

High Horse

the typewriter say to me
“you know you think you’re pretty tough shit...
lately you’ve been walking around
like some gift to the world”

and I say
“no! no!
I know I’m nothing yet
these things take time”

“listen, fat ass,” it says
“you’re so lazy
you haven’t
even been writing...
the thing you
claim to love so much”

and it hisses at me

“yeah yeah
you think you’re hot shit
just ‘cus you put words
on a page,
any bum could do that”

“yeah, but not with my grace!” I say

“bullshit, your grace!
till you get something in *The New Yorker*
like you’re always talking about
you’re just an unemployed
zero”

“hey! I could not write at all
and then you’d be fucked
nothing to do but collect dust”

“we’ll see,” it says
“we’ll see how long it takes.”

“how long what takes?”

“for you to come back,
you’d lose your mind without me”
and it flips through the obituaries

nothing like
the very thing
that makes you feel so special
knocking you off
your high horse