

POET FLU

For Maud, Herman and Maarten

When will the poets be extinct?
The hedgehogs have it coming to them
In twenty-five. The survey claims
Our fields afford no habitation
For Mrs Fuzzypeg and Rabbit Grey.
Clare wrote about them in his day.

When will the poets be extinct?
This one is going to the doctor
To have his prostate checked today.
Butterfly on a bicycle,
He'll probably be crushed in traffic
Before some woman gets him in her arms.

Keep smiling, poets, your turn comes
Next. After a few more hard-earned lines
The galaxies inside your skulls
Will burst like pomegranates into flower.
Extinction becomes distinction
When feathered friends flock together.

18th January 06