

I ONCE WROTE AN ODE TO ALLEN GINSBERG AND IT
TURNED OUT REALLY WELL. THIS IS NOT ABOUT THAT ODE.

I set out to write an ode
and within three lines,
my pulse was realized, and my mind, well—
it just went to shit.

It was going to be funny!
The title: AN ODE TO FOOLS, ON APRIL FIRST
It was going to be a cautionary tale
about a prank gone wrong.
It was going to be dynamic, metered, and not
cliché at all.
And then I sat down to write it.

I'm rhyming plan with fake policeman
and data-hitting Wikipedia—
Do I go with Pindaric, Horatian, or Irregular?
Probably Irregular, less rules. But, uh...
I'm a double-mortgage into a fine arts debt and I realize
that I don't know what the fuck a Horatian Ode is.
Twitch.
I can't stop thinking about Horatio Sanz.
Twitch. Twitch.

The pen is out of shape.
out of form.