

“Honestly, I’m Not a Fan of Your Poetry”

by XXXX

I will admit it.

I cannot write poetry
to save my life—

but surely one must try
to save one's life?

If someone attacks you with
an axe, you raise
your arms to your face

even if
that's a stupid thing to do.

We do it because we are animals.

These lines are the veins of my hands.
I cover my head with them

even if
that's a stupid thing to do

because in any case
I am hacked to pieces.

