

Not this poem

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Enough of this is me
This is what I can do for you
What I will do for you to them
with this Poem.

This poem will not do anything.
It's just a poem?

Clearly you will not fear this poem.
No one cowers in the dark behind locked doors,
runs down dark alleys, scurries round corners
or through the woods from this poem.
Have you ever run through the woods? At night?
Do you ear the chainsaw rip buzz of this poem behind you?
Nunununununnnnnn No.

This poem will not bite you, kick you,
shoot, lick or kiss you.

You will not love this poem.
No love or romance or
I am naked you are naked
this is sexy sex oral hardcore simple caressing anal
in this poem.

This poem is not about big dicks, little dicks, what happens to such
dicks or breasts or nipples or the sweet tastiness of clits or cocks or toes
or even about giant orange and yellow dildos.
No, it is not about that.

Big pointy hats of power like the Pope's—not touchin' that
No religion—no turning the other cheek
or speaking of ancient prophets and how they speak
They have not spoken to me.
So no chanting, no hell fire this is the ire of god before you
do as god says you should do
in this poem.

This poem will not try to teach you
in parable or by some clever story about a whore turned savior.
Will I give you something to take home here?
Yes, but not revolution.

No shooting or beating or wrong-doing brought to light.
I will not fight you for this poem or ask for you to fight.
This poem has no rallying cry
For freedom!
Release him!
From the trenches!
Annihilate the enemy!

Television is destiny!
Jerry! Jerry! Family.

Family is not what this poem is about;
your messed up family
my messed up family
or the messed up family down the street with the wild daughter
and the beat up chevy
including a touching tale about a neighborhood dog
who could drive a tractor.
Tractor driving dog. Shit!

This poem is not about cute animals or cruelty to those animals, or my car,
an emotional cactus, too much caffeine, or 'Hey Kool-Aide'.

It is not about Kafka—
I am a cock-a-roach; you are a cock-a-roach.
Cock-a-roach. Cock-a-roach. Bring on the judges.

This poem is not about the movies, my crappy boss,
your crappy boss, ex-lovers, landlords,
taxi drivers, stupid kids,
coffee, gangs, guns, Disneyland,
drugs, or the Klan.
Or the Klan's drug problem or gangs in Disneyland
Or the problems from cloning in Rome,
Buying your way into outer space
or how to get your brother to appoint you president—
though maybe it should be about just that.

They have their own poems.
This poem is about the fact that
as Uncle Roscoe would say,
'Being Mr. Softee doesn't mean
you'll necessarily get ice cream,
but if you screech like a weasel
you just might get your name in the papers.'

Is this a poem?
Making a list like Santa Claus does for the naughty and nice
Is Santa's list a poem
Love a poem
religion
sex
revolution
revelation a poem?

Fuck when worded right my ass is poetry
Your ass is poetry.
So you can bet your sweat right cheek
that this poem is a poem
is my poetry.