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 heartsCan 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 cracksI'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 meCondescending mockery is here to be seen
And thrown at people who are keen, cause
In my life and in my death, jokesters 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
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