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The Last Poem of the Great American Revolution

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The Last Poem of the Great American Revolution

*The leisure
is chemicals
Entertained by walls and a trash experience unnoticed unsheltered
clinging to whatever they find,
And so livid...*

Well, I was sitting there on the toilet, cutting my nails,
Watching the clippings fall into the trash can I straddled,
Talking to myself about the last poem of the Great American Revolution.
If I could just get it out," I said, just audible above the snap of the
clippers.

"Pour it all out, all this would finally be over! The late night scribbling,
Uneasiness of lost words, inability to converse; this rage would end!"
Then, almost unnoticeably, like the beginning of an orgasm,
I could feel the last poem coming, dancing around the pupils of my eyes,
The words lightly formed out of nothing, seeming more like
A code for complete rest, the prize of the poet, to silence
The poems themselves, to find peace...
Above, I saw the code becoming sentences in front of the bathroom wall,
I knew it was the end of all the poems, my peace.

Suddenly, almost as quickly as it formed, it disappeared,
Replaced by a giant bat flying out of the wall,
Fluttering around my head, shrieking,
Its huge wings creating a draft in the small room,
Its reddish orange eyes beaming from a crown of purple hair.
It returned to the wall as the image of the poem faded
Into a Violent Femmes song playing from the radio behind my head.
Dazed, I turned to check the time and turn off the radio...
Forty-five minutes had passed! It was 2:37 a.m.

(Even though the clock was always around ten minutes off, give or take two minutes).
I knew I had to try to remember the poem I saw.
I returned to my room where I had tried to start this poem forty-five minutes before
In one of my duct-taped notebooks.
It sat glaring up, five lines, two indented...
The word "leisure" aligned with the word "is" in the second line,
The beginning of the last poem, *this* poem.
I tried to write what I had seen,
What my subconscious or upper mind or some bullshit
Had projected onto the bathroom wall.
I thought it was over, I thought I was finally writing
My final poem (another poem I never finished two or three years ago
Shares the name "The Last Poem of the Great American Revolution").
I then realized that this isn't
The last poem of the Great American Revolution;
Despite the title, it's just another masturbation poem.

Daniel Brooks