

Little Misunderstandings

by Graham Best

The reason you misunderstand
me is a I am a poet.
And harder still to comprehend
when I myself don't

know it. Don't take the timing
of it sore, or make
the living of it lonely. Anyway
the fact remains so

flimsy as to beg poor defense
of poor remnants
of poor immense unproductive
vocabulary salad

mixed lightly by clumsy spoon
tongues of wood
or closer to sandpaper the buds
on this salivating

ponderous beast in arid mouth
a litterbox desert
a bottomless atomic graveyard
of alphabet grains

to masticate fitfully to fretfully
to regurgitantly
when creativity beckons loudly
rattling the teeth

making cogs of the scattering
seeking grease
rolling the idle mandala gears
into a humming

a fine flapping of the gumline
a robotic awe
an angelic Marxist production
like a winged

paradox hatching from halves
that are mind
that are inseparable yet apart
that are tense

and then a commodious word
a hawk of talk
a fastidious patron in bow ties
knotted throat