

On The Day That Norman Mailer Died

by G.E. Simons

Hollow as spit over rock
Was the mood in the library
On the day that Norman Mailer died
Beneath horn-rimmed spectacles
Casting furtive glances at the erotica section

Brawling with ink from a pen
Was the mood I was in
On the day that Norman Mailer died
Downing in one, womanised verse
Whilst fist-fighting words with puncher's hands

