

Writing for the WWF

So I can't write a poem about him or the gin mill we was in, Polly's, after this garden show, me and Mike and Bones and Cat, all poets full of the importance of seminars and there's this huge wrestler at the bar, Swede Hanson, a mountain with a broken nose knocking them back and everyone is sort of crab-sideways picking on him and he reminds me of a feral cat we knew, missing part of his ear, piss-smelly, marking his stool and then I remembered Jimmy Snuba and that girl found dead in his hotel room so I sort of sauck up to Swede squeaking "hey we're poets" and the bartender sniggered and someone yelled "only fairies write pomes" and Swede said "oh yeah! I write pomes" so someone threw a punch and me and Bones and Mike and Cat all huddled in a corner and waited

for the beer foam and blood to settle and then Bones threw down his writing tablet and said "I'm sick of it, none of this is worth it" and Swede by then was wiping his face with the bar rag saying "Shit, you ever noticed the lights through them bottles look like a bunch of anemones growing outta some old tree? You haven't even started yet, you think getting scuffed will stop me from writing pomes about that" then he got out a little notebook and a pen and Bones slapped him on the back and we drank and we smoked some more and that was the day Bones and Cat and Mike and me stopped taking all those God-awful seminars and started writing an hour every night right after watching Superfly and Swede on the WWF.

—Laurie Byro

Rott