

THE DISGRUNTLED LIFE OF A POET

(after Eileen Tabios' 'The Secret Life of an Angel')

(after Jose Garcia Villa's 'Girl Singing...')

Girl singing. Again. This same old man

in another incredibly wet winter
attempts to stay warm and dry;
I know I cannot run away.

Girl singing! I put my fingers in my ears.
'Shut up!' I chant, a grumpy old man
trying to stay interested in poetry,

to keep my brain from dimming,
to stay away from new ideas.
Poetry has worn many disguises,

and I don't understand it:
the original genre just mutated
and changed. 'It's all performance

now,' she whispered as part of her
manifesto. 'This is a game of cards
I have lost and no longer wish

to play,' I reply. 'No singing,'
I insist and have decided that
I can scoff all I want.

For I was writing poetry
before any of this lot were born.
'No singing! I risked

everything while you invented
Flarf and played beatbox rhythms
only naive hipsters think are good,

only tone deaf audiences can hear.'
I lost myself in Literature
and earned my poetic wings;

unlike your poems,
mine did not betray the past.
I will not change my mind

for poetry is dying now anyway.

Rupert Loydell, Feb 2020