

Give a Man a Fish

If I teach you how to fish,
There would be less left for me.
Why should I teach you how to get your wish,
When I can control the whole industry?

Knervous Knees

The Riddle of the *shaking* leg!
Por que tu existes?
Do you work for the nervous system, pumping blood to your roots?
We know we sit too long and forget our delicate bodies.
Or are you borne of boredom?
Perhaps you are the remaining chip of the curious child inside of us,
Hoping to *shake* free of your anxiously arrested body?
I spy you; in classrooms and on buses, at workstations and under pre-mealed dining tables.
Vibrate the floor as much as you want,
As long as you don't stamp, you could never irritate me!
Thank you for giving me the first excuse
For touching her slender, smooth stem.

Knervous Knees (in Sonnet form)

I spy you; in buses and workstations,
Under dining tables and in classes,
Never at parties nor celebrations,
Only when people sit on their asses.
Por que tu existes? I ask you thus,
What is your origin? Oh, shaking knee,
Are you a chip of child inside us,
Shaking violently, hoping to be free?
Are you borne of boredom, with none to serve,
Or a habit to clean our boots of mud?
Or do you work for the system of nerve,
Helping our mortal hearts by pumping blood?
Your riddle is like the chicken and egg,
You exist so I could touch her smooth leg!

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?

Ballad of the Greatest Evil

Come round, my peers, come near, my friends,
A warning I must share,
Avoid the worst of all the trends,
Torment you must beware.

I hate this evil, wicked thing,
You ought to hate it too,
An ill curse on you, it will bring,
And trouble it will brew.

Cen'tur'ies old, it will not die,
Haunting the library,
Its very name will horrify,
They call it ... Poetry!

Stay away from this medium,
Suf'fer'ing will ensue,
And boredom from its tedium,
Will make you go cuckoo.

It comes in many ugly forms,
Diff'rent shapes and sizes,
Steer clear of its disastrous storms,
See through false disguises.

It does nothing but waste your time,
For hours in English Lit,
Trying to think of words to rhyme,
Will make you want to spit.

Or counting syllables or feet,
To write a word or line,
Will take forever to complete,
You'll first meet the divine.

Unless to students books you sell,
Money you cannot make,
Time and effort spent in that hell,
Is not worth the headache.

If its hearts and minds you desire,
Poetry won't help you,
A bearskin rug beside a fire,
Will do more in your woo.

Don't attempt to read this vile 'art,'
With it, everything goes,

Praised beauty of a fart,
Or what comes out your nose.

There are other boring, flat themes,
Sans practical uses,
Like love or hate to their extremes,
And trash that confuses.

They never sustain attention,
With a fresh ide'a,
A method of pain prevention,
Like my gonorrhe'a!

Buried may be some veins of gold,
Dig deep and you might find,
But many dull books you must hold,
The search will make you blind.

Poems may seem pretty clever,
But that's how they bait you,
Wrapped in its tendrils forever,
A tighten of the screw.

My wits this craft has defeated,
A lesson I must teach,
This refrain must be repeated,
A warning, I must preach!

Can't leave, it would be rude to split,
You thought it won't be bad,
You're des'per'ate, you want to quit,
You're stuck in a ballad!

This poem will go on and on,
Can't blame me be'ing long,
The teacher's to blame for your yawn,
The task, I thought, was wrong!

My wits this craft has defeated,
A lesson I must teach,
This refrain must be repeated,
A warning, I must preach!

You've brought this on yourself, my friend,
Don't say I did not warn,
To walk out now, I do commend,
A lie you need not yarn.

Is he finishing? you wonder,

He's flipped to a third page!
If he goes on, I'll go under,
He's building up my rage!

My wits this craft has defeated,
A lesson I must teach,
This refrain must be repeated,
A warning, I must preach!

Fear not, I shall not re-refrain,
To hold you in suspense,
I can't make it any more plain,
I hope you're not so dense.

You think I feel ambivalent,
'Twixt me and poetry,
My hatred I am confident,
To love, I disagree.

Why would I drown myself in words,
If I did not like them?
Is a plumber in love with turds,
Or a doctor with phlegm?

How else am I to reach the poor,
Unsuspecting victim,
Strain and push myself, once I swore,
To save, like cherubim.

Forced to keep a rhythm and rhyme,
It was hard to express,
The great evil of this pastime,
Harder than winning chess!

I hope my message was not lost,
My ballad very clear,
I hope my quatrains were not glossed,
You now know what to fear.

So stay away, I beg of you,
And if you're still awake,
You cannot say you never knew,
Mercy, you cannot take.

You are nearly no longer bound,
I'm unturning the screw.
This ends my song, I hope you found,
Poetry evil too.