

Anatomy of a Poem

How do I kill a poem?

Pick up a polished scalpel, sharpen it

Gash

Observe

Identify the personification, now the rhymes, the lines

Well done

Dig it out with caution, especially with the most fragile part – the synaesthesia.

Keep it as complete as possible, as it is so perfect..

Hey! Look out that blood vessel! (you idiot) You almost hurt it

That's rude, don't do that again

Make sure you make a VERY CLEAR CUT, with no nerves or vessels furrily expose

That's right, a perfect cut

Here you go, a bravo fresh piece of Synaesthesia

Look!

Now you, yes, YOU, don't stand so far away, come closer, now take a closer look

Shit, SHit, SHIT.. the blood is gone, the crystal-clear red is dimming

(Oh a pork liver)

Well.. next time hurry up

Now, help me get another poem.