

On Reading Jack Butler and Johnny Wink

Confused by Faulkner and fascinations with breasts
And tattered pages hot off the press,
The writer plotted,

Tip-toed through leaves of an open book,
To outdo the hero and outwit the crook,
Mapped out and knotted,

He needed only to plow through text,
Dig through fiction fat with sex,
Struggled with syntax and punctuation,

To quiet the verse that sang in double,
To dry the worms that bore him trouble.
This man stank of ink and creation.

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