

1990

A Real Poem

Tony Perron

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope>



Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Perron, Tony (1990) "A Real Poem," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 1990 , Article 15.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1990/iss1/15>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope (1954-2001) by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.

A Real Poem

I was practicing my ballet in a cold garage,
 gently, gracefully gliding across
 the cracked and rutted cement floor.
 nothing but my toes touched it.
 I revolve in a pirouette
 moving my arms
 in
 and

 out.

A snakelike female partner enters my mind's picture.
 She leaps into
 my arms, and we
 spin together.
 Above my head I lift her,
 Her name is Tatayana.
 As the music quickens, we too....

"Hey, just what kind of poem is this?"

Well, I guess it's a ballet poem.

"What are you, a fag? Real men don't write ballet poems!"
 If you say so.

"Damn right I say so. Why don't you write about the
 thrill of a goal line stand, the feeling of winning the
 World Series?"

Something not so sissy?"

Yeah, I guess so. So you really don't like my ballet poem?

"Well, if I was a fag I would. I mean it's pretty good
 for a wussy poem, but it'd be a lot better if you'd write about
 Manly things."

Like boxing...or...or weightlifting?

"Yeah, yeah. Weightlifting, that's a great idea! Write about that.

Okay, here it goes:

I was practicing my weightlifting in the garage,
 sweating like a six-ton boar,
 My groans echoed off the
 cold

 cavernous

walls.

I slap myself often, just to learn what pain is.

And I growl like a slobbering timber wolf attacking
 a helpless infant.

After seventeen sets of benching five hundred and forty pounds,

 I grab a beer or nine and

 watch the Bears crush the Vikings.

I grunt

My wife brings me

 Cheese Balls.

Tony Perron