

read writinghood

once upon a time
—one Momaday
i came upon a crime
—along the Hemingway
the crime i couldn't mime
was like a needle in a hay stack

in Atwood
 (dark and Wilde)
a Woolf stood
 (winked and smiled)
god-saint-self-person-false-unlikeli-likeli-hood
were ears, eyes, jaws, paws, claws, styles compiled but never mild mannered

horsing around Djuna Barnes—
skipping along those Gwendolyn Brooks—
combing through treasured golden yarns—
poking around in textual nooks—
fancy-wise-kiss-ass kicked, punched, and drug by the tale of ancient crooks
and left in Paine among Robert Graves while Robert Burns the books hop down to the ground

to part that Ishmael sea of Reed—
to be filthy, stinking, Adrienne Rich—
to be Jonathan Swift—to do that deed—
to Harold Bloom—to find that niche—
to plant that seed—indeed, succeed
and with that Shakespeare scratch that itch
but all at once and once and for all and all the while and why not because again and like always i didn't use the right amount of weed killer

and i only and i only and i only and i only and i only wanted to Richard Wright