

This is a whimsical piece in response to those who come to me saying, "I have to write a poem for class, but I don't know what to write about." *Here* is a poem -- reminiscent of Kramer's coffee table book about coffee tables (from the old TV show "Seinfeld") -- that is about writing a poem. It is meant to take the reader on a journey through the mental gymnastics required for an individual to attack an unfamiliar medium and "create" on demand.

Actually, this poem is comprised of one long sentence, meant to replicate the panicky thought process of the novice poet. It reflects our way of thinking, going from one concept to another to another, and supplying the secret desire of every human being to be "discovered" on a path to fame --- or, at least, acknowledgement and validation.

Anyone who has ever faced a blank page in terror should be able to relate to the moods that are represented in "A Poem, Not Much More." Enjoy it as you might another person's insecurity. Misery does love company, doesn't it?