

Is this poetry?

Is this poetry?
For, to be honest, I have no idea at all
what poetry might be
(unless music plays its part
and that it now does so rarely).

Those of us who know that sound and rhythm,
(the omega and alpha of all that lives and breathes)
have long known that meaning and significance
are nothing but a dull and trite subterfuge lesser muses,
keen to hold their own and not be left behind,
enlist to tarn their conceit,
(and thereby lose for it
all the respect and admiration they crave).

‘This is me!’ you say, ‘but this is me!
Me!’ you cry, ‘me!’
‘Me!’

Well, quite frankly,
we do not give a damn, none of us,
whatever we say.
Your ‘me’ leaves less time for mine,
for ours.

So by all means tell me your secrets,
Your fears, your woes, the stories of your life and loves
at great length (if not greater);
and by all means join in the noise,
and add to the cacophony
that bolsters the banalities of life.

But don’t — ever — try to persuade me
that yours are more vital and important than
the secrets, noise and banalities
of the one, ten, twenty billion other souls
with whom we share this world.

By all means try, of course: try, why not?
I am polite.
But don't mistake politeness for respect.

Who gets attention? Those who do not crave it.

So is this poetry?
I don't know.
But I do know it's truth.