

Roger Craik

THAT SIMPLE

It's simple when you think of it.

Socialism's ideology.
Capitalism's not.

It's simple when you think of it,
isn't it?

ACHIEVEMENT

The current poem's
finished, and it's time
to congratulate myself
on it and in it.

Happens every time. Every time
a dangerous time.

“TO ENJOY ONESELF”

“To enjoy oneself.”

Casual phrase.

Or, reflexive-transitive,
to enjoy whom one wholly is,
at best or otherwise.

EVENING GLORY AT AN OPEN MIC

It's the last poem of the open mic,
thank Christ, but here's
a thirty-year-old-or-so woman who says
she'd like to read and can she?—
and what's more, she wants the band
to accompany her. I perk up, and the band,
who have no idea
what the poem is,
its mood etc.,
let alone how long it will be,
and minor matters such as these,
clamber into "Summertime" and
on she reads, and on she reads
about a Wirral childhood if I recall,
and,
gloriously,
"Summertime" comes to an end, and the band
behind John, with more
presence of mind than anything else,
start up with "Summertime" again,
and by now I'm in convulsions,
and croak to Kerry Featherstone I'll like as not
die a listener, when
suddenly
she stops, with "Summertime"
lurching on, John on cornet,
the Mole Man plugging away behind him,
and the rest of the band as well,
and they got through it.
It was glorious. It was *great*.