

Good again but this time mean it

by Edith Lyre

Fashionable Melbourne poetry

has this necessary stop block  
in self-reflexivity where

either the poem has come to the mic  
to talk about what it's like to be a poem  
or to look the poet in the eyes

down there in the narrow audience  
and tell everybody about the time she  
or she or and everyone knows this

one where she  
as if the poem were the poet's best man  
at a wedding to maybe no one or maybe

someone besides in that low crowd  
who deserved better than to be dragged  
here to this long instruction on virtue

so if at the end the poem hates the poet  
so then the poem is unfinished and so  
a confession remains to be extracted

so then the poem begs the poet  
to be allowed to die from her lips  
to tell what words she needs to hear

trying it's sorry and didn't mean it or  
meant it but it's sorry now or  
this poem loves me and so should you