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A Real Poem

Tony Perron

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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