

Verse

There we were arguing about poetry.
Poetry, for godssake. Can you imagine?
While outside the make believe salon
life went on in all its obtuseness,
want and dimwit vitality:
ex- and would-be lovers abusing themselves

with notions of hope, despair, salvation and power;
markets crashing, animated figures
jumping out of windows, foxholes,
nose-diving jets, birthday cakes;
children warped into killing machines, fodder,
in- and on-line robots on clock time

You got a problem with that or something?
What's wrong with the pursuit of shakes and fries
as long as it keeps bread and dead animals
on the table, body and soul together?
Who are you to say we can't buy beauty
at the five and dime down on Erie St.?

What makes you think that all these odd anthems
beat epics and striking images
are any better than Kilmer's lovely tree?
Do you really think the world's a better place
for books nobody reads or visuals
nobody cares to look at except a few

underworked intellectuals,
trippers and classroom audiences?
Who except your analyst mama
imaginary friend and pretend lover
gives a damn about excremental angst
let alone esoteric prosody?