

The Comedienne

Shakespeare of the profane
her annie hall jacket
is her security
blanket
she sips her lemon tea
and turns tragedy into
One liners
her face is a map of
israel
a poet of the absurd
she's a wonder woman
with chutzpah
id rather have a woman
who can make me
laugh
than a supermodel

even when she loses
she wins

Coffeehouse Poem # 433

A barista comes in
With her boyfriend
She's a hippie girl
And she's wearing a dress
Instead of her usual jeans
And t shirt
She looks like a different woman
In a dress
And I try not to let her know
That I'm looking at her
Even as she stands with
Her boyfriend.
She admires me for reading
So much
Tho secretly she hates it
Sometimes, she talks about
Me to the other baristas
As if I'm not there
But i don't care
I think working a nine to
Five is toxic
I'm not trying to fit
Anyone's idea of what's
Normal
I'm not trying to be

Accepted
I still think she is lovely
A hippie girl in a dress
Like a fresh flower
In the dog days of
Summer

Marvin Gaye On A Postage Stamp

and my 10 year old self
rides with daddy, in his pickup
listening to James Brown, Al Green
or Otis on the radio

my first college girlfriend
crushed on George Michael
my 20 year old self, thought
he was fly for a white guy
i owned a beatles white album poster

trump played purple rain at
a campaign rally
even prince admitted to
voting republican

leave it to music
to be the drug that cures all
girls wear tattoos
as billboards to their
soul

i listened to janis joplin cds
wondering if god gave her the
wrong skin color
years later, i repeated the same
mistake with amy winehouse
and sara bareilles

i phones are our jukeboxes
and google even thinks
for us

my 15 year old self listened to
prince, as i became addicted
to pro wrestling with my aunt
cleotha

“talk to me, so you can see
what’s going on...”

music stopped being relevant
to me, after the 90's
i live to be unhip, i'm cool
in my own way

i order a rachel sandwich in a new york deli
as i hum broadway show
tunes

ice cube endorses trump
and white ph.ds dissect
rap music like a cadaver

the 52 year old me watches
my 8 year old self
listening to love will keep up
together, singing with the
groove

*A two-time Pushcart nominated poet from Boston writing for 28 years with 300 publications in print and online in such publications as Hiram Poetry Review, Mudfish, Poetry Magazine (online), Ceremony, Cacti Fur, Bitterzoet, Cactus Heart, Similar Peaks, Gloom Cupboard and Poetry Salzburg namely, **Erren Geraud Kelly** can also been seen on YouTube under the Gallery Cabaret links. Erren is also the author of the book *Disturbing The Peace* on Night Ballet Press.*

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