

## 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.