

## Clarice Sometimes

### Three from The Comment Section

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Thanks for that clarification....that's why that statement works.. ;)  
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## Hurricane

It is always difficult to start writing a new poem.  
You never quite know what it is that is ready  
To burst forth from your mind. The bad ideas  
Swirl around and you feel overwhelmed, inadequate

You smoke, drink whisky in the morning, flick the bean  
Eat cake for lunch and then with nothing written  
Clean up, go out and get cocktails as you flounce over  
The creative spirit you hope to grab, pluck out, dance.

But this new poem is under protest. Not really, only it feels cold  
With these people running things. Too much happens each day  
To account for the crazy moments occurring. Where are we,  
who are we now? I wonder about the change,

and now John Ashbery has died.  
Something special has left the world. The candle of his poems  
flicker, but will never go out. The whole world is a hurricane.

The whole fucking world is a poem  
about hurricanes flooding  
our streets with the waters of change.