

Mc Enroe's Poetry

Dionysos

I feel like John Mc Enroe
When he put the strings in glow.
John Mc Enroe!

My name is John Mc Enroe, do you know my poetry?
It will be written with blood
with the blood of the bad referees.
My tennis bag smells like gun smoke
and there's no tennis stuff anymore,
there's only strange books big maps
and a pictures of a girl with a strawberry face.

John Mc Enroe!

I feel like John Mc Enroe
When he put the strings in glow.
John Mc Enroe!