

Take heart all ye poets
which still thinks what freedom
means to the poet -

ye upshits [blatant freudian shlit]
of ewean bee remember what ye don't like
little words like tiny - tiny you really
hate 'cause
[Pretend thou is opening a closet and
John wayne jumps out]
tiny! tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny

what I is really saying is that
in view that of the poem here -
and in a truly eloquent scholastic manner -
that you've tied poetry up so tight
that I'm sure
you've become so sharp tongued
you probably cut the back of your mouth
all to hell every time you talk -

In view of the elitist manner's
exhibited by the recent poets festival held here
I have little to say [little reminds me of tiny-]

tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny

about the perplexing
problems of being published in this land
this country these 'lovely' [I'll bet that hurt]
hills and founts that spurt little
tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny
upshits [typical freudian shit]
that spangle the skys like little
tiny tin ti t
stars in childrens eyes

that no nothing but innocence
they can't spell it they don't suspect it
to be anything but what it is
an extension of an inner beauty
a quiet unknown by most of us

Country Snow

in back of Kingston Peninsula
the dog screams a silent whisper
grates like ice from the bottom of his lungs
falls from his mouth
into the snow silently falls
like the snowflakes hitting his eyes -
wide open
the Winter, the animals dead eyes, unflinching,
final.

Poetry by 'Werther'

Search

Trying to be honest with myself -
the hardest thing I've yet to do
is discover my relationship with you -

that I love you
is already conceded -
it exists as that shadow that follows me
out of bed
and into the sultry morning heat of summer -
that follows my breath
vaporized in below zero winters -

it's trying to be honest with myself and you
to tell you that firstly
I wanted only to make love to you -
that secondly
what I really wanted

was to write songs to you
to become a melody the two of us
a small bar of harmony
in an offkey orchestra

that like a drunkard who
believes every wrong note a bit of beauty in itself
continues to sing a flat melody an oftune
contented
composing his own
music his own style the melodic extension
of his beating heart.

Ahh Shit!

Ahh shit I say!

The morning always arrives
a few minutes too early
interrupts my sleep just before the vision

that odd moment at waking
when you believe anything is possible,
the moment just before
the light swallows my eyes
& smothers me in the everyday illumination
that I want no part in -

Ahh shit I say!

The wind chills my heart
my soul scampers under my armpit
the warmest part of my body -
my fingers fall inside my pockets
leaving a hell of a job getting them out again -
I think of fat ladies caught in tunnels,
skinny men scandalized by barrels wrapt around
their bodies -

funny people and fantasies
greet the morning
the various people of my eyes' step
out one by one say "hello Fred",
reassure me that I'm awake
and once we are fed well dressed
awake we wander up frozen sidewalks

Ahh shit I say! At least the various me's
can dress themselves.

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