

Jeffrey Arnett

Muck in the Dark

Poetry is stumbling in the dark.

My job is to keep from mucking it up,
the ruffled man told me
who fancies himself a poet
and predictably loves a girl
who will not love him,
so he writes her a poem of rain
and toads and rainbows and still
she will not love him,
so he grafts his desire
to a flight of the dragon fly
he imagines flying to the planet
of dead poems where he waits
for his love to find him
though by now he is very old
and cannot dance or sing
but stumbles over his longing
in the half-light
of mucking it up.