

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