



Boys at Play

poetic wit and whimsy

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Avoid Again in Poetry

Avoid “again” in poetry.
 It’s altogether much too hard
 To use, for the unwary bard
 Who hopes to try his hand at rhyme
 Might choose it as a mate for “ten.”
 But from the mouths of Southern men,
 It comes out with a hint of “gin.”
 It varies with the state they’re in.
 What if, perchance, some cockney’d Brit
 Pronounces, like the soggy twit
 He is, the word like “rain” or “pain”
 Or “train”? You know, that’s quite correct,
 Pronounced in English dialect.
 Some Appalachians I have heard
 Put extra A’s inside the word.
 “A gay an” is the sound they use.
 You meant the sound you learned in school.
 But you’re not universal. You’ll

Avoid, again, in poetry.
 You’ll hint, and give us just a glimpse
 Of substance. You’ll be circumspect
 And vague. You’ll be the one who skimps
 On facts, and calls it intellect
 Or art.

Not me. I know that you
 Will disagree. You’ll put on airs.
 You’ll never pay attention to
 Young Turks like me, and that’s why there’s

A void again in poetry.

Smart

Three composers, including the lyricist, have attempted to set this, without success. The musically inclined reader is cordially invited to have at it.

Infantile self-expression modalities never appealed to me.
I was employing the subjunctive mood before the age of three.
To read a book by Gide or Cooke was my idea of playing.
Which is all an obfuscating way of saying:

I'm smart.
Off the chart.
I debate over Plato
And disprove Descartes.
I laugh and I weep
And I eat, drink and sleep,
But I only feel truly corporeal
When I'm writing sestinas,
Discussing hyenas,
Or reading a Times editorial.
Though clever, I
Would never try
To set myself apart.
But nu,
What can I do?
I'm smart.

I'm bright.
Like a light.
It's a weapon I'm wielding
When fielding a fight.
I consider the possible
Ways I can gloss
A belligerent self petrification.
I arrange my defenses
Against consequences
Before I begin to take action.

There are those, of course,
Who suppose I force
The horse before the cart.
But hey,
What can I say?
I'm really,
Really smart.

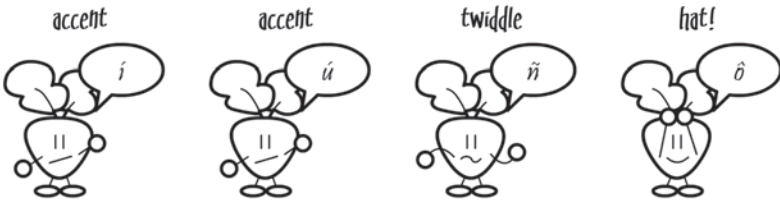
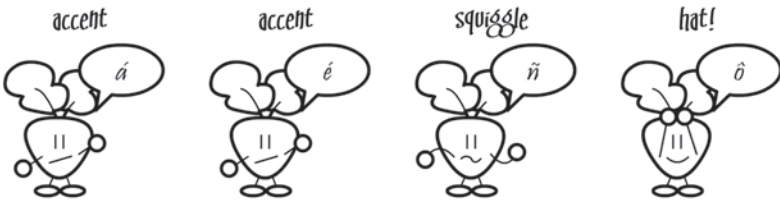
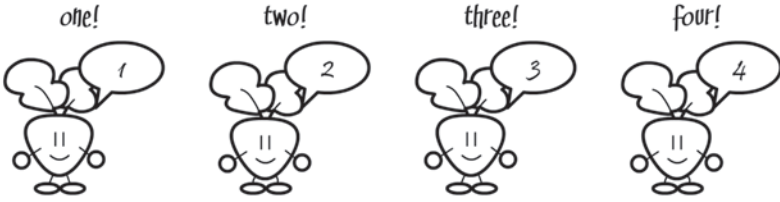
There's no insecurity
That I can't tap around.
I mean, around which I can't tap.
Who needs maturity
When I make wraparound
Rhymes in the tiniest snap?

It's strange,
I don't change.
And I'm sinking to thinking
That here's my whole range.
But who cares about that?
I'll be pleasant and pat,
Calm and cool and collected.
Let others bounce checks
And get bogged down in sex.
I'll stay here within what's expected.
I'm cold, I'm curt,
On hold, unhurt,
I'm closing off my heart.
'Cause I'm really,
Really,
Really,
Really,
Really,
Really,
Really,
Really,
Really,
Really...

Shit.

Circumflex

Seventh Draft 4
2/16/2006



On Carrying Up Tea To the Terrace

That sound is either of her or not of her,
 I reasoned. Bringing on the steaming water
 Is futile when a Sazerac will do,
 To quell the brute or failing that, my daughter.

Below the stairs below the garden gate
 I paused and chose a sandwich from the plate.
 Ignoring cries of pain is hard to do;
 And so I paused, and softly praying, ate.

Sorry, I Didn't Recognize You With Your Clothes On

Howya doin' these days? I'll bet at least a
 Million bucks that's the last time you try to nuzzle
 A hard core derby hatted buzz cut feminista.
 Aww, you got slapped around like the douche nozzle
 You are? Ye know to expect nae sympathy from *moi*,
 Brotha bucko boy. You're still a soused sozzled
 Break up dancing pain punishment glutton. Aww,
 She made you toss your cookies? Tough muffin, dude.
 The lay of the land as well as the hand of the law
 Dictates that your kissing kith or kin, crude
 As they may be, are the with you have to cope
 Whenever your drinking trousers come unglued.
 Ooh, poor binky boo-boo, don't pout, you duff dope.
 Once again I'm your cream dream, a toothsome, tony
 Oneiric fancy? Go wash your France out with soap.
 Your baby balm sob story is three dollar phony.
 I'm done with every thing that you think you thunk,
 And done paying homage to your going rate globalony.
 Don't come talking if you're still a recondite drunk.
 Go stick a dress on a fire hydrant and hit on it.
 Go naff some pistol-packing drama punk.
 Go shake your surrender sheet and sit on it.