Have an Identi-tea

I will never satisfy the critics, they won’t like my style because I don’t have a style to not like and this will disturb them and besides, I don’t care about form as much as substance, there’s no point in writing like you for instance, I care about my audience and my audience is not other poets or critics, there was a time when a poet meant something to the people, that time is long gone and replaced with silicon chips and germanium salsa and we have all turned inward, incestuous, trading meaning for motive, ornament for moment, and perhaps I should care what you think, but you’re a poet, and that means that I can’t change you, maybe you’d like me to write more like you, be more like you, maybe that would mean that my poems became games, that I would adopt your style, your vocabulary, learn to think like you, learn to sign my name like you, learn to use your name, walk like you, adopt your personality, eventually take over your identity all together, would that satisfy you? to have two of you walking around doing the same things thinking the same thoughts and all of it meaning nothing, a flea fart in a hurricane, the dirt a dog digs when burying a bone, the mysterious dot in the iris, I’d as soon wait till I die to mean that much, that’s what you offer me, that’s what you’d give me, that’s what you’d present me like a medal. Thanks for nothing. I mean that.