The Trouble With Poets

Peter Mulvey

The trouble with poets is they talk to much.
They tell us how it hurts them,
and it hurts them just a little more.We can not tell;
maybe they make that part up!
We've never stood in their shoes,
in their skins,
in their heads,
only shorts.The trouble with you,
is you drive me nuts!
I can not tell what's that behind your smile.Poet; give us somethin' just to lift us up!
Just for tonight,
for a time,
for the sake of us all
for a while!I know it's only trouble.
I know it's makes us real.
But I wish that piece of mind were something I could steal!The trouble with shoes is they come untied.
You might take a fall down the stairs.
And a poet might come along,
and might say,
"Well that's just like life."I think the trouble with poets is they'll see poetry everywhere!I know,
It's only trouble.
Here I am at the bottom of the stairs;
Beggin' you please Mr.Poet for a few small repairs!The trouble with time
is that time don't go back.Maybe that trouble's just with
you and me.I'm so scared that this
law will fade to black,
that I push,
and I pull,
And I do anything to be free!Oh love,
I push and I struggle!I know.
I know it's just the deal.
And I know it's only trouble.
And don't I know that trouble makes us real!And I know,
sometimes,
sometimes,
nobody knows!
Nobody knows!Not even poets know
how we
feel!The trouble with poets is they talk

they talk
they talk to much!Let us go then,
you and I,
as the evening is spread out against the sky
like a patient etherized
on a table!
They talk to much!They talk to much!

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