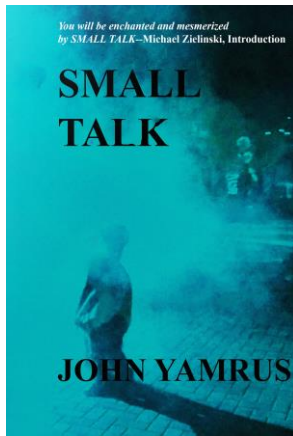


John Yamrus 7 poems from ‘SMALL TALK’



In his latest collection, ‘**SMALL TALK**,’ septuagenarian author, **John Yamrus** writes about love, ageing and loss, with all the finesse and aplomb one would expect from a major poet. Sometimes hilarious, sometimes sad, these poems are straight from the heart, (that undefinable place), where writers and artists find their voices, and sometimes their *raison d’etre*.

However, do not let the effortless delivery, and apparent simplicity of **Yamrus**’ poetry, obfuscate the surgical delivery, abiding ‘devilry,’ and sublime depth of the writing. This is poetry to be savoured and remembered. We hope this tiny offering will inspire readers to take the time to look further into **John Yamrus**’ genius.

the

tiredness,

the loneliness

and
the disappointment

hurt,

but,
what hurt even worse,

was
that look

in
her eyes.

the
one that said

you
don't even matter.

she said:

of course,
you know,
i AM your savior...

that thing we do, over there

is more
important than god, or
church or prayer.

Christ, you're
right (he said).

come here...

and show me
what you mean.

she used to

feel
sorry for herself
in that way only the young can have.

at bars she'd
walk up
to a guy and say you've got
hands like Michaelangelo's DAVID,

and they'd

look at her
like she was crazy
and they wouldn't understand.

she'd have
6 tequilas straight off,

and dance
like there was no tomorrow.

it was
no surprise, then,
when she turned up dead

one sunday morning...

skirt torn, face shot off,

blood

on the bathroom wall...

and neither
Michaelangelo

nor David

gave a holy good god damn.

he was

drunk and more
than a little bit crazy

and
made the mistake
of leaving the live video feed

on
his computer open

and when
he was done reading his poems

all that

was left was this sad

drunk old man
and the sound
of him walking from room to room

trying
to see where
the magic had gone.

he chose to

do
his suffering

in
grand style...

starting off
with beer in the morning,

then
the good wine
as the afternoon and
the memories kicked in.

toward evening

he switched
to Grey Goose

and
finished the night
with his old friend, tequila.

it
wasn't much,
but it was all he had...

besides,

when
the checks came,

they

covered the rent,

and
the Goose and every now and then,

even
the food.

the poems
he wrote got worse and worse...

eventually,
the mail stopped coming

and
there was absolutely nothing

on t.v.

Jesus, it

felt like
the kiss of death
when the professor wrote and said she liked my poems
because they were amusing and irreverent

and i wanted to
go out and shoot myself in the back yard
just so i could break the chain

it's not
that she wasn't
a nice lady and was paying me nicely to speak
at the school and i told her that
she should really take that money and

hire
three *real* poets instead,
as i was just a fake who got up every morning, had my coffee, fed
the dog and came down here to fight with

the
words the
world the poems

and you.

the final question

the interviewer asked was:
if you had to narrow it down to just one thing,
what's the most important quality for a writer to have?

by that time of the night
i was bored and more than a little bit tired

and i wanted
more than anything else to get out of there
and go home,

but,
i figured i at least owed it to her to play along with the game,
so i looked her in the eye and said:

you really wanna know? it's the ability
to ignore the obvious.

it was getting late... for me...
for the interview... for everything.

i didn't

have the time
to add that most of the artists i look up to (living and dead)
are the embodiment
of that old Tom Waits song...

the
one about
having a bad liver and a broken heart.

i should
have also told her
that tenacity and courage

are a big part of it, too.

and...
yes...for sure...

the ability
to ignore the obvious

and
look the other way.