

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

*Dennis Herrell*

### **Donating My Organs**

How was my liver  
did you like it fried  
with onions  
a nice saute  
I treated it right  
avoided booze and bad oysters

and my kidneys  
how were they  
sliced thin  
a gentle cook in butter till pink  
except for one stone  
they executed all their functions

of the thymus I suppose  
I now have none  
and not sure what it  
had done as daily work  
but would have gladly given  
for your sweetbread repast

about my intestinal stomach wall  
of which I have mixed feelings  
as it did about me too many times  
even though it had gourmet treats  
I donate it with some suspicion  
of its use in menudo and such tripe

not my heart  
although it has served me well  
with hardly a physical fault or break  
it has been such a sentimental  
romantic fool I cannot send it out for fear  
of innocents ingesting its silly potions.

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### Memo to

Mr. BVD Mr. Hanes Mr. Jockey Mr. Fruit of the Loom  
and other sadists.

Have you ever heard of the word creep  
or perhaps crawl

in connection with the word crack?

These words are associated

with the specific actions

of adjusting pulling tugging twisting

by people

unfortunately

caught in the cruel grasp of your underworld

underthings.

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VISION

It  
  came  
    to  
      me  
       when

HAND

I  
  took  
    my  
      hand

SUN

Held  
  it  
    toward  
      the  
       sun

PEACE

And  
  found  
    peace

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### Wordsmith

If I could smith it out,  
hammer truth from the rough ore  
of a politician's speech,

find sense and form in one bird  
out of the flight of words  
fleeing the coldness of his mouth,

somehow parse the restless rhetoric  
into a new equation of noun and verb  
leading to a direct object,

I might find my way through the fog of government.