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## Why I don't write poems

Luke Miller  
*College of DuPage*

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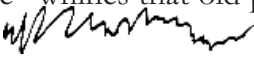
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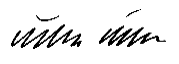
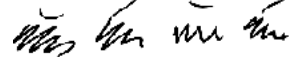
## Why I don't write poems

Luke Miller

“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

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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.