

## THE LOGIC OF DESIRE

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*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:

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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.