The New Poetry

by Alba Brunetti

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The new poetry comes in shining metal boxes covered in glass so you can peer in.

Pull this lever --

wit.

Turn here for meaning, but not too far or you will find 5,000 synonyms for cinnamon covering your shoe.

Spinning truth.

Did you not get the memo in grad school?
Truth does not exist, but God does, a Rube Goldberg device that goes round and round -- you say, and where she stops kerplop.

Is that neat enough for you?

Rubes.

I do it because I am drowning slowly.

It's better now, really.

I've kicked off my shoes and taken off my shirt, but still.

I am tired of the doggie paddle. And even a master of the breaststroke would not have the strength to go on.

And the storms keep coming, water rises.

If only you could look in,
-- observe
and with a flick of the switch
send me to the shore.
You could be the *deus*ex machina -the designer, the maker,
the proof behind the
divine.

Start the wheel in motion.
Save me.

Is that cinnamon I smell?

Imagine.