

R.A. Allen

Maudit

Point-spread deficit
on Super Bowl Sunday.
Suleiman, my bookie,
sends his boyos
around, canvassing
to collect.
Nothing but poets
in my building,
plus an interpretive
dance troop,
and a harlequin
— pied ninny! —
who coughed up my
apartment number.
They beat me like a
twinkie
at a Glenn Beck rally, but

I could only offer my
manuscripts
and some reclining nude
charcoals
of Ginsberg, all of which
were spurned.
This truly hurt.
Suleiman, however,
is not dumb. He knows: you
kill a poet, you got nothing,
not even street cred. So he
said, write a birthday
poem for my six-year-old
daughter, and we'll call
it slick. So:



*Birthdays totalize,
Leading to your funeral,
No one really cares.*

The lads came back and
firebombed the entire
block. Luckily,
I was out for dim sum.
They got that
harlequin, though.

