

**the bad poem**  
(for Lenny Emmanuel)

rapped with clockers on corners,  
did doggerel with the bad  
kids, the deadenders, and even  
after Aristotle taught him  
the crab, the jab, the right  
cross, he'd still lead wrong,  
breathe wrong, break training,  
smoke cigarettes between

strophes, which makes a slanted sense,  
since no cut man, no matter how  
canny, can cure a cauliflower ear,  
so critics beware:

when that sinister foot sidles  
around your fossilized conventions  
and great looping lefts lambaste you  
with alliterative onomatopoeia  
BARROOM! BAM! BIFF! BANG!  
your pain will be a pleasure;

and when righteous right hooks  
whack home from weirdsville,  
kick sand on your sun tan, blow  
your wind to borealis, clean  
your clock and stock your dome  
chockfull of falling  
stars . . .

then the canvas will come up  
like the Fall of Man

---by Will Watson