

Odious Odysseus Mind Your Ss

If comparisons are odious
Then why are these my words
Any different than His—his majesty's
Abstract expressionistic work
Which I do not dislike (even if Humanity doesn't understand it)

We don't understand?—Really now, ('cause I dare use commaS rather dangerously)
Almost surreptitiously to bring in the rhyme
Jumping this image 'the way we don't understand'
—flippin' ultra-modern bracket-like

Physics doing what physicists claim physics does
Big-banging God's theory to hell
With stars and holes darker than before
Traveling through galaxies so we have no time
Traveling now as we are—can't you see the moving? →I meant rather aware of my
place in our universe—so infinite and eternal the way poetry was — It no longer fits
in one single Whitmanian

Sentence [lonely, isn't it?]

The moving movement? Or has it all already been re-done Star-Trek_like?
For no one otherwise remembers your travels O!

No time for comparing this whatever poem
With that whatever lunch poem by O'Hara
Simple as a cheeseburger at JULIET'S CORNER

Though not in this city moving through WORDS
So far away from ninety-fifty-something.