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The Logic of Desire

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THE LOGIC OF DESIRE

Sean Brendan-Brown

Wet concrete, coal-smutted dark, phlegm of drunks
soft underfoot like slugs, impure drugs striking all the beautiful
things you swallowed them for lurid, retched—skull-white flower
boxes,
collapsed saxophonist fetal around the instrument case, black wingtip
to tip with the dark heavy cop shoes—wastes out of a bandbox—he's
dead
you say leavetheoldmutherfucker but when the wagon comes
he dances a jig with the saxophone, singing into his wristbone:

Imitation teaches language, evasion, perversion, survival,
killing, which fork impales the lettuce, when to applaud,
defensive driving, rhetoric, ambition, whom to rival,
faith, disbelief, the Great Chain of Being from God to clod

Forty-seven miles of train escapes you into a Wonderland of unseeing
where things lay down to die like they're supposed to into the humus
human—skin jaundiced orange of pumpkins, face winesap-red, hair
worm
brown. Where the landscape is an air-locked trough the grating tooth
rumbles and ruptures, and the angels you called quality control
experts steel-
seated naked and demure in refrigerated dark for identification but
when you
enter sadly and brush the soiled wingtips they shriek and sing:

Imitation teaches language, evasion, perversion, survival,
killing, which fork impales the lettuce, when to applaud,
defensive driving, rhetoric, ambition, whom to rival,
faith, disbelief, the Great Chain of Being from God to clod

Drugged dreamer, someday you won't wake entirely: the logic of
desire,
the geometry of withdrawal: braincrashed into *saecula saeculorum*,
amen.

Broken sparrow in the cat's mouth,
its dying eyes rolling through the tooth-cage
triggers your first morning mayhem. Your eyes, daydream lacerated
go blank on Jesus needlepoints and HOMESWEETHOME
hieroglyphics.

The rest of us read about you or see you at 11 o'clock or step over you
on the way upstairs with meat & vodka: chalked hand puppets of
blood,

Naugahyde slashed into the shapes of nations—TANTALIZER:
bridegroom of the soul, scarlet pinned butterfly
slipping down four walls. TANTALIZER:
Brother welcome to today.