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Carnage

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Carnage

Clusters of overripe grapes.
A Greek chorus.
Dancing cupids covered
in flowing pink clouds.
ROMANS reciting Catullus.
Or the *Song of Solomon*
as read by Mother Theresa
might have been, at one time, fitting.
But now it's just you, me
And Madonna on the set
and some stained white sheets
(Plain. --not silk or satin).

And we writhe.
As jungle-drum hearts beat around
A brew of bubbling-over emotions.
And we whisper Typeean pygmy nymphs dancing
In the light of the flickering flames--
Dark tattooed bodies spinning beneath
The shadows of the breadfruit trees.
Feet, arms, hands, fingers, eyes all spirally gyrate
Generating *cannibal thoughts*,
Evolutionary movements
In which they slice us with smiles
And bind our bodies with our senses still bleeding,
Dripping kisses into the sacrificial cauldron
Cut by an edge of humanity
We should've fled from in terror.
But, we, the bloody tourists
Had to snap another roll
Of primal combustion
For widespread tabloid circulation
and, instead, tripped over some branches
and
fell in love.

Jeff Fowler
RC '91

Candidate for the Margaret Haley Carpenter Prize for Poetry