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The Poem as a Private Persecutor

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THE POEM AS A PRIVATE PERSECUTOR

Despair, the poem says to its victim, was what you wanted from the start. You wanted the toy, the cloth animal you’d fondled from childhood to turn real. You wanted a real lover now who could enter you live and lash your blood till your haven of bone shattered to fragments.

And of course, the poem pontificates, you found her. She was there when you looked. (I helped you look.) Destiny, poem wagging a finger, is nothing but what your whole life asks for.

Go straight to hell, thinks the victim, and turns a bare back to the poem though not so abruptly as to risk whipping.

THE POEM OUT ON A NIGHT MISSION

He stands in the abrupt night of her door, the poem standing beside him, anxious. With erect fist he pounds at her wooden body. Open up, you bitch, my love, damn you, open yourself up, you sweet bitch. (What language for a lover, grumbles the poem, shivering.)