

# I Used to Be a Literature Major

*by XXXX*

I remember reading poetry in the library  
when I was in college, after skipping  
Sociology, Psychology, or Theology.  
I remember thinking: What is this nonsense?  
I don't want to waste my time on any of this.  
These bore me. I don't feel it.  
I was promised that if I read this  
I would feel something. Is something  
wrong with me? Am I stupid?  
In poetry class the day before I used  
such big words, spoke about such  
distinguished critics and writers.  
I referenced Greek terms, inclines,  
referents, topologies, systems,  
paradigms, philosophies, figures—  
What now? Why can't I force myself  
to feel anything after reading  
the sonnets of Pablo Neruda,  
the verse of John Donne,  
Rilke, Wordsworth, Lorca?  
I just want to go home and  
masturbate to good pornography,  
experience some actual ecstasy.  
For the rest of my years I think  
I will only pretend to understand  
any or all of this.  
If they have been reciting these  
to themselves and calling it poetry,  
these ink-nosed idiots will believe anything.

I think tonight as I shower  
I will read the back of the shampoo bottle  
while waving my hands  
and for the sake of my heart  
try to shed some tears.

