

To the Critics

Gwynne Garfinkle

Your Tarzan to my Jane
Swinging through the forests of my verbiage

Bellowing at the top of your lungs:
Death! Woman!

(Learned sir, here's news
Poetry is the opposite

Of madness
In which the mind

Chases its own tale
Never telling it to anyone)

Gardener to my profusion
Hacking away, pruning to your theory

Namely that the crazy bitch
Had nothing to say but nothingness

Convenient as long as you can't
Hear me talking

Still talking long after
Death shuts you up