

SALLY ANN DRUCKER

Poetry Mafia: Youngstown

After each reading
they go to Joe's bar
in dark glasses, wide hats
to break codes
trade metaphors
collect credits
celebrate hits
cement relationships
launder poems
for publication
shoot their mouths off
gun down other poets.

The godfather
an old timer
twirls his moustache
knows his poets
and their rackets:
he makes sure
they don't steal
from each other.