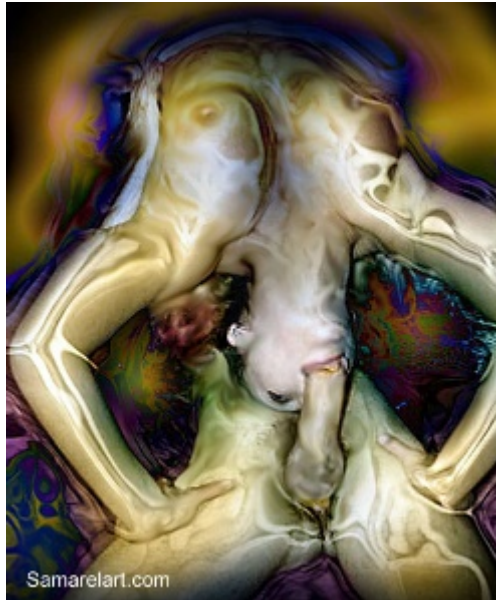


Zen and Poetry

by julie Saturday, Jul 15 2017, 8:13am

international / poetry / post



when i first read it
i died and almost gave up the art
"the frog jumped in the water, plop!"
how do you beat the immediacy of that,
which simplicity real-ises the poem?
no way

cocks cum and vaginas flow
tho western poets would do that in
magical allusions, metaphors, etc,
buffeted by appropriate descriptive poesy

nevertheless, i wish to capture the immediacy
of the moment like the frog/plop, written aeons past

it's like dancing on egg shells with boots on,
i wish to dance hard like a throbbing cock
and leave no trace or cracked shells,
impossible!

perhaps i am dancing with the wrong shoes
so i use my cunt, which is able to mash
peeled boiled eggs
and spit them onto toast for breakfast,
my partner's favourite,

tho my secret walls are also able to caress glans
like silk tendrils

perhaps i should ask you which sequence of words
freezes time and delivers the totality of experience --
Oh, no, i'm cumming!
nah, just kidding, i'm a conceptual poet
delivering open ended ambiguities
and non-concepts via concepts

perhaps i should invoke the torture of the inquisition
or the continuous lies of today's media,
which works wonders
maintaining trance in entire populations

it's time to admit failure,
so
i turn toward my favourite sound
and watch the rain
weaving unrepeatable patterns
on my window

rain writes unique immediate poetry
without thinking or effort

perhaps i should hang in
and see what develops,
nah, just kidding ...