

the men and women who write poetry  
swear allegiance to themselves  
even if they say they are swearing allegiance to you  
in the big wink  
navigating with personal compasses  
of imagined freedoms and metaphoric tastes.  
i am caught a little off guard

when i consider they write within the parameters of sized dimensions  
and sequenced sheets of paper

or any other medium of structuralized communication  
appealing to virtue

appealing to the spiritual

appealing to raw debauchery

refusing to appeal to anything or anybody

refusing to be limited by what can be squeezed

out of the moisture in wetter puddles of hysterical passions

out of the postures in the sterilized dissection of the frailties in others

for the fantasies of applause inside or outside or both.

a little off guard.

wf.h.

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