**Word fag**

it’s hard to write poetry in the Starbucks. I worry that someone will look over my shoulder and see what I’m doing. I’m sure there have always been people who would tell a poet to get a real job. I’m sure my girlfriend’s ex would have contempt for me.

Even the word is suspect. Maybe at one time it had a different cachet, but now it just sounds faggy. Would you wear a t-shirt that said poet in great letters? If you were dead you might. Poetry is an acceptable job for the dead.

Ok, I admit it. I’m a poet. But I’m not faggy; I have a lot of ego invested in not being faggy. Personally I prefer the term wordsmith. I take raw words, fashion them into small works of art. This is acceptable somehow

I could have been a banker, an investment counsellor, a real estate agent. I chose this instead, what a loser! I will probably never earn a living doing this, but you know what? I can live with that. This is what I love, like my girlfriend’s ex, likes to put tv cameras into male urethras. Of course, he earns a lot of money, whereas my chosen course only costs it. And I don’t get to examine penises all day long, which I suppose, makes me faggy.