

Beside the Point / *Linda Mae*

I am the arrow of an
unskilled archer
always planting myself
firmly
an embarrassing distance
from the bullseye.
I am the mind of the
fool stumbling around
happily
always missing
the gist.

I reside here
 beside the point
surrounded by all my
idiot friends.
We create poetry, music,
paintings--
shoes with no soles.
We deeply sense the
significance of their
insignificance,
worship them,
cling to them,
insist upon wearing them
daily.
And each evening
as the world floats on
lily-pad dreams

we gather in outrage
knives in hand
to dig the stones and glass
out of the bottoms of
our feet.