

Poetipedia

by Walter Bjorkman

Walter Bjorkman (Present - 1948)

From Poetipedia, the free poet recyclepedia, donations required, payable to: See: Bjorkman

"Bjorkman" redirects here. For other uses, see Idiot (disambiguation).

Born: Maybe, or maybe he is a figment of his own lack of imagination

in the mythical time and place of post-war Brooklyn

Died: Not yet, we think, but one can only hope, place to be determined by whichever past lover gets to him first

Occupation: Poet(Haaaaa!), Those Little Things On The End Of Your Shoelace Maker Apprentice, Medicinal Study Subject

Language: He calls it such, we have our doubts

Nationality: World Without Borders Bookstores

Alma mater: Guy's and Doll's Hospital

Literary movement: When he has an itch to write, he will scratch pubics in public

Spouse(s): Frances "Brawney" Fanny (married, never betrothed)

Influenced:

The little kid down the block with the always dirty face and runny nose and the Post-Fruitloophaelite Sisterhood of the Divine

Misconception

Walter Bjorkman (pronounced: with larynx, tongue and lips) was the earliest born of the not-so-great Pedantic Poets.[1] Along with no one else, he was one of the key figures in the only generation of the movement, despite not publishing his work over only a fourty-year period.[B] During his pitiful life, his work was not well received by critics, but his posthumous influence on poets such as anyone with a

sense of self-worth was insignificant. The poetry of Bjorkman was characterized by a total lack of imagery, most notably in the series of dementia poems which remain among the least popular poems in English literature. The letters of Bjorkman are among the most uncelebrated by any English poet.

Early Life

Not yet lived, check back in a decade or so

An old poet—the Cock-eyed School

Strongly drawn by a lack of ambition inspired by fellow poets such as Felix the Cat and Hervé Villechaize, but beleaguered by family financial crises that continued to the beginning of his life, he suffered periods of deep elation. His brother Susan wrote that Walter "feared that he should never not be a poet, & if he was he would destroy language as we know it, or else take a nice nap".[8]

Unhappy with living in London, as he never set foot there so how could he, and in good health, Bjorkman moved into rooms at Not-Two-Well Walk, where he still writes today in a chair and straight-jacket.

Poems

[content removed because of objectionable material]

Guiding Principle

Bjorkman attributes his skill as a poet [*citation needed - ain't gonna find any*] to following throughout his life a quote from his favorite Shakespearean Actor, William Howard Mays, Jr.:

"How many outs is it? Is it one out or two? I just wanna know how many outs it is." [x]

Lasting Contribution

In spite of no discernable talent or merit, Bjorkman did contribute somewhat to the world of literature in the late 20th and early 21st centuries by causing the immediate dismissal of incompetent editors that published his work. Most notable being: whEredOcaPitalsbeloNgprESS? and The Self-Esteemed Really Small Backwater State or City With Snooty Pretentions Triennial.

Cultural References

In 2008 Bjorkman was seen backstage of the Charlie Rose show, playing patty-cake with a pink tu-tu clad Norman Mailer, one year after Mailer's death, thereby dispelling the icon's macho image forever.

Recent Sightings

On April 24, 2010 Bjorkman attempted his first flash work, *a night on f'naut*, and immediately the NY Flash Exchange closed to prevent a precipitous drop in readership.

See Also

Anyone incapable of coherence

Notes

1. See [8]
 - B. See a dictionary
 8. See [1]
- x. Letters to the Editor, National Lampoon, circa 1972

Not to be confused with Walter R. Bjorkman, an old coot who peddled a self-published book on Amazon titled *75 Years in the Life of an Average Guy*, nor the Walter Bjorkman who was lead guitarist of *Clouds and Swallow* who when he joined *Ill Wind* drove them into the ground. Really, they existed and he is not either of them - you could look it up over on that there google.

