2008

Memento Mori

Chris Hosea

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6550

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
CHRIS HOSEA

Memento Mori

The head rolls like a ship.
Ideas scatter across the deck.
With only the captain aboard, is mutiny possible?

The head is a prehistoric egg
drifted from Madagascar, land of the baobab.
No incubator will quicken it.

The head contains an empty theater.
On screen a sex scene is looped.
No climax but thrust upon thrust.

Electrical conductors are fastened to the head,
arms and legs strapped to a gurney.
The patient’s pleas go ignored.

The head is a deluxe console.
All that enters is filtered.
Tone: Volume: Contrast: Brightness.

Seen from inside, the head
is the largest space in the universe.
Photographs are a crime against perspective.

The head is a revolving hotel restaurant.
The fattest patron wears a gun beneath his arm,
its holster wet with sweat.

The head is a rotting archive
where a wounded lover recites his diary
to a daydreaming stenographer.

160