

Raymond Farr

The Point of Writing Poetry...

Is to go undefeated!

The point of writing poetry...

Is to make a strange city sit up & eat feathers dripping from yr mouth

The point of writing poetry...

Is dope words

The point of writing poetry...

Is no one writes like they sculpt eyes

The point of writing poetry...

Is to change one word & become happy

The point of writing poetry...

Is to get to know & to love that surreal broccoli San Francisco

The point of writing poetry...

Is to avoid going mental in K-Mart

The point of writing poetry...

Is a symptom of mediocrity when mediocrity is the cure

The point of writing poetry...

Is to kill & eat all the bison in America!

The point of writing poetry...

Is the point you make when you steal an apple

The point of writing poetry...

Is What else are you going to do today?

The point of writing poetry...

Is to wreck whatever came before it

The point of writing poetry...

Is the answer to all yr questions about love & dirty dishes

The point of writing poetry...

Is the open door of yr life slamming shut

The point of writing poetry...

Is so you will have something to read that isn't half bad

The point of writing poetry...

Is nothing short of baffling sometimes

The point of writing poetry...

Is always better, darker, more bloody in French

The point of writing poetry...

Is one line & then another

## A Poem Is...

A combination of things

A poem is...

Fly away, bird!

A poem is...

\$12.95

A poem is...

A noun

A poem is...

Not without its charms

A poem is...

Incapable of feeling

A poem is...

24/7

A poem is...

More than what happens

A poem is...

The 5 o'clock shadow of the poet as he walks thru the door

A poem is...

The real meaning of not knowing with certainty what the meaning is

A poem is...

Not always good

A poem is...

Rock candy

A poem is...

About how one day a woman will be president

A poem is...

A very big clam

A poem is...

Some impossible dream dripping from our lips

A poem is...

Awash in French Symbolist absinthe

A poem is...

A very clever disguise

A poem is...

A made thing but not a chair

A poem is...

The beginning of a new way of interpreting reality

A poem is...

What the dog ate

A poem is...

A man all riled up after pulling taffy

A poem is...

Tranquilizing

A poem is...

Losing ground to the people who make Nyquil

A poem is...

Of no use when fired upon

A poem is...

Just enough

A poem is...

Not God

A poem is...

Quiet in the library

A poem is...

This! This is a poem!

A poem is...

Living a lie & can't see that

A poem is...

23 kbs

A poem is...

More than we understand

If You Listen, Really Listen to a Poem...

It tells you yr fortune

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

Harvey the Rabbit bolts the door shut & snow the color of peaches appears in yr notebook

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

Yr teeth are a choir, a choo-choo train hailing out of Boulder, CO

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

It becomes obvious—there's nothing you can do!

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

You are talking to the street

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

Sleep has no face but a piano does

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

The x-ray of yr brain is a bucket of fear

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

Somehow you find that big enormous thing

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

Yr eyes flutter like cow bells they clang!

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

The mice are corrupt teachers!

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

You enter a room filling with strangers

You don't know what you will say

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

A private thought takes the shape of yr breathing

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

All of yr questions will answer themselves

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

There are not enough ears to really listen to a poem

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

Light has a difficult time breaking yr heart

If you listen, really listen to a poem...

Yr last stanza is a beautiful lemonade

She Calls Herself the Ghost of Romance in the Age of  
Ambiguous Strategies for Romance Because...

There are sounds coming from nowhere

She calls herself the ghost of romance in the age of ambiguous strategies for romance because...

There are shadows in a window

She calls herself the ghost of romance in the age of ambiguous strategies for romance because...

She read *Death in Venice* once in a single joyless weekend

She calls herself the ghost of romance in the age of ambiguous strategies for romance because...

She's lost herself again in the coma of her own suffering

She calls herself the ghost of romance in the age of ambiguous strategies for romance because...

The lurid dead end fragments of signals pinging off cell phone towers remain unanswered

She calls herself the ghost of romance in the age of ambiguous strategies for romance because...

In the old houses of her music she's silent at the piano

She calls herself the ghost of romance in the age of ambiguous strategies for romance because...

In the streets of this city's uphill wobbles she walks in beauty

She calls herself the ghost of romance in the age of ambiguous strategies for romance because...

She doesn't know if somebody needs her or if it is just one of those details that fill her with attentiveness