

Now I s The Winter Of Our Poetry

Knowing:

How to wait

and

How to negate

When to use tact

and

When to act

When to smile When to bite

When to shine in the pitch black night

When to use the transparent door

Of a pompous metaphor

When to mime and When to shout

When to rhyme and When to grate

When to use a nice neat line

And

When to

Break

it

up

When to scan

and When to swim against the tide of bourgeois poetic rhythm

When to stop writing poetry

And when to live it

(and for you, dear reader,

when are YOU

going to

stop merely reading and word-playing and falling in love with

a nice phrase on a piece of paper and pissing around with

*opinions you never do anything with and never doing anything
but?)*

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