

POETRY DESK

Yesteryear

Peter Longofono

We enter our problem with Is
and are answered by kind. Pistons
churn Be, by sequence, sickentocrawl.
Which we must and will.

From the first, our being had
an isometric lull, our Ought
a magic-lanterned secret throat.
How wrong we've been, and up to,
poor tatting belies. This Is we won't-show.

Headlong in some brittle, revolving
ordinariat, *were* we part problem?
Sure wars cull, surl, are charmless.
Have we hostility? Harms? Being's strange

syrinx worms through. Opprobrium,
the unwholesome bassoon, isn't done.
So for and against goes austere, goes aegis,
whenwhat our conscious works,
rare and curling rarer, are.

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Peter Longofono received his MFA from NYU, where he edited international content for *Washington Square Review* and served as a Goldwater Fellow. His poems and criticism have appeared or are forthcoming in *H_NGM_N*, *Boog City*, *Luna Luna Magazine*, *tenderloin*, *The Operating System*, and *Coldfront*. He lives in Brooklyn.