

The Poet Goes Mad in the Coffee Shop

by Travis Du Priest

*for Gurney Norman**

Would everyone, please, shut the fuck
up. You heard me. You in that stupid
Hawaiian shirt conversing with Karl
Marx. Yes, you over there: Everyone

Knows you have a place in Taos, we
know you can walk to the Plaza. Yes,
we know you're home every summer.
Do we ever. Oh, yes, especially you,

nomadic author, meandering minstrel—
lap-topped, cell-phoned, brief-cased,
dropping correspondence and calls
from your "editor." Where is she now?
New York or is it LA? Why not just

give us her e-mail address so we can
read your proofs on-line and learn about
the publishing process which you are the
first ever to experience. Actually, you're
okay; I like it that you're totally pissed
at a Fascist website. But, oh yes,

absolutely you, just back from Germany,
and to Germany we wish thou wouldst return.
We hear loud and clear that you are

"available" on Amazon—what was it?
"a complex yet readable read." And by
all means the six of you at the Old Farts

Board Meeting: We've been with you to
Austria, to Italy, to Spain, but I'll be
damned if we'll go with you and your
grand-children to see "Ratatouille."

We really won't. Sorry I have to raise
my voice even louder, the cackler by
the front window—did someone give
that bitch a microphone? And while

we're at it, does anyone know why the
Hell they have to launch a small rocket
to produce one little cup of coffee? I can't

even hear myself yelling. I lost control,
didn't I? I forgot where . . . where I was.
I was thinking, out loud, wasn't I?
Thinking of what to write next. Does any-
one remember what I was working on?

**Kentucky novelist and poet*