

## poet laureate

you better believe  
she was The Queen of The Hop  
she sent bees packing they were in  
her power for hours & hours  
they were to scour the country  
for metaphors & magic  
whats hers is hours she told them  
she was from a land that rang veritably rang  
with milk & honey she told them  
time & again (it was tragic)  
what they were and what they were not

to look for she was in charge  
watched those who did not gild her  
& she had identified knew for certain  
just where & what the great lode was

this was after  
she had sent her mate to his death  
trailing ribbons from his body  
shed ripped open

so when errant workers came back  
burns distant winds in their faces  
eyes bright and odd  
smells irregular breaths in their broken hosiery  
there was a snag somewhere  
there were /tickles in their ears  
they had been doing a little  
stompin in for

bidden fields something had gone haywire  
she knew theyd gone off  
the deep end got off on the wrong  
foot they had been stepping out  
of line losing rime for some  
time or reason they could not keep  
time the way they limped or walked  
they were one royal pain in the ass  
she was put out and she was going  
to put them  
out of her tropical paradise out of their misery

her looks were killing when she leaned  
over sweet eyes small beads of sweat waxed  
eloquent the sweet poet laurie up &  
ate them just like that  
right out of the blue  
she got in  
the last word  
her looks were killing

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