

Today I learned...

Poems are a fruit
an impulse, instinctual
after lives, bullet points
with no ammo.
One deep feeling
with a damn good name
names you good and takes
you home
at night, all night
down in the deep salty language
of my budding mouth.

A poem's a poem's a poem
but I can't know it,
you must be it
be there, where
the black writes the white
off the page, off the shape
of a word you don't understand—
an obeed, a Bandersnatch
all flincy and verbose, at most
a concrete slab, much less
a legless chair

I'm become sausage
destroyer of hearts and guts,
borne of notes app poetry
righteous heir to conference tables,
spittled microphones
and grocery store cupcakes.
I'm remain unborne unmade
unformed unlaid
Unhand Kincaide with mane
displayed, I say in vain.

Nothing about nothing,
you know nothing, not flow,
a wormy little critter
twirling pages on a stage.
I'm no poet, I'm a place.