

People Ask What I Do

And I wish I were doing anything else:
Chopping giant blocks of ice near the north pole in the arctic
Or driving a truck on a two-lane highway
over the grapevine in California
Battling bulls
Or pulling my hair out, one string at a time.

Abh Poetry, they say and smile
as if they were talking about their adorable
four-year old in a princess costume.

I wonder if they know the same Poetry
I know: the one who beats me up in back alleyways. The one
who calls my name as if it's
some kind of slur. Poetry.

I am neither thin
nor bright
nor clever. And I'm still waiting
for my crown. But
I haul poems the way
a coal miner hauls coal:

one raw, unprocessed load at a time

by Jenny Factor