

Poetry

We are poets. We fill our bodies with caffeine. Tea of course. We do not work morning to night. We work night to morning. We speak our minds. We speak others' minds. We speak animals' minds. We speak doorknobs' minds. And yes we will argue, though we do not believe, that they possess some consciousness. We tell it like it is. Even when it is not, or should be, or should not be, or might be someday, or was before, or could be in the possible future.... We write controversy, commentary, calamity and all the rest. We tend to rhyme upon occasion. Presentations of sensations to cause palpitations of all creations. Sometimes we change directions. East instead of up, into instead of down. We make believe. We tell the truth. We lie with every word. We prattle on endlessly and stop

The Wolf
(Michael Ilett)