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Sore Butt Blues

How embarrassing.
How basic
How mundane
How very very material.

In art forms
I try to make so spiritual
that my gluteus maximi
my flesh to sit upon
my butt, in shorter words,
limits my creativity so.
I get tired.
I get sore.

So much of my work takes place while I sit,
and you would say, you must say, mustn't you?

then why not stand, and I would.
I know about desks
for working while standing,
you see,
but my legs tire
even faster
than my butt.

Oh this is something
I would rather not talk about at all
but it will be just between
you and me
and then only
because it is a subject
for a poem;

is this a poem?

My word, anything goes these days
doesn't it?