CARPE DIEM CLICHE REVISITED

By: Roger Willey

A little less more of the same,

go a bit insane,

shun Plain Jane questions,

fain don't lie down,

and roll over into a shallow grave

dug this morning by drunk men

wearing canary hard hats.

If you came there's no reason not to see and conquer

instead of being a wallflower

and hanging yourself from the eaves

while ladies square dance with gentlemen

on hard oak floors below.

Suck the sour notes out of saxophones

and dour tones from clarinets

and compose a jazz ensemble

from an untamed quartet of inner-city

seekers searching for quarters in their caps.

Burn down churches and middle schools

that played at teaching you rules

without secrets to make them interesting,

worth living, worth pain; limp lame

on a snakewood cane following

men you can never wholly know.