

Something Wordy

By Cameron Logan

This'll do it.

I can't think of anything, and I'm not doing the whole "poem about poetry" thing, either.
So here goes, another lot of arbitrary words at even pace:

That interlock, cavorting free,
of governance, outrageous spree, forgot.

Forgotten of the world of whimsy
prose and prison-lines, the words are free!
Going home to wives and children; punctuate with written glee,

Glee, spilled out upon the page,
adulterous , resounding rage,
Begone! Get off, ye leprous whores,
ye freeloaders, ye writer's bitches, sides in stitches
from your odd cavorting,
menace-orting, nonsense lines committing crimes of treason bearing!

Collaborate with madmen, seething breath
through tightened teeth, the writer's cleff,

The brain! To balance out the right and left.
Dexter verses sinister, to
Subjugate, administer,
The rule of order over mutt'rings 'twixt insanity and broken lines...

Tame not the well-untamable, lest
Madness ill-befall your plan.
Letters fire, words are flames, though still untamed as courses rivers ran.

Rivers, fire rivers, flow through paper scorched indifferent by the taint of wordy wankery,
the dull, pretentious japery,
the poetry, in fact.

Damn. Betrayed my former promise.
Such occurs to mortals flying closely to incandescent flames,
Of simple words. Upon a page.
Respect them. They're all we have in the end, really.

Simple scratching, lines and circles matching one another,
sister, brother, family of twenty-six. Match and mix,
the combination, procreation limitless of written guff,
the truer stuff,
of boldest human venture.
Write adventure, fiction, diction, stanza friction as the words rebel!

Viva la narrative!

Leaping forth from papery prison,
Mad, discordant, scattered words arisen.

Pray the day never arrives, my friends, the Words shall not be silenced.