



Photograph from Sort by Genre

Llyn Clague

On Purpose

Ahh . . . the happy inanity
of academish poetry!

So cheerfully culty,
exotic, and arty,
exquisitely intellectual—
and ineffably a nullity.

To (as it were) wit:

“Poetry has
no purpose
&

that is not
its

pur-
pose.”

So-o . . . does *Poetry*,* once an avatar
of revolution, now a mere pillar
of convolution, blacken
not only its dense insides, but emblazon
like a tattoo on the tush of a lover,
such trademark patter on its back cover.

Now I ask . . . is, by any nanobit,
the quelque-chose of poetry enhanced
by this shpritz of fitful
philosophish dilettance?

No-o . . . Let us poets, instead, strive
not for empty jive around an ampersand,
nor a syncopation of constipation,
nor an airy apotheosis of the aimless,

but a poetry infused with so much purpose
it hurts.

* April 2014

Llyn Clague’s poems have appeared in many publications, including *Main Street Drag*, *New York Quarterly*, *Ibbetson Street*, and *California Quarterly*. His seventh book, *Hard-Edged and Childlike*, appeared in 2014. More information about Clague can be found at www.llynclague.com.