

Discouraging

Goddamn
reading other people's work
is discouraging

it is the saddest of all
opuses

evening reading my own work
depresses me sometimes

it seems like such
a miserable thing

I listen to the
piano trio in E flat
and think,
could I create something
so beautiful?-

I sit with a woman

"What do you do?" she asks

"I drive a truck."

"For a living?"

"Not really, I can't live off what I make from it."

I read other's work
who are far more successful
than I am

and think to myself,
people think this is good? Is this suppose to be special?

and the boys
I run with
mock me,
"Hey Krainock, hey Krainock
I can write a poem,

Roses are red
violets are blue...

they are good literary teachers

they've toughened me up

they've driven
pretense out of
and refined me
until every word I write
is in it's truest form

and sometimes I say,
I'll quit, I'll quit

but then I think,
no,
I must keep something alive,
a tiny cinder

because if there's
the smallest hope
it can blossom again-

I know my work
isn't as bad as most the shit
I read

holy Christ

so I'll drive my truck
and have fat men
in fine suits
smoking big cigars
laugh from behind
their desks,

and seem
un-poetic

a ruffian

and only I
will know the
splendor
that I wield