

Peter Magliocco

Exposure of the Narcissist

& Life is like
being inside a Helmut Newton photography,
yet the glamour of nude femmes
is sometimes intangible: I grope anyway
for objects film-ennobled
licking the candied crimson high
heels on feet of his braless dancer.
Is this kinkiness or the beginning
of aesthetic freedoms? The night
bathes itself with insinuating radiances
cast by our ubiquitous city lights,

so that each hour dulls the silvery
sheen of incomparable skin.
I do not suspend the sexuality
of the tripod, but uphold it
against my groin, splaying nuts
in the negative entrapping me
into a frame's sudden blindness

as I take my umbilical walk
through the dark vacuum, Time
like an evanescent nothingness I covet
brings me to tranny flashes
of strewn bodies, doll-like, in
proverbial glistening blood-pools
interspersed with starkly twisted
& detached car metal, still smoking.
Don't moan with whiskey
or the half-dreams of cats
when (out of Poe's one crepuscular orb)
you sense my biomorphic presence
in the makeshift Halloween costume
resembling the horny Green Hornet's
on methamphetamines. Squeezing hoary gas
from your last good orifice, Helmut
comes the wheezing truth-of-ages,

an apostate paparazzo
in drag

crashing your last party.

Non-Parable T.V. Enzyme #02

there in the ultimate truth
 of psycho-genetic restructuring
 deep in the spiral of ordinary night
 where laws disbar freedom of speech
 modified by policalese & new-speak
 X-Presidents in Mar-a-lago must testify

you casually comment
 (during the talk show commercials
 while we nervously waited,
 surrounded by a conservative audience
 chewing on government bonds & bones):

“now onto false gods
 do I swear
 amnesia
 even now, with the court t.v. reporter
 slaving over me & Stormy,
 recording all the sordid facts.
 There is nothing left
 of the media truth
 after it’s been married to daily agony
 -- & like the plummet
 of stone birds
 from the hyperion’s bent galaxy,
 my love for her
 still breathes in crevices
 of dead memory
 the witch doctors
 program”

as we listened to a homeless man
 tell the talk show host
 that bums made great Presidents

poem for my mother

and the sea crosses the dreaming woman’s back
 before she drowns
 in interstices of my fantasy,
 before I steal her embryonic reliquary
 where my other life lies

the unborn one conceding
a brotherly & sisterly self
nature miscarried with its zeal
for perverse presentiments

like the musing woman's bare back
turned towards me as she dresses
slowly, deliberately, before the mirror
reflects her cosmetic applications

for the waking ritual of femininity
is hard to perfectly cultivate,
even for her small son's eyes
wondering at her adult largeness

while she swims in our shared narcissism
my eyes become her mercury
prolonging each attention to detail
devouring sweet infinity

as my impatient wisecracking
impels her to angrily grip the hand mirror
before tearfully throwing it my way
& severing the thread of our attachment

no desperate love holds fast
to part this spell's sad longing
imprisoned like animal silence
in our new born breed undying

About the Poet

Peter Magliocco writes from Las Vegas, Nevada, where he has been active in the small press as editor, writer, and artist for several years. A multiple nominee for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net, he has written poems in "I Am Not A Silent Poet," "Poetic Diversity," "Midnight Lane Boutique," "Word Dish," "Literary Yard," and elsewhere. His most recent poetry book is *Poems for the Downtrodden Millennium* from The Medulla Review Publishing.