

I Hate Poetry

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I hate poetry.
It doesn't pioneer unexplored territory
or stand upon dangerous ground.

I hate poetry
because it's crafted with shoddy quality,
like a t-shirt sold at a swap meet
that falls apart after only a second or third wearing.

I hate poetry.
It's all foreplay, no passion.
It speaks of romance without defining anything new,
ignoring how the mention of sex
clings like sweet mango to the roof of your mouth,
how a kiss can push whiskey breath
onto unsuspecting lips,
how regret glistens like sweat beads
on a sleeping lover's body.

I hate poetry.
It believes it can crawl
through the broken glass of the past
without bleeding and still somehow
manufacture timeless literature.

Remember: advice is just advice,
but never let words stand in the way of writing.
Instead, twist the words – as if they are nipples
and your ideas are the index and thumb,
applying torque until the words
become what you desire,
or what you fear,
or both.

Show me what I do not know,
sins and shortcomings,
how to cheat to survive,
why hope hovers in the chest of men
despite the bell-shaped curve of misfortune
that governs our existence.

Show me these things instead.
Show me these things so I can love poetry again.