

I had written a poem
And realized afterwords that it was crap
Not worth twenty minutes
100 calories
pencil graphite
or scrap paper

but I had done it anyway
it was sad, but not anything at all like
the way George was sad to put down Lenny
in “Of Mice & Men”

more like the Sunday night after
a bad Saturday night
where your date ditched you
with the bill, of course
and so you go back to your apartment
and drink all the damn wine
and listen to Led Zeppelin
until you pass out
and when you wake up
the CD player is still spinning through the tracks
you step outside to smoke a cigarette
and end up walking down to the Keystone Café
still in nice date clothes
but now scuffed and bruised and
 with sweat like Blue Moon Riesling & Bigfoot
to drink coffee alone
and eat a hangover breakfast
alone

and walk up to Skinner’s Butte to look over
a glorious Sunday morning smiling down on Eugene
through windowpane cracks in the cloud cover

and somehow this little experience makes up
for the whole hell of yesterday eve
and your lamentations that night are brief
but enough to make you look forward to Monday
because at least it wasn’t as bad for you as Saturday

that’s when I wrote the poem that sucked
and this new one makes up for it

Some cool smooth wind for you now...

Johann Stein

