

ERIC TORGENSEN

Not Literature

“Pound,” said Gertrude Stein, “remarks are not literature.” The excreta of great white lit-eating sharks are not literature.

There goes a well-trained poem-sniffing dog. Most of the odors at which it barks are not literature.

“Take me home!” cried Alice, bored and petulant. “Snarks are not literature.”

Follow Gauguin to the tropics for dark-eyed girls, but the journeys on which the heat-seeking poet embarks are not literature.

Honor the world and every living creature, but journal-jottings on visits to national parks are not literature.

Go genuflect to theoretical physics. The tracks of particles fleeting as quarks are not literature.

Chiaroscuro is a lovely wine-red word, but word-shadows, audible lights and darks are not literature.

Whatever substance gets you through the night, but stoned and shitfaced pranks and larks are not literature.

Flick your empty Bic, Ric, in the dark. Sparks are not literature.