I know what a poem isn’t

I know what a poem isn’t:

Hard rhyme sucking the ink
from the lines
dark emotion oozing, eddying
into the stanza
like a vengeful tsunami
lovers, laughter, crime
pizza-boxed, daytime television.

Poetry is never a catered affair –

it is always crumbs, leftovers,
the cold, blank stare of the empty refrigerator
it is hunger and
the hunger for hunger.