

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/3

Barbara Bialick

Dear fellow poets for whom I scribe

Dear fellow poets for whom I scribe,
My middle name is not "profound."
That concept comes from Confidential,
Whose published works are Kindle-bound.
When you bards see me you do a one-liner,
some more classy than a vacation cruise liner.
Or maybe a once upon a timer
By a hip old rhymer.
Or was that me?
Some of you think my words are a gossip column,
That can send you beyond publicity into frantic stardom.
For others it's like politics; you want to be the best
And out-do the rest.
I've been wined and dined and asked to reveal
Who said what? What was their deal?
And when I say I honestly don't remember
You think I'm trying to protect some member.
If I actually cared that could indeed be true.
But no one is sending me beautiful love, at least not you.
"Did you see Confidential's necklace? Now that's profound."
"We love your work. I want your baby." How does that sound?
Why do you even want to know who said that?
Even if I could remember I'd say I smell a rat!

Confidentially yours,

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