

Revenge for the Insides

Revenge for the insides, the scream
 of friends who lie with the
 foetus of indecision, distrust,
 friends who gnaw at their insides, hoping
 to free the human, who hope to walk it
 down streets, unrecognized,
 unattacked, rewarded. Revenge from the insides
 in those who live with the unaborted, the still-born,
 the saved-from-the-media cartilage, the
 unartistic lump called future.
 Anger is this waste in the gut, this mountain of
 waste we should stock and charge admission to.
 A thousand volumes of Germaine Greer and Henry Miller
 won't help. This is dead stuff, the insides.
 For xmas, we should package it and send it off
 to one another, nursing each other's dead, soulfully.
 This is not woman's ground, this is not manly;
 this is chopped wings, a head of hair on a shrunken head,
 This is social change, the bent nails;
 this is reading a lot and starving,
 a class problem; this is not reading the fine print.
 It's called middle age, or an urban problem.
 There are more serious things, like dying suddenly
 instead of slowly. The insides are revenging, like
 stomach acid, a barometer of ideas, a guinea pig.
 This is how half the world loses faith, without
 torture or firing squads. This is the blunt head
 of civilization. This is not as easy as an airlift,
 or loosening immigration standards. This is evolution
 going down on itself. There are movies of this,
 some social tracts and much discredited literature.
 This is bourgeois, self-indulgent and a little
 narcissistic. This is a cerebral concern. Die.

Pier Giorgio Di Cicco