

## Demand

by baz via jill - Inverse Times *Saturday, Jul 13 2019, 8:58am*

international / poetry / post

write me a poem

what, on demand?  
i'm too purple for that  
but then again it's only a literary genre  
tho u may not like it

why?

cos u demanded it

should i describe ur drooling smile  
and chopped liver face when u make  
such demands or should i think of my many lost loves,  
what possible merit could come of it?

write me something beautiful

for pete's sake, 'beautiful'  
how about 'nice', u have the vocab of a peanut  
tho peanuts have more integrity

awh! don't be like that

gawd, like what, what is "that"?

Okay, fuck it, i'll give it a shot

i remember when you, not u, another you  
came into my life like a familiar scent  
which triggered deep memories  
that did not formulate into images  
only a haunting feeling like the dead  
returning from a battlefield with gaunt faces  
and hollow eyes  
like the living of today

you stirred deep emotions too many to discern at once  
so i poured them into a blender and created a libation for  
for u, which u gulped down without thinking

the salty wind off the sea,  
clean as nature, and as sweet as ur sweat  
in heat,  
a captured romantic  
stranded on a desert isle with philistines and savages  
tho the illiterate are better able to understand

belch, belch!  
must be that smoothie u gave me

things are not what they seem, my dear  
u should use all ur senses before consuming anything  
particularly what issues from the media these days  
but u consume it all without discrimination  
as u did that witches brew, silly girl

i feel sick

of course u do, too much media and toxic  
potions, silly girl,  
what good can come of bad?

call a doctor i feel really bad

good, perhaps now u'll learn to sense  
and discriminate before mindlessly consuming  
everything offered

i'm dying, don't u care? ring an ambulance,  
please

don't worry just learn to expel what is troubling u  
u needn't hold it if it makes u sick, vomit it out

barf, barf,

for christ's sake couldn't u aim better?  
i'm covered in my own toxic memories,  
seems there's no way to escape them

no there isn't, so why not simply defuse them  
so they no longer interfere with the present?

easily said, not that i would, as then the good one's  
would no longer inspire me to write good poetry

are u satisfied now?

