

Boise Poetry Slam

by Chad Smith

Thank you

Thanks for letting me participate tonight

A lady came to me before I got up here
And said that she really loved my poem
Called Boise Poetry Slam
Which is weird because
This is my first time here at the Boise Poetry Slam
It's also a bit strange because
I haven't finished that poem yet

Here is a poem I wrote called Boise Poetry Slam

We had finally sold the house and were moving out of state
To our new house in Boise. With all of our earthly possessions in
the trailer

Kids loaded up in the van
The boy buckled in and told his mom,
"No mommy, I can do it myself"

Pulling out of the driveway and heading down the street
We picked up a hitchhiker heading for Boise
Said his name was Mr. Coleman and he was a jazzman
He had a saxophone in his hand
And said he really loved my poem
Called Boise Poetry Slam
Which was weird because I hadn't started it yet
He assured me that I would be listening to his music
When I wrote these lines

After the long drive we made it to Boise
We decided to unpack later and instead

Head to the Boise Poetry Slam

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The boy buckled in and told his mom,
"No mommy, I can do it myself"

Pulling out of the driveway and heading down the street
We picked up a traveler heading for Boise
His name was Mr. Hofstadter and in his hand he carried an old
tobacco pipe

He said, "This is not a pipe"
And said he really loved my poem
Called Boise Poetry Slam
Which was weird because it wasn't written yet
Checked my notes and found I had put his name down as David
Which wasn't right

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