

ALL THAT BUZZ

By Mathew Mendonca

Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes: *Here is a single worth reading, for any skeptic tuned cynic but still antiseptic...Buzz is jazz. 'polarize, / identified:' 'Know your role little drone bee:' 'Yes, you're reduced, / but of little use,' Pay 'attention.'* *Word play bumble tumble reminds of dot and dash flight patterns and the famous 'bee dance' a worker 'performs' when returning to the hive. A short buzzy poem with a body bigger than its clothes. HS*

All that buzz

Flashy media
feeding a chemical release with hard dividing lines;
another issue from which to be defined.
Pick a side,
polarize,
identified:
Us or them.
Fall in,
regurgitate.
Turn off your mind.
Let the group think do the thinking.

Know your role little drone bee:
Buzz, post, re-tweet
anything terrible that's trending.
Release the hormone.

If you're not wallowing in the oversimplified dramatic narrative
you're not paying attention.
Yes, you're reduced,
but of little use,
if not captivated and advertised to.

THE POET SPEAKS: *I wrote this poem in protest. Despite my quiet avoidance of internet socializing, it just keeps getting in my face and in my space. It's not all bad, but what isn't bad is mostly pointless and useless and takes up room, like a Styrofoam to-go container for a burrito already wrapped in tin foil. And like garbage, social media posts have a footprint; not just figuratively, as emotional static, but actually, in the form of data storage: Acres and acres and acres of data servers are being built on the rim-rock*

skyline above my town, to store cat memes, and depressing status updates, where elk herds pass(ed) through to winter feeding grounds.

I've been writing songs for 15 years or so, but started accumulating all these lines and pieces of writing that I couldn't seem to make into music. That's when poetry really entered my life. I started "finishing" pieces that weren't songs, and calling them poems. I soon found that I enjoyed toiling for hours over the rhythm of a poem, just as much as toiling through the words of a song. I could be so lucky as to deserve such punishment.

BIO: *My name is Mathew Mendonca and I live in Prineville, Oregon where I work in Forestry. I have no publication history. (Until now. Eds.)*