

Tennessee Williams, or Whitman? Playing on and restating
The human inadequacies is sort of
Fun, but I don't have any. If you
Think you've found some, let
Your friends know, they'll at least be
Amused. But I dissolved your mystique.
What do you have to do, but pick on
Beauty and truth. Maybe I'll be
Shot, but more are ready to take my place
Already. My stuff's so heady
And above it all. I know you are
Sensitive and I want to give you some.
I do want to call you a name that will cut
You to the quick. Here it is: nominalist fool.
And tell you this: your stuff ain't worth
The paper it's written on. Any
High school girl on the telephone
Beat your speed and sounded sweeter
in better meter. I'm sorry some
Things just cannot be accepted as art.