

# Having Read the Poems of Matt Dennison

*by* Gita M. Smith

Having read the poetry of Dennison  
I hereby give up writing.  
I turn eyes to the want ads in search of  
new horizons or, at least, remuneration.  
Here's a good one! "Night clerk needed at the Title Pawn.  
Steady pay, plus benefits.  
Applicant must know a Buick from a Yugo."  
No one warns about the clientele, of course,  
their clouded lives, their rumpled documents,  
five hundred percent interest rates.  
This is red-blooded usury, American as Haliburton pie.  
The clients have no stomach for it, but I do.  
"Stand on the line," I say, "to have your picture made.  
Your first-born child, please, over this way."  
Praise be to Dennison whose talent led me here.  
I am a clerk, but sweet sang-froidness, Batman,  
I'm damn well-suited to officiousness.

