

*I started to write a poem*

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ouch! That hurt

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By

Peter

A.

Witt

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Peter A. Witt is a gifted metaphysician. In 'I started to write a poem but fell out of my highchair instead' he offers us "...a poem you can grab / between you teeth, tear apart / with vicious intent, dent with / the boom of a harlot's hammer..." 'A Dylan Thomas Sequel' is equally engaging, "...where / the funeral home makes / a killing, so to speak..." An ode to 'Our Home's Front Door,' "I a-door you, / despite your well-worn knobs." Its final passage reads like a foyer foray into a makeover reality TV show, "you'll be the talk / of the neighborhood with your / brassy fixtures, glowing red paint, / and a new mat at your feet." Last call, 'Demon Bar' "where old men leer at women / half their age, dreaming for just / a minute that one of them / might invite them home..." But it's "...a / long walk home, alone, / save for the demon friends / they can't quite shake." To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on its own page. Please scroll down.)*

*Five stars*

**Peter A. Witt**

**I started to write a poem but fell out of my highchair instead**

Here's a poem you can grab  
between you teeth, tear apart  
with vicious intent, dent with  
the boom of a harlot's hammer,  
kick until bruised with steel  
toed boots.

When your done butchering  
you can feed my thoughts  
to a shredder, use a blowtorch  
to shame my flaccid memories.

If that's not enough, bully  
my brain with random epitaphs,  
drown my phrases in pools  
of hot oil, then leave what's  
left next to a radio, volume  
turned to extreme pain.

So here's to you, dear poets,  
you wanted something weird  
and absurd, you wanted  
something to turn into mush,  
have fun, I've packed my bag  
and left for places unknown,  
will check my text messages  
for a response next week.

## **A Dylan Thomas Sequel**

My exit won't be placid nor graceful,  
I do not plan to sidle up to death  
with a grin on my face saying  
welcome,  
glad to make your acquaintance,  
can't wait to leave friends  
and family, my poetry,  
and Sunday night football  
behind with nary a fight.

Don't expect me to beg friends  
to say kind words at my  
"goodbye pal it's been good  
to know you" party, where  
the funeral home makes  
a killing, so to speak,  
and everyone's expected  
to talk in hushed tones  
as if they don't want anyone  
to hear their final thoughts  
before what's left of my body  
is turned to ash, then returned  
to my wife to lie in state  
of remembrance or better  
yet spread in the north wind  
over the trail we walked  
together each day,  
coating rabbits, snakes,  
deer, and a coyote --  
a humorous scene indeed.

No, I won't go gently, perhaps  
not in a rage, but certainly  
not willingly, so who's ever pulling  
the strings and directing this show,  
better prepare for one humdinger  
of a final scene.

## **Our Home's Front Door**

I a-door you,  
despite your well-worn knobs,  
ever squeaky hinges in need of oil,  
wood that's worn and cracked in dire  
need of sanding and a good slathering  
of Sherman Williams' finest.

I can't wait to see you  
when I come back from work,  
your steady presence welcoming  
me home, your peep hole  
scanning my arms for packages  
that might contain materials  
to mend your ills and sores,  
to date I've daily disappointed you.

Tomorrow is Saturday, time  
to finally go to Home Depot,  
buy new fixtures, oil and paint,  
get the right grade sandpaper,  
brushes and drop cloths  
and begin the task of restoring  
your former glory as the  
entrance to our lovely home.

When done I know your mood  
will improve, you'll be the talk  
of the neighborhood with your  
brassy fixtures, glowing red paint,  
and a new mat at your feet  
proudly saying 'welcome'  
to all who cross your threshold.

## **Demon Bar**

Spent another vagrant night  
over drink at local dive,  
where old men leer at women  
half their age, dreaming for just  
a minute that one of them  
might invite them home,

but all they're going home with  
is the demon of rage  
that rags their spirit, and one  
of dope and booze that guides  
them back to their seats most  
every weekday night.

If they're lucky demon  
of regret will take the night  
off and demon of fear  
will sit quietly, satisfied  
with a shot of bourbon  
and stale peanuts.

Bartender says it's closing  
time, last chance to douse  
the demon of overplayed pride  
with another quick round,  
then slip off the stool, put on  
a topcoat too thin to ward off  
the cold reality of a  
long walk home, alone,  
save for the demon friends  
they can't quite shake.

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *I started writing poetry late in life, after I'd retired from a 43-year academic career. Academic writing is dry and devoid of adjectives, imagery, and stylistic elements that make reading interesting. Luckily soon after I retired some accounts written by my aunt Edith about her experiences in the Red Cross Club Service during WWII came into my possession and I decided to use those as the center piece about her most interesting life (<https://www.amazon.com/Ediths-War-Writings-Williams-Ford-University/dp/162349625X>). Edith's writings were what I needed to spur my own creative juices, so I decided to take up*

*writing poetry. Thus, I began to read poetry, read some more, and subscribe to some of the numerous daily poem distributing websites. I developed an attraction for certain poets: Mary Oliver, Bukowski, Jim Harrison, Billy Collins, Adrienne Rich, and Denise Levertov, to name a few. This all led to writing poetry, pretty bad at first, but getting better over time. I've published two collections (Lulu.com) and had poetry published by outlets including Fleas on the Dog, Inspired, Open Skies Quarterly, Active Muse, New Verse News, Wry Times, and The Rye Whiskey Review.*

*To date my subject matter is eclectic, ranging from nature-based writes, often based on my morning or birding walks to more off beat pieces like the four poems published here. I like using poems by others as prompts and doing poems based on artwork and photographs. The four poems in the current collection were variously inspired by a tirade by someone who read one of my poems and didn't like it; Dylan Thomas' Do not go gentle into that good night; a play on words (I adore you, becoming I a-door you); and Bukowski's fascination with bars and drink (I inhabit neither).*

*My wife and I, along with our aging Keeshond, have moved into an independent retirement community, where I've started a poetry reading group. I try to write for a couple of hours each day, when I am not out finding birds to photograph. All and all it's been a good four years...and pleased that outlets like Fleas on a Dog will put up with my quirks and publish some of my work.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Peter A. Witt is a Texas Poet and a retired university professor. He also writes family history with a book about his aunt published by the Texas A&M Press. Peter's poetry deals with personal experiences, both real and imagined. His poetry has been published on various sites including Fleas on the Dog, Inspired, Open Skies Quarterly, Medusa's Kitchen, Active Muse, New Verse News, and Wry Times.