



Peter Meinke

LINES FOR THE REVIEWER

And if the critic is right  
and these poems of no more worth  
than a broken bottle scattered against the curb  
or a bird dead in September's early bite  
or the curse of a fetish priest in the modern world--

then there is nothing to do but hope  
that the glass be sealed in cement in some way useful,  
that flowers spring from those weightless hollow bones,  
that the curse turn into a song to make children smile...

but if the critic is wrong  
may he shred his fingers clambering over this wall,  
may he eat crow, feet beak and feather,  
may his belly swell and his genitals wither.