

Demand

by baz *Saturday, Jul 13 2019, 8:25am*

international / poetry / post

write me a poem

what, on demand?
i'm too purple for that
but then again it's only a literary genre
tho u may not like it

why?

cos u demanded it

should i describe ur drooling smile
and chopped liver face when u make
such demands or should i think of my many lost loves,
what possible merit could come of it?

write me something beautiful

for pete's sake, 'beautiful'
how about 'nice', u have the vocab of a peanut
tho peanuts have more integrity

awh! don't be like that

gawd, like what, what is "that"?

Okay, fuck it, i'll give it a shot

i remember when you, not u, another you
came into my life like a familiar scent
which triggered deep memories
that did not formulate into images
only a haunting feeling like the dead
returning from a battlefield with gaunt faces
and hollow eyes
like the living of today

you stirred deep emotions too many to discern at once
so i poured them into a blender and created a libation
for u, which u gulped down without thinking

the salty wind off the sea,
clean as nature, and as sweet as ur sweat
in heat,
a captured romantic
stranded on a desert isle with philistines and savages
tho the illiterate are better able to understand

belch, belch!
must be that smoothie u gave me

things are not what they seem, my dear
u should use all ur senses before consuming anything
particularly what issues from the media these days
but u consume it all without discrimination
as u did that witches brew, silly girl

i feel sick

of course u do, too much media and toxic
potions, silly girl,
what good can come of bad?

call a doctor i feel really bad

good, perhaps now u'll learn to sense
and discriminate before mindlessly consuming
everything offered

i'm dying, don't u care? ring an ambulance,
please

don't worry just learn to expel what is troubling u
u needn't hold it if it makes u sick, vomit it out

barf, barf,

for christ's sake couldn't u aim better?
i'm covered in my own toxic memories,
seems there's no way to escape them

no there isn't, so why not simply defuse them
so they no longer interfere with the present?

easily said, not that i would, as then the good one's
would no longer inspire me to write good poetry

are u satisfied now?

