

We Are Bad Poets

by Johnny Dantonio

Us here, The Clichéd!

An immobilized army of individual defectors
quietly sneaking between battlefields,
hiding our banners, carrying our burdens.

Martyrs? Martyrs!

Martyrs who have sacrificed,
all in the name of a faith —

Well, so many of us though,
stained with unfaithfulness...

Such saccharine,
dramatization,

the feeling of the Fool,
those who let the play go on far too long,
throwing tantrums behind the curtain,

hogging the spotlight on the stage;

Actors! Yes, how fitting!

Artists! Self-deniers!

We are lonely! We are conflicted!

We confuse nostalgia for truth!

We do not admit the abused we've deployed!

We are aged musicians who will stop at nothing to find new ways
to play the old songs that someone once loved.

We are bad poets.

We, the ones worth leaving,
Are, undoubtedly,
exactly where we should be.