

## POET FLU

For Maud, Herman and Maarten

When will the poets be extinct?  
The hedgehogs have it coming to them  
In twenty-five. The survey claims  
Our fields afford no habitation  
For Mrs Fuzzypeg and Rabbit Grey.  
Clare wrote about them in his day.

When will the poets be extinct?  
This one is going to the doctor  
To have his prostate checked today.  
Butterfly on a bicycle,  
He'll probably be crushed in traffic  
Before some woman gets him in her arms.

Keep smiling, poets, your turn comes  
Next. After a few more hard-earned lines  
The galaxies inside your skulls  
Will burst like pomegranates into flower.  
Extinction becomes distinction  
When feathered friends flock together.

18<sup>th</sup> January 06