

1992

For This and Much Beyond This Poem

Matt Wanat
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Wanat, Matt (1992) "For This and Much Beyond This Poem," *Exile*: Vol. 39 : No. 1 , Article 41.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol39/iss1/41>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

For This and Much Beyond This Poem

Not for the intercourse catharsis of illusionary love,
Not for to be on top for not to see the blade above,
Not to touch Medussa's Aphrodite mask with a rubber glove,

It's not for these lies that I need you.

You're a morning glory passing lattice, gutter, and pinnacle weather vain.
You're a thin but stout gladolia standing in the rain.
You're an aloe plant from Eden to stop the burning spotlight pain.
But to say you're just a plant is insane.
You're a coffee cup. I'm floating down the drain.

For this and much beyond this poem,
I love you.

Not for the turnipless diet kiss that leaves one breathless on the stairs,
Not for the rolling pin necklaced bliss that makes the restless leave their
lairs,
Not for the pick-up truck lap cozy that makes the reckless say, "Who
cares?!"

It's not for fairy tales that I read you.

Newton and I know a feather is as solid as a rock.
You're a relic in the attic in a hope chest in a sock.
You're the only door to perception that doesn't have a lock.
I don't even ever have to knock.
You are Quasimodo. I am at the chopping block.

For this and much beyond this poem,
I love you.

Not for the skeleton crewman's blinding flask of bitter Victory Gin,
Not for Napoleon the pig with Charles F. Kane's chin,
Not for to be their elephant killer and to lose Rosebud for their sin,

It's not to be regurgitated on that I feed you.

We both feed one another and on each other we depend.
My poetry to your nonjudgemental confessional I send.
You're a laughing and weeping willow, both solid and at bend.

You are the beginning until the end.
Only peace, hope, love, and you will I defend.

For this and much beyond this poem,
I love you.

Not for the key to Emerald city the forefathers of Spartacus built,
Not to hold the handle, while Harry is carried on the hilt,
Not to wear ripped jeans, a coat and tie, a jersey, or a kilt,

It's not into these valleys I will lead you.

You're a shepherd, a coyote, a sheepdog, and a sheep.
You're an inner soul stabilizing pressures in the deep.
You're a silver platter answer dressed as an Alcapulco leap.
You're a place to sow and a place to reap.
You're seeded dreams where corpse collages heap.

For this and much beyond this poem,
I love you.

Not for the Church of Those Who Do Lunch With Christ in the medium
strip,
Not for a pair of loaded dice, or an honest coin to flip,
Not for pathetic inebriation with every giggling sip,

It's not for these Sahara igloos that I heed your call.

You're a magic firefly in nocturnal Usher's hall.
You're a packless wolf and a pack leader's call.
You are Socrates and Shakespeare with a southern drawl.
You're open range horses, you're a Universe, a wall.
In vertigo pillow paintings, you're a bed on which to fall.

For this and much beyond this poem,
I love you.

-Matt Wanat '95