

The Solipsistic Lady Novelist

by Con Chapman

*. . . that singular anomaly,
the lady novelist—
I don't think she'd be missed
— I'm sure she'd not be missed.
Koko, The Mikado*

She thinks, and then she considers her thought;
she absorbs herself, really, more than she ought.
As soon as she's oozed, she sucks it all up,
like a squid that spills ink, then scoops it in a cup.



“I'm haunted,” she writes, “by so many things—
earth shoes, amulets, seventies mood rings.
I wonder why that is?” she asks, almost sings.
A conversation with her is a hive-full of bee stings.

She tells you of when she was first struck
by the beauty of crystals, a date she remembers.

You're tempted to say, "Who gives a . . . damn?"
But she cuts you off: "It was just last December!"



Of course she was sensitive when still a wee tot,
so precocious, other kids still haven't caught up!
"I wondered quiet early, how things are so fraught!"
"With what?" you scream inwardly, but you stay shut up.

She wonders about men, about art, about life,
and why our world is so chock full of strife;
and then when she's through with her ruminations
she re-chews it all with self-regarding mastication.

I'd like to help her, I really, really would,
but I don't think my assistance would do her much good.
I can't offer her fame, or power or pelf,
Just this advice—get over yourself.

