

When the Critic's a Lover

My poetry reminds him of cheap detective movies
The ones where fedoras obscure faces
Stiff trench coats belted at the waist
Round white face clocks tick past midnight
Wait for the inevitable knock of
the rich widowed dame
and

I'm supposed to be calm. Say something
clever and laugh.
I'm supposed to be gracious, take
the criticism lightly, work on it.

So I smile. Look up at him through
a curtain of thick black lashes, while
I finger the cold hard facts
in my handbag
level them straight at his gut
and fire, "Take that you Dick!"

