

William Stafford Contest

David Rizzi, 1234 Any St., Somewhere, WA

email@example.com

a bad poem

to write a bad poem
first you must go home
pull up a chair
and stare into the air

you must pick up pen
you must pick up paper
you must count to ten
you must think of vapor

once you put the words down
do not frown if they are brown
do not cuss or make a fuss
do not moan or drink cologne

the poem is bad
do not get mad
you followed the direction
now find your own erection

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friday at the factory

6:00 a.m.
take a piss
Plymouth gets me to the factory
punch the card

cold Michigan breath
in the tool shed
on the line
steam hammers pound

flattened steel
slides a chute
rolls to me for rivets
warm to the touch

grab a bite
of biscuit at break time
crush a butt
in the metal ashtray

Bobby says
we'll go ice fishing
drink whiskey
on Sunday

boss says
no more talking
belt is alive
get back to work

lunch time
black pail, red thermos
and laughter
at the table

last bell
coats and clangs
Plymouth gets me through the gate
winter evening

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