

Ben Macnair

The Poetry Reading

Here he comes, again.
Our Graham.
With his big hands.
Big books.
Big words,
about buying Spoons in June,
about buying Forks in York,
about never gifting a knife, to your wife.

We will sit enraptured,
knowing he will never improve.
We ask why he isn't published.
He says he is too far ahead of his time,
his words bending to his technique,
his stanzas, his line lengths never uniform.
Still, it is only once a month,
and as bosses go,
he isn't that bad.

What Would Quentin Tarantino do?

Somewhere in a non-descript pub,
a non-descript man holds forth,
shouting to someone else, out of frame.
Another man bangs his head on the table,
hoping for change.

What would Quentin Tarantino do?

The jukebox would play a song from the 1970s.
A faded actor would show his moves,
and a Mexican stand-off would end
with poor Marvin, shot, again.

If that happened here,
the blood would never come out of the carpet,
but in Hollywood, all of the chemicals are stronger.