

Vincent Carotenuto

And Love of Country  
With Those High School Tines  
of Phileia, Agape, and Eros,  
the Classic Prongs of Love  
During Lunch Period

I'm just another Homer.  
This thrilling enflaming of them,  
and chilling,  
perky mercenary, inimical prick,  
groaning benches of jerk,  
the pierce of ass,  
young those jovial dog-eyed  
smirking, regal, careful, merciless,  
peerlessly exquisite  
pointed life's death work  
laying out feasters, compatriots, guests,  
bite-hot warriors,  
igniters of innocence,  
burning boys,  
now vets in their last sweat  
my icing kisses,  
sweet peak confection concoction,  
perfect  
of last wine best banquet life wedding death lust  
ceremonious, sacrificial,  
"dense penned stags sparse showered of slow,  
penetrating discreet rain of arrows,  
bone cold between shoulder blades, into livers,  
into living riches  
leap against the walls in vain"  
teeming brawl of surplus bridegroom,  
drunken with fear, hungry with anger,  
feeding up with death,  
sweet licking,  
"spilling life juice,  
chewing the wood of the tabletop,"  
breaking their manly teeth  
on the dining hall's suspended, hard, stone  
fundamentum,  
of King and Queen I sing.

Author's note: The quoted lines are more or less from a passage of a poem, probably a translation of Homer's *Odyssey*, that I read decades ago. I can't for certain recall the title or author, but the imagery is very memorable.

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