

## Precious

by hector *Sunday, Dec 29 2013, 10:10am*

international / poetry / post



we rhapsodise,  
excruciate  
we run the (gauntlet) gamut  
of emotion  
and yet if every one of us  
died instantly  
existence would be no worse off,  
perhaps even better off

our craft is pure self-indulgence  
poetry  
for whom do we write?  
to the world, to a person, to nature  
don't make me laugh  
we write for ourselves  
regardless of the lies  
and pretence --  
semantic masturbation,  
textual narcissism

how very precious we are  
we are poets, not a rare  
or endangered species  
-- there's never been  
a shortage of wankers  
in any human society or culture

we all have something to say  
but we trip the text fantastic  
saying it

rather than use the integrity of plain

speech  
we convolute, involute and complicate  
how precious we are?

why state something plainly  
when u can embellish, elaborate  
exaggerate and just plain LIE  
O, but we should never ever  
use THAT word in that context

regardless of how many drooling  
dunces follow us from reading to reading  
or how many dedicated novitiates open their  
legs for the artist

the authenticity of a hemorrhaging  
crimson wound  
or the stench of a battlefield,  
the starkness of a sea-cliff  
and the wind hissing through  
the long desolate grass  
puts us all to shame

the crispness of truth  
virgin white as a winter morning  
frozen with meaning,  
defying our pretences  
mocking our attempts to capture  
the wonder of a single snowflake  
or dry autumn leaf