

That's Enough Poetry, (Ed.)

. . . 'phone-ins about **ME**, you've posted-in by fax,
jokes and anecdotes (forty-two lines at max.),
brazen confessionals, sit.-coms of your angst,
quips, puns, pranks, whims, skits and twitches,
conceits, "ideas", issues, brainwaves, itches
in "scintillating" diction, comical-hysterical,
in-yer-face street-knowledge, docu-soapological
chat-show narratology, linguistic artifice,
funnies for the kiddies, *everything* goes *whizz!*
Audenish journalisms, autobiographs that ain't,
lots of laddishness, with feminist *complaynte*,
addictions, obsessions, you did it, you were done,
kiss-and-tell nostalgia, I-was-wicked-it-was-fun
weepy confessions of the hard-nosed as a phallus,
"brilliant" and "knowing", and shallow and callous,
from academic clever-ones turned Wapping yuppy,
full of explicitness, as limp as Mr Guppy,
lacrimae rerum, tapped and bottled at the source,
into sort-of, *like*, stanzas, to make it *look* like verse . . .
if it's catchy and "punchy" and delivered with a grin,
a "gas" and nihilistic, someone may stick it in,
among the continuous tinnitus of shame
the spacetime filling writing talking game
the craft so long to learn, attached to it, your name.

Brian Lee

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