The bullshit of poetry

At the Beall Poetry Festival

I heard a poet say

“Everyone’s a multiple choice”

and the thought slammed me like a sledge:

Glad he isn’t my father.

Me, whose biological father broke out my front teeth,

scarred my face and back and butt

with fist and belt,

& said his severe mercy,

like God’s mercy

was love.

Yet I felt gratitude the poet

who said “I tried to honor

the little poem’s room

for its projected concerns”

is not my father.

And said further

“Revolutionize empathetic channels.

If you never experience this oasis

devoid of self,

it can be difficult to heal.”

That old rage

always

and forever

explodes across all time

burns through my smile

to torch his little poem’s room,

flame his projected concerns,

send infernos up and down

his empathetic channels,

scorch his oasis into embers

while I whistle

corn rigs and barley rigs.