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Listening to Chopin with the Cat while Contemplating the Poetry Versus Prose Murder in Russia

I'm sitting on the couch watching the cat listen to Chopin
and I think of the murder in Russia that took place in which two men,
drinking vodka,
got into a fight about poetry vs. prose,
and the poetry proponent took out a knife and stabbed
the prose lover to death.

Of course, vodka played a part in this.

But it makes me wonder if such a thing could happen
in the United States,
where such apathy for poetry
and prose

abounds, and passions for the subject are not
cause for murder,
but for mostly intellectual debate,
devoid of heart.

Are we not as passionate as the Russians?

All that time, suffocated by communism,
not allowed to drink beauty,
makes a nation mad for poetry,
enough to kill for it.

Poetry won this battle.

But who will win the war?

Will poetry and prose survive the oceans rising,
the next socialist revolution,
the alien invasion?

Will poetry or prose win the war,
in which everyone ends up stabbed,
and the murderers go to jail
or simply

burst into flames

like a dying phoenix

or a rising loaf of burnt rye bread?