# Bite

hold out your hand

I wish to bite it

it’s not like you feed me

the problem is that

there are too many chefs

and not enough customers

we are like the population

of Easter Island, we poets

we have no one to impress but ourselves

we pass about poems like currency

publish our stuff

so that the other poets may read us

something is wrong here

when thousands pursue the same goal

and the most successful

still work as busboys

we are not doing our job

perhaps there is no job to do

we’re all William Tell

shooting apples off each other’s heads

don’t be satisfied, my brethren

with impressing me

impress your grandma

she’s the one in need

and you

I know you, fellow traveler

I feel you in my veins

we are the same, you and I

we carry an ocean within us

we are salt from the beaches of blood

and where are we now?

stuck in muddy time,

the quicksand of our cheap lives

cast aside your old shoes

they will never be clean again

cast no backward glances

at the footprints

you hope you’ve left behind

live for the impossible, the forbidden:

apples of the new, growing on new trees