

Courtesy of Megan Sherkow. Used with permission.

soul

I'm sick of clever,
of the satisfying smack of a line,
shocking, gruesome images, creative twists, self-absorbed, unusual, double edged
rhythm.

And aren't you a little old not to realize that cool is crap,
sitting there in your little corner sneering at ironies.
I don't even want to imagine who your heroes are,
while you're listening to the buzzing or symphonies or hammering,
or whatever damn sounds are shaking your head.