Portrait of a Young Poet as a Bore

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PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG POET AS A BORE

... wrote this poem when i was zonked out at a party and

i rilly feel it takes on more meaning as i go along. each
time i read it i get some more out of it or look at it
differently, i mean oh, depending on my mood i'll change it so

it changes, it is continuous, a poem that flows as my life flows, through

various moods so the version i read to you now will be altered like
even when i was maxed at this party i felt the turbulence

of a never ending theme it definitely is one of those, at least to me, a . . .

DAVID BRENTZ

PROSTITUTE

There is only the ritual which is the only sin. Endless lines of women enter the wooden doors. Holding their beads. Perspiration clings to the edges of their foreheads. There is only the symbolism of the wine and the wafer, of hidden confession and absolution with the wave of priestly hand, and the repeated sin in the streets of night. Fans flow forward and again, over and over in the tropical sun.

LOVE

The touch of the dance is the pulse of my blood, not the release of my heart. The excess of words in the secret of night does not create one mind. The nakedness of my body is not the clothes that clothe my soul.

DEATH

Icharus' flight into the sun is the ritual of nightfall, and temporary escape from the labyrinth of the personal monster, the minotaur of the past.