

I Am the Poet Laureate

by Jerry Ratch

I am the Poet Laureate of my bedroom

I am the Poet Laureate of 6065 Chabot Road, Jokeland

I am the Poet Laureate of the Loser Café

I have wind in my shoes if not my hair

I am the Poet Laureate of Karmic Impulses

Of tabloids and gossip

I am the Poet Laureate of the end of the sheets

And I have wind in my shoes if not my hair

I am the Poet Laureate of the end of the line

And of the end of the world

I am the Poet Laureate of evolution

And of living dangerously

I am the Poet Laureate of shampoo

And prime rib and the Arctic Circle

And of the interior of my own igloo

I am the Poet Laureate of umbrellas, wine, and snow

And the worst Poet Laureate in the history of the imagination

I am the Poet Laureate of late night talk shows

And of shoes

I am the Poet Laureate of the Inner City Bums

I saw the passing of the Genes

I saw the backside of the Statue of Liberty

When her skirt was raised up by a hurricane

She was medieval and delicious

I am the Poet Laureate of Rejection
I am the conductor on the local train to Prosperity
I will tell you no lies
But I won't exactly tell you the whole truth
Because there has been some swaying
To the truth of late

You can forget about Fame
I am that tall skinny guy you've seen at the cafés
Drinking from a large paper cup of coffee
With the name "Ratchland" written on it

Keep the tide pulled up tightly around your ears
Or you will lose the moon
Saturn won't do you no good around here
Keep your Pluto parked in the garage

Stop trying to drive garbage trucks
Up and down the street
I am the best Poet Laureate around here
So you best not forget it

I am the Poet Laureate of Appropriation, and Procreation
And Rum and Cola
And I have found the famed Biological Clock
Of the Art World
And it's The Bomb

