome.

2.

outside the realm of verbal parapsysics
must linger the truth of sorts, medley
of Titanic retro-propulsions
parsing currents aqua-wrung –
remnants like underwater petroglyphs
swallowed whole by Melville's whale
or etched on its innards in Technicolor –
traces that crowned Crane's lips
scribble verses around a blowhole
 spouting: *The Word*
(at long last the coming of fish prophets)

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3.

On Baghdad streets of blood

A dark waif-woman, she, wanted to shout

The truth of all lies from broken teeth,

Then raze treachery from sounds

Belittling music with their rocket glare.

Tell me of her desire's eradication of thought

Over the fine-veined skin those brutal hands

Of stray soldiers in raping, singed –

While I, a continent away,

Banished her words of the heart's rationalization

Never whispered on tongues of missing dead.