

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Emanuel Carnevali**

**- poems -**

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## Queer Things

One nostril means latin,  
The other means greek.

My legs will be  
little steel rods,  
which will continue  
trotting after  
I am dead.

My arms are  
two useless limbs  
when I stand on my head,  
(Which I never do).

My mouth, too often open,  
will be my despair -  
clogged and sputtering  
and drivelling, -  
when I'll be very old  
(which will never be)

I hate my head  
My rotting head  
which will never fall of itself  
like any decent pear.  
It has the intention  
of flying up to the sky,  
but it will always trail in the dust:  
eating grime and dirt,  
screaming erotic songs,  
begging all the world  
to enter in it.

Emanuel Carnevali