

The Cultural and Intellectual Curiosity of a North American Pigmy

Well, goddamnit,
the broad beside me on 561 to Denver
asked, "Could I read your poetry?"
I offered her a poignant social commentary,
my precious brilliant summary
entitled "Greyhounds."

She spilled fresh red nail polish
over pages where my brain had just been bleeding,
finally breeding fresh and wondrous thoughts
so that she could then respond,
"I didn't understand it."

I know, I know.
Writing just doesn't pay.

—*Thomas Miller*