

All I Needed

I get low
sometimes

when the nights are cool
and I am all alone

I doubt myself
and my ability
as a writer

I read other no-name poets
and think to myself,
is my junk truly
this vile?

and I have become
an expert in the devaluation
of people's disbelief in me

because 99.8% of the time
their misgivings are rooted
in their own self-loathing

because they wear women panties
under their clothes
or
they jerk-off into cantaloupes
or whatever else they do in their
fucked up lives

but sometimes
it seeps through
and gets to me

and I feel like a dog
that's been beaten down
with a rolled up newspaper

everyone is telling me
I can't do it

that I can't be a writer

that I will be clubbed
and hobbled into
submission and disgrace
because my dream
is one of a lackey fool

it is as if
I told my Catholic mother
that I wanted to become
an Satanist,
faggot junkie

and perhaps
I'll have an old age
that it is easy
to look back on
my life
and retell over and over again
the crazy stories of my youth

but the real fun
is doing it now

I do not care
if New York publishers
cum on their thighs
when they read my works

it is today
that I relish in

it is true danger
in the afternoon

the simple act
of doing it

and if I am
in any position
to give advise

you'd
be better off as
a Satanist faggot junkie
than a writer

especially a poet

it's bad blood

you've got to be goddamn nuts

and I lay there
hopeless, beaten
deranged

but then the telephone rings

and it is the only voice
I ever truly want to hear

and I say to her,
"do you think I can do it?
do you think I can be a successful writer?"

and she says,
"yes."

that's all I needed.