

# Lord of the Poets

*by* Larry Strattner

I almost caught a poet today,  
bumping my porch screen  
seeking a way  
to go out, spread germs and play

Not quick enough  
to kill him,  
I opened the screen  
and he zig-zagged away,  
straightaway.

I hate when fat ones  
come buzzing around,  
Whining the same old ballads.  
Eating my food.  
Flying from toilet.  
To crawl on my salad.  
Turning me into an asshat  
Slime,  
who wants only to squash  
But manages to thrill  
With close fly-swatter calls,  
giving them a base on balls.  
Some stare at me from second.

My life is a mess,  
Drawing these flies,  
smelling my death,  
my steady decay,  
knowing there's room,  
for maggots to play.  
Listening,

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waiting for my confession,  
before I cop to psychotic depression,  
as the reason for selecting my  
chosen profession.

I am soiled enough,  
absent flies and poetry.  
Who gives a damn,  
about leftover lamb chops,  
smeared in bright green  
mint jelly,  
carved by a smelly  
butcher,  
who I've joined on the do-fly lists,  
with tickets to visit  
other slovenly twits,  
clearly taken leave  
of their cleanliness wits.

Tuna cans left open,  
dishes unwashed,  
I swat; and  
one's off in reverse,  
his escape route of choice,  
he's not killed, my voice  
screams in his wake,  
with what breath I can take,  
"Go find yourself a new delhi!"

