

Public Verse
 —for James Baker Hall
 by Travis Du Priest

Warning: This poem may, or may not, contain adult content. We aren't exactly sure yet, are we? I mean, it's really up to us— To decide together. So, leave now if you fear clicking on Enter: Anything you hear from now on can and will be used against you.

This poem is not being written from any compunction or inner drive, Nor is it being written for any kind of pleasure. Believe me, No one writes for personal pleasure. Writing is hell, and no One puts herself through that for any reason less than fame.

And, rest assured, all poems are public; don't buy the line Of the humble: they lie, they lie. The only truth they might Have stumbled onto is a thought. I freely confess to you right Now that this poem has not one iota of thought. Actually,

You are the theme of this poem; what you hear is what you get, Nothing more, nothing less. The only content is what you invest in the experience as I read. Shall I pause a moment? Perhaps a thought will come to you? Perchance a dream?

After this poem is finished, you have the right to remain silent, But even that is not my call. Your rights are your own, and you May wish to disassociate yourself not only from this poem, but From all poetry you ever read in the future. The only virtue

I hold before you is that this verse is perhaps the least egotistic poem ever written. No grants made this experience possible, nothing from the Park Foundation or The Arthur Vining Davis Fund, not a cent. This poem was made possible entirely by listeners like you.