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Poems

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Justin Vitiello

From: *Suicide of an Ethnic Poet*

I

I succubated sometimes -
dont ask me how or when -
essentialists and ideologues
are more versed
in opportune
mystifying.

Their flayingly bamboozing,
unctuous vacuity
is what they inflict
and mummifunct
for their immorphallity
in those *je ne sais quoi*
when they redescend
from frights we dare not scale
to hyper-charge us with
abstractibullities that
defunct us perfunctorily.

II

Me, hybrid
of oxymora -
gladly glandular
just to be (come) -
moron because utopian -
have no idea how
or where to baste
any cross-stitch
in the stuff of angels or angles.

For an idolcide who
strives to spiral the square
and dreams of outdreaming Daedalus
it all winds and ravel,
unravels and frays:
sleet, slush, ice-floes
where the strands
of land and sea
are no great shakes,
no fear and trembling,
just winces of a cosmos
melting and freezing over . . .

III

. . . as world and viscera
drift toward abulia.

IV

To learn to swim again
I tarry at a bay window
turning away
from the sub-urb where
I'll never belong.

V

Nothing will be mine
for I've grown
in too many labyrinths
where I've cut threads
and killed no beasts
but my own.

VI

I watch the thaw,
watch the rains fall,
the river swell,
overwhelm thoroughfares,
and I rejoice that
she still recoils
to reclaim what
she is and isn't.

VII

Sunset streaks
the muddy lake red.

I watch it ripple
with the gray-blue bridge
miscarriaging the skyscrapers.

VIII

I have been through
deaths as virtual
as the cybernetic skyline
and like Houdinis
after Hiroshimas
have found the trick exit

from the abysses
in my radio-active skull . . .

who knows in what
or whose names

Abominable Snowman

Abominable snowman,
I tumbled
in grappa avalanches,
distilling a dim past
across ice-floes.

high in a deep freeze
cleansing my city
where, luckily, for once,
when the boilers blew,
our fireplaces still worked . . .

As a transpiring child
I loved to play Dead Duck:
falling backward to leave
in virgin snowdrifts
perfect impressions
of my abused body.

Like faith in
reindeers and gods,
it never seemed to work
for DOG, spelled backwards,
means

KILL IN MY NAME.

So I surrendered
to the nameless flux,
content to leave
my paw prints only
where wolves dont
fear to tread
and where seas leave
their own solutions.

Up, Away and Back?

Skyscraper Icarus lofted
from his guinea ghetto.
He was the culprit who
demolished his walls and refused
to drown where he plummeted!

He sailed to Spain
to pass for Guatemalan,
flew to Rome
to pass for Neapolitan,
crashlanded white
mid gypsies, lepers, levitators,

relaunched outrunning
incubi of ethnocides
to plunge back into
ancestral Oscan seas,
excavate volcanoes, speak
their tongues of flames and salts
where, cauterized,
their pristine LOGOS
meant radices of NEAPOLIS.