making elbow room for poetry and that
last bus down sergeant

I used to think that poetry corrals words
imprisons them but leaves enough zigzag space for freedom
  ricochet against those sound fences
words that shake, rattle and troll thru meanings
  poetry capable of nose-diving cognition
of wrestling words that grapple you by the nose
while the other words, those not chosen, perspective unknown,
are the ferret words wiggling amongst literary canons
  sticking in the air like that silver garbage can
  alley free from the word rats
at least the right word in the wrong place is alive, is noticed
invites and deflates you across well trained valleys of thought
  mountains of BS
  guide by walking-thru-the-bush-narrative
some words that might smell the truth
  that was poetry I used to think
Now I’m not so sure
  Now words arrive like prison jail break
they have to scream red to be heard
  scream to be quiet
  create rickety mind jazz
while shrill/huckster/hard sell/soft sole words
rocket from those all-seeing billboards
Ads on the bus     radio mumble Internet ill-bred spy     TV creepy late nite
commercials slap your intelligence
Sometimes even words from actual people
new word age explodes, implodes, and Tec nodes
laser the poet-scapes     set your words to stun     images must run
hit U over the head overkill     words do not count     just the space U fill
word fodder for the info age     sucks like sour slurpee¹, man, and these words
they may settle into your poetry
lightly brush your ear lids     your mind skids     detonate
your inner words pour outer
John Wayne’s ghost smiles Texa-like in the hot sun

U don’t smile back  U just reload

Then you catch that last bus down sergeant
mumbling poetically.

Then that last bus down sergeant catches you
mumbling poetically
making elbow room for poetry.

Marvin Francis

\[1\] Winnipeg, slurpee capital of North America; go figure.