Coastlines

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