

Oil and Water

In my language "I love you" is a cliché,
if you can't think of another way;
well then, it's like a shrug of my shoulders.
Love and Poetry are like oil and water,
the connection unsuccessful.
Who cares about poetry anyway?
Maybe poetry is for suffering
— the slow death of pale children,
graveyards and failing crops,
starvation and ugly girls
who put out for drunken homeboy poets,
their faded blue Buicks parked outside the bar,
saloon dust resting in the cracked seams
of their interiors.
Or maybe poetry is for long-haired, blonde boys
to write in cafes,
looking sensitive and intense,
hoping to pick up women,
the steam of their espresso rising
into the smoke stained air.

-Editha Ann Wilberton