

Mario Petrucci

lovechild

why call such so?—as though
those unwild with gritted
veins & leaden

heart who
grind out one &
then the next from little

more than crusts dunked in rusted
offal beneath incessant
cloud with her

face set in
brick & his every
lifeline smutched with damp

dusts of coal in a marriage never
taken out to lunch were
not love

—nor that
technological harrow
dragged through the woman splayed

breathlessly pained for that human
farrow hopefully couched in
smooth-curved

glass—as if
this cosmos that
perceives & strains

itself entire towards each child
however humanly de-
sired or mis-

conceived
might be turned
old by birth or could

strike one in heat
then another
cold