

Three Strikes

That's right
I'm back for a third time

this is the first poem
from my third book of poetry

I'm not rich or famous yet
rather,
I'm poor and unknown

but that's alright
I don't want to blow my load
too soon

there is no reason
to get all hot and heavy with money
then be 40 and broke

I don't expect to
make money from poetry
but I'm writing for
two literary mags now
and it keeps the wallet
fat and happy

so I can continue
staying up all night
writing poems

the elevation of
my celebrity
extends to getting
free soft-serve
at the local
ice cream parlor

every once in
a while I'll
get a letter in
the mail with
a nude photograph

of a thirteen-year-old
girl inside

but mainly
I'm a blue collar
poet

working blue collar jobs
born and bred in a blue collar state
writing about non-conformity
but conforming so I can continue
to exhaust my ability
as a free poet
like a rubber band
about to snap-

I'm not writing
as much poetry as
I used to

been working on the novel
whatever that means

the documentation
of a bum ballplayer

I hear:
"Why aren't you writing as much?
"Where's the new poems?"

and I say:
"Hold out, baby.
I'm working on something big."

they look at me
with a passing respect
like I was once great
but not anymore

that these days
I couldn't write myself
out of a brown paper bag

they could run circles around
an old rump
like me

piss on them,
I am a Greek god

I am an astronaut
a juggernaut

a stallion
a mustang
a lion

here is my kingdom
and I can
shit where I eat

and paw the
smoke filled curtains

and eat my
zebras raw