



Michael Edwin Q.

I HATE POETRY

*I hate poetry
Always have, always will
The melodramatic overkill
The double-edged sword, the bitter pill*

*And when it's sweet
It's sugary sweet
It's sure to rot your brain
This play on words is for the birds
Just say it clear and plain*

*I hate poetry
The "thou will" and the "shan't"
Whatever happened to the words
You, and will, and can't?*

*Don't talk down your nose in terms of old
The language has changed somewhat
What we spout, now comes out
Blunt as a monkey's butt*

*I hate poetry
Always have, always did
All that self-indulgence
At the altar of the mighty Id*

*The I, me, mine
In quarter time
Plays on and on till dawn
And if you find the dividing line
It'll catch you in the rhyme*

*Take your spoon in June and eat up the moon
Then put yourself back up on the shelf
It's no fun for me
It's no surprise at all
That I will always hate poetry*

*Frost left me cold
As for Poe, I don't know
Dickinson made me sick again
Burns put out the flame
There was nothing wild about Oscar
Tastes like flat beer when I read Shakespeare
Longfellow was a dull fellow
Help me feets, I've been listenin' to Keats
There's no zing in Kipling
Browning's like drowning,
For Pete's sake, please no Blake
And nothing gets me dyin' like the reading of Lord Byron*

*Let me put it to you this way
Roses are red
Violets are blue
Most poems rhyme
But I don't even try
Good night—good-bye.*

THE END

Michael Edwin Q. lives in Dallas, Texas.

Photo from Life After BPD