

*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.