# Prose and Cons

The poet is a sentimentalist.

*The poet is unafraid to delve into the worlds bordered by the cliches of other writers.*

He often goes for the simple metaphor, rather than attempting to break new ground.

*He prefers images of simplicity, in order to avoid obscurity.*

There is little of his personal life in the vast majority of his poems, other than constant references to ‘my love’.

*Almost everything he writes is self-related, even if in an elliptical fashion, and his attention to ‘my love’ is refreshing to women in particular.*

The tone of the collection is uneven.

*He works in a wide variety of voices, according to the needs of the poem.*

I get the feeling that there has been little editing.

*There is an attempt to achieve results through spontaneity and freshness.*

The poet is obsessed with his penis.

The poet examines the physical roots of masculinity and how it manifests in the adult.

The made-up words are annoying.

The made-up words are disobfuscatorial.

The poet is all about his own ego.

The poet is honest about his egotism.

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In some places, his apparent obsessions with self-reference and deconstruction overwhelm the intent of the poem.

In some places, he experiments with the nature of the poem itself.

The poet needs a shave.

The poet is a rugged individualist.

Many of these poems would work better read aloud than they do in page form.

*Many of these poems are meant to be read aloud, in keeping with oral traditions of verse that descend from greatest antiquity.*

He often treads ground that is already well-worn by the visits of other better poets.

He trenchantly re-examines the fertile grounds of poetic tradition.

Too many of his poems are attempts at humour and are overextended one-liners.

Lots of his poems are light in tone.

By attempting to paint on such a broad canvas, he has sacrificed intimacy.

Intimacy sucks.

The poet has tried to circumvent his own dissection at the hands of critics by spurious self-criticism.

The poet doesn’t care about critics, unless he gets a good review.

The poet is a self-indulgent, narcissistic, arrogant elitist with little sympathy for what makes ordinary people tick.

*What’s your point?*