Poetry Reading

by quill via stan *Friday, Feb 7 2014, 8:11pm* international / poetry / post

another gathering of the anxious-to-present-well bourgeoisie, the poetry literati to specify the genus

an odd concoction of panic and pretence so typical of that class taints the air

i am fortunate to be excluded from this group, by chance the progeny of European aristocrats and a socially mobile peasant both of which/whom harbour contempt for the prissy middle, pen-pushing class of clerks, bookkeepers, lawyers, doctors and tight collared professionals

i am not reading tonight
or should i say i am reading
the confluence of anxiety, pretence
and desperation
but i am loath to waste precious
time observing this entirely predictable
crowd

i am purist, i have come
for the Art alone;
poets are not exempt,
they too are trapped by
pretence and the anxious
desperation of the crowd
yet it is their reputations,
semantic dexterities and marvellous
convolutions of the Art
that really imprison them -narcissism is merely the

observable symptom

circumstance forces me to reveal that the Art is really Survival not the poetry or poets; verse acts to lubricate the hard friction of life and social existence but the true Art is Survival

http://ozpoetry.hopto.org/poetry/poem-470.html

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-992.html