

## THE PROBLEM WITH POETRY

The problem with poetry,  
You see,  
Is it never says anything to me.

Oh, I wish it would,  
I know it could  
But in the end, it's just a mess.

Why is it when someone feels a thing  
Instead of just saying it, they speak-sing  
In some unnatural rhythm

Christ, it's embarrassing  
No one talks that way

No one listens that way.

They just tune in to some intellectual "bad neighborhood" in their brain  
And pretend that what their ears are processing  
Isn't inane.

Floating and fluttering,  
A bird on the wing ...  
A feather,  
A raindrop,  
A kiss,  
AHH! It's all sickening.

So, I'll sit here and wait.  
Sooner or later,  
Somebody's gonna say something  
I can comprehend.  
Without turning it into  
Some cerebral dead-end.

Yeah, I'll just sit here and wait.  
Yeah. Wait.  
That's what I'll do.  
Just wait.

Wait.

Wait.