“To a Friend Dying of Cancer in a War Zone,” “Spring Offensive,” “Paramilitary,” “The Secret of Stealth,” and “Summit Summary” (poems)

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John Gery

To a Friend Dying of Cancer in a War Zone

*Fatigue*—a word in English meaning more than *tired* or *exhausted*. Last summer your impassioned heart, Drago, your energy, unsettled me like sudden electricity, a jolt of love ten times the strength of men. Tonight I’m searching for that love again.

29 March 1999
Spring Offensive

So little cause for carolings....
—Thomas Hardy

The birds keep singing in the dark as undeterred as Englishmen in Africa; my neighbors quiet—sound asleep—I lie here stark and fast, near the millennium,

bewildered and as unconsoled by all the things I thought I knew as empires by their allies. Still, this music fills my room, unspoiled as though it were the one thing true my country hasn’t tried to kill

or bind into its vast regime.
If I, too, could only sing, instead of tossing dumbly through the night—anxious to exorcize this dream and rest in peace in my own bed—I might not dread the morning light,

dread finding out what new assault was launched in darkness from the sky against whomever’s next in line to be disposed of. So who’s at fault, then, these exalting birds, or I? Cowering in my own design

of arrogance, hung on the air, I’m stuck, the victim of their song (whether propaganda or prayer) insisting nothing can go wrong, and nothing I do can defy it.
“Paramilitary”

Is it like a faked orgasm,
adopting the same rigor,
the same artificial ecstasy
of that kind of power,
with its “clearly defined objective”—rushing

alongside the rest of us, we
who plod on, night after night,
week in, week out, wedding ourselves to
a state we call, for lack of anything better, “identity”—
a private, separate force
that says, I know what I need.
And I want nobody else
telling me when to put
forward, what rules to play by.
From an instinct no one
learns at school, how easily
I came to claim my prize,
pushing around whomever

I please. And who dare not believe I’m real? For the sheer hell of it, I sound out the part

more than the part itself, a flash of a fantasy, a limit others can only aspire to, lying
to prove there’s nothing
to mastering this or any art
but to sweat it out on your own.
The Secret of Stealth

for Adam Puslojic

What I don’t understand somehow about the obscene pun on “Big Mac” we saw scribbled across the U.S. Embassy wall in Belgrade—\textit{Vi imate mek, a mi tvrd}—something to do with the flaccid penis Serbs think of as America, applies too, to those bombers tooling invisibly through an empty sky, those black hawks we praise as heroic in their removal. It’s like the guy who charms the pants off the ladies but never pulls his own zipper down: Who are we fooling by sending them?

We are not at war with a faceless enemy down there, hacking children apart cool as you please, caught red-handed in our blue sights, digitally targeted, but with ourselves, too moot to die readily anymore for anything or anyone. Imagine the tiny cell we want to impregnate everyone everywhere with. Imagine getting trapped there ourselves, tucked snugly inside, as though locked in the cargo bay on a slave ship. Imagine hard love (\textit{tvrd}) within that tight berth. It’s no wonder our bombardiers can’t wait to get home. Traveling concealed, even in the dark, has its liabilities. But to be hidden in America is to be stolid and manly as apple pie, the one jammed in the pantry between the beets and lard. No weapon in your hands, or cradled on your lap, is ever quite so big as when, unseen on its rack, untouched beneath your stiff, shiny belly, it promises to spread its cluster of appleseeds, driven like pure snow onto those flailing below, the same ones otherwise sure to ruin your best laid plans.
Summit Summary

Tactfully irrelevant as the strategic plan tucked in the vest pocket of the colonel, third from left, beside the female translator in this wire photo of the president’s parlor equipped with Queen Anne couches and tables during his meeting with foreign ministers newly arrived from the north and west by special convoy, under the protection of arms, to discuss the latest peace proposal both sides with the predictability of a boomerang will later reject, I continue my work here as, if not Melville’s sub-sub-librarian overflowing with scholarly ambition but utterly forgotten behind his moldy stacks, a poet a little less academic than an argument on the relative market value in autumn of the butterwort between two carpenters assessing the property of a modest house whose blueprint has yet to be drawn up on a tract near the town center next to the bank about to implode under pressure from the mistargeted bomb now en route aboard the previously programmed missile launched, as it turns out, just before these same well-dressed dignitaries in this photo completed their lunch of beefsteak and peppers.

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John Gery has two new books forthcoming, Davenport’s Version (Portals Press, 2002), a narrative poem set in Civil War New Orleans, and A Gallery of Ghosts (Story Line, 2003), a collection of poems. The recipient of a 2002 Artist Fellowship from the Louisiana Division of the Arts, he is Research Professor of English at the University of New Orleans and Director of the Ezra Pound Center for Literature, Brunnenburg Castle, Italy.