

The Poet Reads

by Derek Osborne

If ever I read a poem aloud
it will not be from a podium's shelter
it will not be with dismembered voice
lilting eyes and knowing smile
you'll miss all that careful enunciation
you'll miss the design and alliteration
the hand-picked crippling dance academic
I won't be waiving an MFA
But laughter and thunder
that much I do promise
the wisdom of living the witness in death
the small cry of wonder surrender
in knowing both love and the mirror
blood from a wound
here at my table gluttony triumphs

