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Allusion

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Allusion

It's just not happening.
Everyone is here
With me now,
But not one of them
Is doing me
A damn bit of good.
Shit.

I want to manipulate
Psyche and cupid
For my own wanton purposes-
To torture the fair, young,
Winged boy into
My creative slave:
Flowing, smooth, sensual.

He doesn't want to play.

Say, say,
Little cherub,
Won't you come
Inspire me?
And bring your
Dollies three,
So I can write poetry?

God, where's Gertrude
When you really need
To be smacked
In the face
By someone
Who has every
Right to hit you.

Oh, she's off with Alice,
Doing dirty deeds
On a blanket
In the sun
In the nude,
Giving Guy Davenport
Food for thought.

But I,
In the meantime,
Like sediment
In a desk chair,
Starve to death
For lack of
A better word.

Involuntary poetic anorexia.

If I was bulimic,
I could devour
All the mythology
And canonical history
That litters my fossilized desk,
Then regurgitate
Onto these blank pages.

But a poem should not puke but be.

Thanks Archie,
A lot of good
You do me now.
My doorway is
Still empty,
My poem equals
Zed.

Rosemary Walsh