

## *Ironying Out Poetry*

I hate, hate, hate, hate, hate Poetry!  
After all, what's it ever done for me?  
It does nothing but waste my time,  
Trying to think of the right words to rhyme.  
No one I respect cares for this medium,  
We find it boring and tune out from its tedium.  
Filling up hours in English Lit,  
Seems to be Poetry's only benefit.  
It won't make you more money,  
(Unless to foolish students you sell poetry books),  
It won't make you more funny,  
(But it'll give you odd looks).  
It's hard to believe anyone ever did swoon,  
Being read a poem under a radiant moon.  
Advocates say, "but it's important to express your feelings and what you quietly think,"  
But what does it matter, readers will forget as soon as they blink.  
Worst of it all, is that with poetry anything goes,  
The stuff on the paper is worse than what comes out your nose.  
Like when a poem possesses no rhyme nor pattern,  
It's very annoying,  
Isn't it?  
Don't – get – me – start–ed,  
    On – po–ems – like – the – Hai-ku,  
Count–ing – syl–la–bles...  
    Makes me ache, like I've got the flu.  
And who really cares about the structures of the Villainelle, Sestina, or Pantoum,  
They won't hold the roof up over my head, nor brace the walls of my room.  
And, blech! So many poems about love and heartache,  
I don't have any use for them! Give me something out of which I can make.  
A new perspective, a fresh, original idea,  
A way to treat my gonorrhea!

*(Words · written ? Strangely!)* in parenthesis, odd fonts

*and*

EXTRA

*spacing,*

Poems like this are overrated, only the easily impressed call them amazing.

I cringe to see poems that cantillate with uncommon diction,  
I spend half the time wondering whether the locution is fiction.  
If you want to send a message right, puns you must stay away,  
If you want to send a message left, ambiguity will run your readers astray.  
Ever since Shakespeare said it's okay for rhymes to be off,  
I see it everywhere, all of them must be rid of!  
It's just so horrible when a poem drags on and on,  
Those are the compositions that make me yawn,  
Especially when a phrase is constantly repeated,  
I can't help but feel a little bit cheated,  
Especially when a phrase is constantly repeated,  
I can't help but feel a little bit mistreated,  
Especially when a phrase is constantly repeated,  
I can't help but feel a little bit defeated.  
Just say enough to expose your theme,  
Beating it to a pulp won't make it any more extreme.  
You might have worked hard and think your poem's pretty clever,  
But all I can think is, "Damn, that drivel lasted forever!"  
And even if there's some gold under all that fluff,  
Before digging that far, I'd have cried, "Enough!"  
You may say, "There *must be*, out there, a good poem or two!"  
To which I reply, "Maybe, but where, I haven't a clue."  
Because our libraries are so inundated,  
With books of poets who should have been castrated,  
Metaphorically speaking, of course, to not be reproduced,  
To victimize the unsuspecting, like pupils forced to read Proust.  
Who goes to poetry readings, in a cafe or bar?  
I'd rather hear relaxing music, with sax and guitar.  
At a reading, so many lousy poems you'd have to sit through,  
Until finally, they'd make their way down to you.  
But being pompous and selfish, this audience won't care,  
How much of your soul you're willing to bare.  
So what if you've got angst, despair, and frustration,  
Don't assault my mind with your literary creation!  
If you've got a problem, I'd be willing to hear,  
Just tell me non-poetically, when you have my ear.  
Otherwise, I'll crumple it up and toss it in the trash,  
Quicker than lightning or my pervy Uncle can flash.  
I'm nearly at the end of my waste of a page,  
Almost finished with my ranting of rage,  
So, as an end to this Whitman-like, long, boring, dull,  
Whiny mess that's driven you into a lull,  
I have but one question to ask of you,  
Don't you now hate, hate, hate, hate, hate poetry too?