

“Iphigenia Amerrique”

He is so close, the smell of granite
the glacier water of his eye
the insane stone of his flesh

the vein with his soul
about to explode
the left side of his face
impenetrable rock
so streaked with anger
so creased with age
so set with fear
so impotent with rage
so sexual Father

trying to speak

the unspeakable

his arm, his leg, his soul
flying out
unpredictable
lethal, out of
control

a good man
a great man
the man I love most

so evil
his State
all we have constructed
in the name of eros and civilization
personality
desire become habit become stone
so as not to know, not to ever
know

I move closer to him. I see
that he loves me. How much
I love him. Tell me,
Father, what
is wrong?

My terror that he will answer
is as great as his terror
he will speak
I know what he wants to say
What I cannot bear
to hear

the only knowledge
that can save us

my question
his answer