

# “What Is Poetry Anyway?” He Said While Looking at the Sink Holding a French Fry Aloft

*by* XXXX

—mashed potatoes  
with emeralds in it—

—three cups of sugar  
and some piss—

—two militia men dancing  
the jig with a talking rat—

—some lady with her  
head in the oven—

—the yellow explosion  
of light in the sky—

—dogshit in the park  
during a Sunday—

—spitting on tissue paper  
because he came in your mouth—

—an infant carrying  
a glass of water with two hands—

—rotten strawberries  
dipped in whip cream.

