

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 6 | 1997

Constrictor
Clayton Eshleman

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CONSTRUCTOR

The old boy's club of the bad in cog with the old boy's club of the good, the thugs intent upon natal revenge, as tight as a green rose, create their shadow brothers, the detectives intent upon secondary revenge, in whose basement is the same natal plight, these two knots of men coiling through history, the Mafia and the police, the vampire and the clergyman, the Devil and God, constrictors around the bodies of women, their women, of children, their children, the detective sits up in bed, it's his monthly period, gush of nightmare, constrictor of male bonding, binding, male moulting, Sepik Delta painted men jacking off in a circle, tight circle, no escape for the malefic fly that if not let out will rot into the men its egg power, its maggot beauty, to be reborn as sacred killer, sacred defender, constrictor of the womanless male knot, the need to sacrifice, to turn the victim into sacred property, the toes of the lynched offered for sale, roasted liver of a black boy, trophy streaming with the dead peacock eyes now of amazonal foliage, knot worked as a cud, buddy love in which killing replaces buggery, thwarted male Eros, Germanic morning of armies like fire ants moving through the edible forest of cities, the man who would saw his face off before he would kiss another man, the woman who arrived at the back alley abortion room with eight feet of her intestines in a paper sack.