

Lord of the Poets

by Larry Strattner

I almost caught a poet today,
bumping my porch screen
seeking a way
to go out, spread germs and play

Not quick enough
to kill him,
I opened the screen
and he zig-zagged away,
straightaway.

I hate when fat ones
come buzzing around,
Whining the same old ballads.
Eating my food.
Flying from toilet.
To crawl on my salad.
Turning me into an asshat
Slime,
who wants only to squash
But manages to thrill
With close fly-swatter calls,
giving them a base on balls.
Some stare at me from second.

My life is a mess,
Drawing these flies,
smelling my death,
my steady decay,
knowing there's room,
for maggots to play.
Listening,

waiting for my confession,
before I cop to psychotic depression,
as the reason for selecting my
chosen profession.

I am soiled enough,
absent flies and poetry.
Who gives a damn,
about leftover lamb chops,
smeared in bright green
mint jelly,
carved by a smelly
butcher,
who I've joined on the do-fly lists,
with tickets to visit
other slovenly twits,
clearly taken leave
of their cleanliness wits.

Tuna cans left open,
dishes unwashed,
I swat; and
one's off in reverse,
his escape route of choice,
he's not killed, my voice
screams in his wake,
with what breath I can take,
"Go find yourself a new delhi!"

