

*What Kind of Poem Will I Write Today?*

Who can tell?  
What kind of poem will I write today?  
A poèm or a pōme?  
A snippet or a tome?  
One which rhymes,  
Or one which... doesn't?

Should I be hip and simple,  
Like I've tried so far,  
Or pretentious and obscure,  
                  soliloquizing on  
                  great abstracts  
                  while i attempt  
                  punc-  
                  tuationalistic &  
                  ortho-

graphic

feats?

Or I could ramble densely,  
The sea shore foaming dreamily  
At my blind feet, like a giant creature  
Beached by excess of metaphor and simile.

Will I be crude and fucking raw?  
Will I be conversational, man?

Will I try meter for my verse?  
My last sonnet was in high school...  
At least I could try to rhyme a couplet.  
But wait, an iamb's unstressed-stressed, dammit!

I can rule my paper,  
Staff-wise,  
Write a tone poem—  
Hopefully not  
A drone poem.

Haiku may suit me; (5)  
The moment is calm, peaceful. (7)  
Hey, how's it going? (5)

What? Oh, nothing,  
Just a friend passing by.  
Perhaps I'm not ready  
To write a poem today,  
Not ready to look intently  
As words slide down my pen  
And dance about on paper.  
Instead I'll just wander off,  
My task never decided.

What kind of poem will I write today?  
No, wrong question—  
What kind of poem will I live first?

*Chicago*  
*Spring 2006*