

Occupy Poetry

I'm not the one percent of poets
who has a garden of unpicked
posies to draw inspiration from, or
praise the simple beauty of
dew drops on every blooming
flower which paints their yard
as if it were a Monet.

I am the ninety-nine,
a gutter poet from Los Angeles,
who drinks liquor store beer,
has a forest of horse tail grass
invading the back yard,
and a front yard of dead grass,
like stale yellow wire
growing from the dirt.

The rain does not collect on my
window and cause me to reflect
on a past lover—it leaks through
ceiling and fills buckets and reminds
me both love and repairs are expensive.

I do not stroll through quiet
woods and notice how light
plays between branches and leaves.
I stroll symphonies of police sirens,
pass a rancid stray cat
nestled against a worn tire,
read proverbial artwork
on brick wall canvas:
“EAT SHIT N DIE”
signed, lil Choo Choo.

But I thank writers like Billy Collins,
whose poetic lives translate perfectly
onto the renowned pages of *The New Yorker*
and *The Atlantic Monthly*,
Writers who wrote amongst beauty
and offer readers like me something
we'll only experience in the
turning of pages.

Afterall, I am the ninety-nine.
I can only hope

pages of my poetry
are dug out of a trash can,
patted down against asphalt,
shaken between a pair of thick hands
until the roughness is gone,
and rubbed up and down
the asshole of a homeless person.