

## poet (Black bean)

Milo

It seems to me that the artist's struggle for his integrity is a kind of metaphor; must be considered as a metaphor for the struggle, which is universal and daily of all human beings on the face of this terrifying globe, to get to become human beings. It is not your fault, it is not my fault, that I write. I would never come before you in the position of a complainant (complainant) for doing something that I must do... (that I must do) I must do...

Ghiath Matar is dead, roses are not armour  
In my neighbourhood, it was become a poet or a farmer  
Welcome back avatar, Mevlevi  
Whirling while I'm boiling a pacifier  
Hold himself like J'zargo in Winterhold  
Reality, I'm in Fargo reading dinner poems  
Wincing at the virtue signaling  
Jejune is Dirk Diggler staring at the ceiling post-coitus  
Swerving through moral detours most boistrous  
Black beans and deco spilt on my loafers  
I'm back on my Black Bukowski bullshit  
Fuck your notepad, wrote a poem with a toolkit  
Shocking moment as the pupil thought  
"Me and my niggas is a school of thought"  
Shocking moment as the pupil thought  
"Me and my niggas is a school of thought"

I wanna suggest that the poets are finally the only people who know the truth about us. Soldiers don't, statesmen don't, priests don't, union leaders don't. Only the poets, that's my first proposition. The second proposition is what I really want to get at tonight, and it sounds mystical: I think in a country like ours, in a time like this, when something awful is happening to a civilization when it ceases to produce poets. And what is even more crucial, when it ceases in any way whatever to believe in the report that only poets can make