

The Dilemma

by Johnny Dantonio

Scribble something basic with traces of spectacular,
pen every pint of pain spilled during the massacre
whittle the convoluted down to the vernacular
boiled the whole story, now you got everybody crackin' up
now step back from the business like, "man, that's wack as fuck."

So what you writing for — applause or the therapy?
in order to do the eatin', you gotta feed the parakeets
and then they start chirpin and pin to you a pedigree
now you renown for shit you thought you would never be.

Now comes the decision: do you give up all chips, then?
Give up the recognition and ready to go bitches,
what happens when one of those bitches end up with your
children
and you gotta come up with 18 years of chitlins?

Or just the opposite, you now stuck with light pockets,
but the writing is something heavy that could never fit into
wallets,
you fightin' just to eat and the roaches start crawlin' in,
but at least you didn't hack your craft down to an abolishment.

And that's the dilemma, that's what you should be scared of
a journal full of truth or a mansion with bear rugs,
pick a position, the other just swear off
signal a victory; fireworks, flare guns.

To be a writer you must take things beyond a usual doubt
because poetry depends on what we cannot do without.

