Ode To Poetry Slams

by Jerry Ratch

It is a dark and stormy night, naturally
We're trying to get some sleep
at a Travelodge in Eureka
when I get up at 3 a.m. to write
"Hard motel pillow receives snoring from neighboring room"

O Thesaurus, we need another word
Maybe it should be: captures, or transmits
How about acquires?
Wait, I've got it — channels!
That's it — channels!
Hard motel pillow channels snoring from neighboring room!

I almost said my hard motel pillow
channels snoring from neighboring *county*

Another county yet?
It's possible, if the county line runs
directly down the wall between our rooms
but let's at least try to use some logic here

Okay, we're really somewhere in France
during the 1920's and registered as Andre Breton or other
maybe with a wiry moustache
and we're used to drinking a lot
and our pals are getting high
and there's drugs and absinthe

And suddenly a fellow named Monsieur Logic
flies spread-eagle out a tall window
while a bicyclist is passing by underneath
and suddenly a wailing baby named Monsieur Surreal

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is born on a lane not dark with trees

And it's not dark and stormy anymore
It is bright with a surprising reality
or super reality. It's way too bright
to see ordinary reality, and anyway
I've completely forgotten what we were here for —
ah yes, to sleep, to sleep, perchance to dream