

## Peter Magliocco

### On Hearing of Gunther Grass' Nazi Past

Old father, you covered wartime evil  
under the sanctified military decoration  
purpling your brave heart, shielding it  
almost from a lifetime's worth  
of slow accusation and the truth  
vining its factual spawn across  
your body's human cross  
years splintered with tears  
of rain, blood, & mildewed sweat  
a generation of thieves brought forth  
above the silencing whisper of history  
seeding not the fallen olive tree  
branches driven back into dark seas  
where betrayed comrades drowned  
preserving Hitler's act of old cowardice  
for the wordless unseeing depths  
inhabited now by their sightless brood  
invisible to some deaf goodness  
the swimming martyrs still salute  
entombed in sunken ship remnants  
corroded by nature's draping way  
a god's heart the size of a star fish  
slowly crawls from your primal lungs  
oozing with spent yesterdays  
of time's forgiving

## My Gnat's Voyeur Eye

In Baudelaire's hashish dreams of Paris  
the late 1980s come to a close for me, yet I see  
more than mundane history wedged between cobblestones  
faces of time trod over, the limb of sexual device  
spasms into a weltered core of another oneiric space,  
drawing me a horny stick figure on Picasso's canvas  
during a blue period's winter thrash -- too numb  
for a model fuck with undouched mistresses  
prancing on Charles' evil carnation tatters  
in a dim atelier, wooden-floored, where years  
later, the nuclear-splitting of figural essences  
gives way to the modern age -- & I cringe  
before those mountainous slopes of Stein  
shoulders, hear Cocteau's querulous admonitions  
to keep my muddied soldier's boots away  
from the magic carpet of Man Ray's dreams;  
avoid Dali's cursing or Breton's stare  
of hauteur cutting bone-deep fissures  
across my artificial sternum, before  
exploding (with laser-guided precision)  
as one final crimson ray into the Seine?  
Now these years of my lost fantasies  
vanish slowly, daily, in the smoky epiphany  
of another era's majestic personages  
rendered sketchily -- in ash -- for ultimate  
configuration of Art's big bang  
in my gnat's voyeur-eye.

## Cat Up a Tree

In lands made pagan by brash desire,  
in symphonies of sheetmetal  
cascading in killer waves around us

I sit baking on the porch  
draining the last Bud, T-shirt peeled off  
& nudie belly pregnant with fatty  
tissue spilling (like crazy putty) over the belt

dreaming

of the secret sins only movie stars create  
which foolishly we ape, & emulate,  
so that modern literature can fit  
inside the glossy pages of a Hollywood zine  
reeking with sex pictures, & I wonder  
after a time  
why the squirrels don't commit suicide:

why

the crimson sunset still  
appears greater than any digital copy.  
I yet draw the cartoon figure of a cat:  
these words are its contour, a fur of verbiage  
to miaow-out during any vain literary grooming,  
as it aspires for the highest, most edible bird  
of axiomatic truth stuck on unreachable branches  
across history's proverbial dawn, until  
an evolutionary marriage with mankind  
produces this surrogate offspring,  
how artfully human,

namely me.

Drunkenly I rip off the gold nipple rings  
from the karmic entity-of-self,  
realizing the goddess haunting me

is the female impersonator's image  
on my computer screen's vanity mirror  
the next beer can is thrown at.

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PETER MAGLIOCCO edits the lit-zine ART:MAG from Las Vegas, Nevada...  
He's had poetry at places like THUNDER SANDWICH, LILY, UNLIKELY  
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