

# Poet from Nowhere

## Le Butcherettes

I wrote a poem named "Broken Bones"  
And all she did was laugh a lot at me, at me, at me  
So, then she says, "Oh honey, won't you like to be an engineer  
In Thai, Thailand, Thailand, Thailand?" Won't you die for me, Japan?  
I've learned a lot, I want to be your prodigy, Thailand  
No redeeming time, for I  
Travelling from place to place to find my kind  
Somewhere!  
Publishing two dozen books  
Has coated life with such remorse  
Working my way down through the pits  
Seriously taken to be just another Rowling on the loose  
With sticks and stones that break no bones, or toes or hearts Can you live inside, my poem?  
For just this once I want to make a child cry by my words  
Won't you die for me, Paris?  
Writing down all sorts of ways to blow gold smoke  
Through cracks I'm a poet from nowhere (no air, I can't breathe)  
People spit at me (at my family too)  
When you pick up a flower (or a weed at that)  
You'd probably not give it to me Condescending mockery is here to be seen  
And thrown at people who are keen, cause  
In my life and in my death, jesters think my work is false, is false, is false  
I'm a poet from nowhere  
People laugh at me!  
I'm a poet from nowhere  
You probably never even heard of me  
Nowhere, nowhere  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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