


The Messenger

Manuscript 2268

Untitled

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Then since I had not come to
understand I was kicking around
definitions of poetry and art and such
things that (as even now things) trouble me
and defy to be shackled by my own
guess I was reading and reading and trying
to imitate Allen Ginsberg and
Howl e.e. cummings and then
in prose

Hunter S. Thompson
and their bad craziness and it turns
out that now though
I have a greater working
knowledge that I get still
fits of up and going nowhere

I ran from poetry class with a novel
idea and dreams of the future
brilliance that I will wake up with
someday if (and when) I ever find myself
a poet I'll have sentence-rule bending
strength and I yanked out a notebook
and was brought back down
to earth by the dead weight
of stuff

I have yet to sift from my writing
the lengthy ramblings and this and that and that and
this bullshit that swamps my forest
I don't really enjoy it though
having to chop down my own trees sometimes
is necessary

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