

## Interrogation of a Poem

You claim roses are red  
and violets are blue.  
But that doesn't explain why *you*  
sang a sweet song of love  
one day  
and a battle chant of loathing the next.  
That is very fishy, Mr. Poem.  
Do you, sir,  
have an alibi  
for where *you* were  
September 24, 2010,  
when you were supposed to be  
*turned in for a grade?*  
You were stuck in traffic? Where?  
Where the sidewalk ends, you say?  
Or were you lost  
on a road less traveled perhaps?  
Were you ever involved with a raven  
or a cow that jumped over the moon?  
Did you ever know a cat  
that wore a hat?  
Mr. Poem,  
you seem like a nice guy,  
a family guy, a deep guy,  
a loving guy, a funny guy.  
You like kids, right?  
Teachers must *love* you.  
Right?  
Of course I'm right.  
You're real smart, buddy boy.  
Went to college, you say?  
Well, sir, then why  
are you sometimes incorrect

in punctuation, alliteration,  
*identifying the situation!*  
You say you goofed off,  
but Mr. Poem  
you can be such a serious guy.  
Don't make excuses, Mr. Poem.  
But when you used the alias  
*Haiku,*  
you got the job done short and simple.  
Right? Right.  
You seem okay,  
maybe even good.  
I could like you maybe,  
or I could hate you.  
You seem like that kind of guy.  
But surely, Mr. Poem,  
you'll agree with my conclusion  
that you have *far* too many  
aliases and angles and names.  
You work for too many people,  
and too many people know your name.  
You've got personalities piling up  
and spilling out the back door!  
So, Mr. Poem,  
let's decide who we are today,  
shall we?  
Dismissed.



Annie Rose Schenk