

Poem in A Dead Language Only I Understand, Translated for You

by XXXX

I used to be a poet, you know.
Better, in many respects, than you.
Believe it. Not anymore. Previously.
Lines linger with deliciousness,
sweetness harass your throat afterwards,
syllables sweetly signifying sparse sensations,
and alliteration.

But now I wake up in the morning
for coffee and a shower,
and occasionally during a break to piss
I say something in interior monologue
that sounds somewhat songlike:

*My thoughts of you are always
of never thinking of you again.*

I flush, return to work. How wonderful,
I think. And, to myself, boast:
I used to be a poet, you know.
Better, in many respects, than you.

