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Why I don't write poems

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“You’re not that cool” my poem tells me.
“Shut up, you smear of ink.
I have the pen, so I’ll tell you when
You get a turn to speak.”

“Your pen should be blue” whines that old poem.
“Oh yeah?” I say, “Take that you foolish, arrogant poem.
I am your master, I the poet.

The poem babbles on, spewing his nonsense,
“You’re missing a beat” he says.
I take my pen and count to ten;
I’ll silence this pedantic, puling wretch.

“?” he says, “I laugh out loud and cut off his feet
But that’s not a poem, rolling along.

I miss my poem, where has he gone?
Hiding from me—abusive poet.
“You’re still not that cool,” whispers my poem.
I sigh because I know it.