

*Jack Hammer*

FROM *AND AFTER MANY A  
SUMMER DIES THE DUCK*

I have a friend who wrote a book.  
Yes.

Writing is often self-destructive,  
especially if your stuff is filled  
with finely-wrought irony.  
They say that New Orleans has many  
balconies and gates  
of finely-wrought irony.  
That is not what I'm talking about,  
at all.

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I put two poems  
of equal length  
side by side  
and spent an hour  
trying to decide  
which was the better.

Imagine the shame  
of having to choose  
this one.