

THEY ASKED ME TO WRITE A POEM

They asked me to write a poem.

About what, I asked.

Anything was alright with them. Just not too long, they said,
Has to fit on a page.

So I went home, sat down at my typewriter and tried to imagine what poets imagine at times like those. Hell, I drew a blank.

What do I know about poets?

Or poetry?

Damn.

There are days I can't even speak English.

Just then I became aware of my stomach –

Those rolls of fat cascading over my belt.

Yep. For every responsible, adult act,

There is an inch of idle, useless blubber hanging there to remind me.

It's as if every short-change of soul on the rocky road to responsiblehood

Added one more inch.

And as I grew in importance,

As my salary history escalated,

I grew fatter and more useless

And more idle

And more unable to walk or run or even laugh.

And in that frame of mind, I'm supposed to write a poem?

Why, it would be easier to get blood from a turnip ...

Or sincerity from a bureaucrat

God, how fat I'm getting.