

Wag's Revue is proud to introduce the winner of its inaugural poetry contest, LINDSAY BAGGETTE. Her work has been selected for its inventive playfulness, its attention to sonic detail, and its ability, in the bizarre and wonderful worlds it creates, to bear subtle and powerful emotional weight--in short, for its utterly delightful waggishness.

-Will Guzzardi  
Poetry Editor

# MALCOLM, THE BEE

Malcolm,  
inspired  
by a mango drift of petals,  
lifts his toes off the counter  
and around the chandelier.

Malcolm,  
stoned out of his mind,  
slips into a silk dress but can't lift it.

Speaking secretly,  
he seduces the corsage.

Malcolm,  
sometimes chased by an alligator,  
slowly accelerating into a planetary assay of  
flight, bounces off the water's surface and calls himself Danger.

Malcolm,  
contrapuntal with  
a squadron of pigeons  
that know so little of his anatomy.

Malcolm,  
epistemological principle of understanding  
roundness.  
Our savior with a long, naked  
rapier.



[Every stanza is a derivative of the stanza before it:

: = multiplication

\_ = subtraction

ø and ♥ = x-variable

a-z = 1-26

words in superscript are exponents, add unless otherwise punctuated]

5. (we naked) : ø<sup>your\_point</sup>

is : ø<sup>we\_cold</sup>

(wind and) : ø<sup>diction\_changed</sup>

(to new) : ø<sup>diary\_cloud</sup>

(night is) : ø

our only chance to

4. [eavesdrop decently (morphing in\_a)] : ♥<sup>mother\_saying</sup>

(scientists will simply\_place anything into\_a\_snow\_  
drift) : ø<sup>cobweb\_time</sup>

[(no) subject of a magazine] : ø<sup>flicker\_puddle</sup>

(is not seagull) : ø

wing or

3. [seashells : (peeling\_night) is a spoonful of fractaling] :

ø<sup>glances\_sung\_at\_me</sup>

(glitter our military thought) : ø<sup>what\_wind</sup>

[of the distance seemed stately (our rush)] : ø

\_if\_a string wrapped

2. {{{(dilated threading) : (we\_a)]\_counterfeiter\_  
butterflying} : ø<sup>stretch\_out\_a\_bone</sup>

(motorcyclist covering pine covering country with no  
sweater and) : ♥

(we forgot it for him) : (peeling\_bracelet)

1. [(off zen) : (\_my blue thoughts)] : ø

(\_what girl \_existed\_in\_the observatory) : there

0. lies : (love with fever)

**POEM FOR A YOUNG MAN  
OF THE WILDERNESS**

**[see attached “wilderness.html”]**

# HEIDEGGER: A LOVE POEM

“What is love?” The question awakens expectations of a discussion about love. This we will forgo. Instead we will address a few instantiations of love in the being of Da-sein.

## *The Existential Structure of the Authentic Potentiality-of-Being Attested to Bunny*

Da-sein follows obsequiously his bunny Ferguson (of elongated ear parts and a foofy tail) as it gallivants the slippery wooden floors, until Mother, flatulent and furious, resistant to Fergy’s affections, accuses it of perfidy regarding her Easter goose befouled, wedges a ripe fruit in its jaw, and smites it for dinner.

## *“Death” as a familiar event occurring within the world*

In the publicness of Kindergarten Da-sein is confronted with 3 instances of human friendship —their relevance confirmed unequivocally in one go at whack-the-groundskeeper-with-a-poo-stick— but, in the exaltation of expressing to them his own-most non-relational potentiality-of-being not to be bypassed, he fails to warn them about a falling tree.

*The potential for being-a-whole of Da-sein when confronted  
with loss of girlfriend*

Caught in the everydayness of commuting-to-school and  
thinking-about-death,

Da-sein is thrown into the presence of a female with burlap  
hair-bows.

Mood brings Da-sein before the thrownness of her “that-she-  
is-there,”

cold sweat soaking the inside of its shoes.

Anticipation reveals to Da-sein his lostness in everydayness,  
and that his extreme inmost possibility lies in giving himself  
up.

He approaches her with an admission of wonder.

She squeals and turning, slips down a hole in the street.

*Thus Da-sein uncovers the peculiar uncertainty about  
death: that it is possible in every moment.*