1.  
Floods of glorious inspiration 
wash over you she says it ain’t 
always it’s mostly hard work 
she says & I get the runs 
when I’m working on a good piece 
she says it’s worth it the struggle 
to get to the word because the Word 
started the world & never 
forget that when you’re looking 
to make words she says & always 
never forget to say remember 
you will find every thing that’s lost 
including words to tell stories 
what’s a poet some thing that can’t 
go to bed without making a song 
lots of songs lots of beds 
lonely & unforgiving with clean sheets 
covering a secret mattress that holds 
histories unworded maybe forever 

2.  
Poets spend endless days & nights 
chasing down the word some stash 
their work Emily Dickenson-style & let 
it out secretly for the rest of us to 
find later without her voice clearing 
our heads some poets can’t wait 
to tell at 2 a.m. a new poem 
    has just been made 
look out world here it is through 
mail through telephone through 
internet (for those in the loop) in books 
of startling glory new & in the hand 
bearing witness to the word bearing 
   witness to the Word bearing witness 
to the world it made
3.
Book in week’s mail is handed to her
along with piece of birthday cake
white with truffle quality frosting
she looks at book & cake
nibbles at poems & sweets
sweets & poems until her head aches
with rich sounds rich beyond jewels &
fur capes beyond brandy & 4-poster beds
richness that makes her own the word
& others’ word as the magic it is
a magic that makes rabbits & hats
worthy of applause

Spicer said poets were radio receivers
pulling in the word from afar
Dylan said he reached up with his
pencil & pulled the word down
from above
each poet each direction always
from out there outside
the outer banks of reason
makes poets laugh & cry scream
& grunt & push breathe push
breathe another poem into being

15 July 21