

I FIND POETRY

in the sneer of a bigot, the beauty
of nature, a madman's eyes.

a wino's alcoholic haze is always
worth a stanza or two and

I once earned \$10 for a 33-word
bit about a skunk.

I wrote for hours when the first
robin of spring got snowed on and

the muted desperation of a ladies'
night crowd turned up on the pages
of a very good magazine.

High school reunions, loudmouths
in bars and politicians make me
particularly acerbic and volumes

can be written about sex, lust
and former lovers, though only
co-eds losing their virginity

and old maids who never gave it
up, can use "womb" in a verse.

one writer's suicide occupied me
for days and months. after watching

a swarm of blackbirds devour
a field of thumb-sized toads,

I wrote a nifty piece about
starlings, toads and the insanity
of nuclear war.

yes, I find poetry in the oddest
and most normal of things.

the next time a stranger
stares at you, maybe
it's because you're a poem.

-- S. K. Morgan

Lansing MI