

A Disjointed Response To A Poet Friend
On The Fly Yes, I mean you. by David
Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz for B. Valerie
Peckler August 22, 2025

Ooh! Ooh! This!
I'm pointing at you,
jumping up and down internally, happily
and excitedly.

Like an open night,
I snap my fingers in appreciative,
alliterative agreement.
My high school and college teachers
would be appalled at my abuse of
adverbs
much less telling not showing.
I no longer write for them.
Rimbaud and Dylan Thomas look the
other way from heaven.
Am I am cheated they haunted me.

Maybe I will save this maybe not.
Maybe I will revise it, perhaps it will rot.
Sometimes the juicy spirit courses
through me.
Sometimes I am better merely in the
shade of a tree.
Though sudden rhyme might make us
both groan
and sonnet masters at the mouth may
foam
I eschew formal technique.
So what? It's not like I get the big
bucks.
Can I have a navel orange?