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.
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.
VISION

It
came
to
me
when

HAND

I
took
my
hand

SUN

Held
it
toward
the
sun

PEACE

And
found
peace
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.