

Real Bores

I pride myself
on the sense of realism
I try to bring to
the table when
it comes
to writing

but the more
I write
the more I find
how boring
real life can be

and how so many people
are afraid of their
imaginations

how so many
people have swallowed it
along with their pride and their integrity

book publishers
film producers
housewives
big business bankers
and on and on

they are all truly
in the mouth of Lucifer
right alongside Brutus, Cassius and Judas...

sure,
life doesn't have a meaning
and all you can look forward to
is a helping of rotten heart ache
strong enough and painful enough
to make you
want to feed your heart
to the sharks
and it is an honorable thing
to convey that grief

to the reader

but to daydream
is more fun

and the dream world is
just a world
not unlike this one

the only difference is
one of them
you can only see
when your eyes are open-

Hemingway once said,
“I have never met a happy intellectual.”

Goddamn Hem,
you hit it on its big ugly nose

people too in touch
are so busy realizing the gargantuan tragedies
that they let the small joys
slip by unnoticed,
like a breeze at the ankles
of a busy New York sidewalk-

I ask,
since when is it a crime
to be a little unrealistic?

since when is it bad
to be a dreamer
when you know
the dreams aren't going to
come true?

there is such a thing as a realistic dreamer
and I believe I'm one of them

on the cusp of where
reality ends and fiction begins-

Some proclaim it to be childish
well, if that's the case
consider me an infant

I'm not much different than a child, really
I eat, I defecate, and I sleep
just like a baby

the only difference is that
I am able to expel my thoughts
in a way which is considered
respectable

and the reason they think you are so silly
is because no one ever extracted a dollar bill
out of a dream

and to people far too realistic for their own good
money is the only justifiable end
to a fantastically wonderful mean

and that is just as ugly
as a quiet battlefield
or a lion with its mane cut off.

As for me
I'll stash my dreams in a sack
and run away with them
whenever I want
and inside them
I'll be strong
and I'll be able to fly
and she'll love me

and the fact that I'm dreaming it
somehow will make it real...

So,
sit back
and open your head
with a can opener
and pour it out
onto the plate

onto the usually bleak
and meager page
and create something
absurd,
it is just as important
as creating something real.

Or,
go ahead
and be real all the time,
make your mind pipe down
and tell us just about
your plight

sure, it's real
but it's not interesting.