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It Tears Me Down

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Johnson: It Tears Me Down

IT TEARS ME DOWN



KENT JOHNSON

—for Craig Santos Perez

It tears me down, my friends are few.
It pains my heart, the farm's come down.
The tools are sold, the flock long gone.
The plow's in scrap, the car no more.
It tears me down, my friends are few.
It pains my heart, this denouement.

It drives me wild, this sell-out field.
It fries my brains, the die is cast.
Ed Dorn is dead, and dear Lorine.
The auction's packed, the hands go up.
It tears me down, it's all for sale.
It pains my balls, this "avant-garde."

The birds are white, the birds are black.
The streams once fished are shined in scum.
The Language poets thrill the Profs.
It's gone to seed, *what will you do?*
Fine cock's been sucked and tenure's come.
You can't go back to Paterson.

I'd try myself, but I give up.
They've got the youth and they have won.
It's all arranged in rows and ranks.

It tears me down, my friends are few.
The bids go wack at Jacket2.

KENT
JOHNSON

—for Craig Santos Perez

It tears me down, my friends are few.
It pains my heart, the farm's come down.
The tools are sold, the lock long gone.
The plow's in scrap, the car no more.
It tears me down, my friends are few.
It pains my heart, this deconstruction.

It drives me wild, this sell-out field.
It tries my brain, the air is cast.
Ed Dorn is dead, and dead farmers
The auction's packed, the hands go up.
It tears me down, it's all for sale.
It pains my balls, this "swain-garde."

The birds are white, the bush are black.
The streams once dried are shrub in cast.
The language poets thrill the poets.
It's gone to seed, what will you do?
Fine cock's bear-wishes and women's come.
You can't go back to whatever.

I'll try myself, but I give up.
They've got the south and the best wood.
It's all averaged in cows and cash.