Poets are supposed to be poor  
So that their inspiration is all that gets them in the door  
We write the words that make the people want more  
Of our poetry and our presence  
We sentient  
Like ancient santas  
Creating mantras  
With our manuscripts  
That are etched into our brains like fingerprints  
We non descript  
Never wearing more than what we can find at the thrift store  
Putting pen to paper  
With inspiration that takes us where we aint supposed to go  
I could be your favorite poet  
If you would walk into my world  
But you might find my words take you for a whirl  
We chilling abstract tendencies  
Like movies make for better memories  
Im saying let me get into the academy  
Of poetry so that I can say   
I been here before  
In a way that’s like what more could I ask for  
Its like reincarnation  
In this car nation  
Filled with four wheeled transportations  
That will be automated before our day is done  
And then on that day  
We can send our dog to go on a pizza run.