

Hate Mail

Dog Poop

Wormlike tubes dump
on the floor, lawn, sidewalk—
uninvited excrement
in my path, in my garbage can,
shoveled or in biodegradable bags,
stinking up, squishing the environment
until I snarl at these containers of crap,
the poop perpetuators
and their inconsiderate owners,
then write my displeasure
in doggerel to vent
my dislike for dog discards
of perhaps the most pampered,
poop-protected pets around
which vex my senses
to the point that I keep my distance
from these smelly creatures
full of tics, yard debris or dressed
in homophile costumes
which hopefully include diapers,
but my luck I met a naked mutt
unkempt with promiscuous poop
sprawled like a necklace at my feet
making me jump on unreliable knees
producing profanity and in need
of a dog poop induced butt wipe.

Hate Mail:

1. From Stephanie Lenox workshop on Public Acts of Poetry.
2. Goethe said “a poet must know how to hate”.
3. What drives you crazy? Channel it into poetry.
4. The object of your contempt must be inanimate.
5. Organize your rage into one long grammatically complete sentence.