

Hiding Behind My Pretty Writing

William Lychack

Let's not put on that churchy poet's voice again,
Everything lilted and pretty and full of awe
And love, as if reciting a beer bottle should be
Somehow profound—*Brewed by our original process*
From the Choicest Hops, Rice, and Best Barley
Malt—no wonder so many people hate poetry
And poets, that lilt alone and you want to walk up
And hurt them, strike them in the face, make them
Stop somehow—stop and see the world—trees hard
Outside my open window, pines and maples, bright
Morning light, traffic on the street, sky beyond,
Couldn't paint this if I tried, lines of a spider's web
Like cracks in glass. It's my son's first day of school
Today, poor kid calling all hours of the night, his father
Writing this all-so-beautiful elegy to this glorious life he
Was not living.