

A Brief Introduction · *Jim Simmerman*

Oops!

Well, as long as you've caught me at it,  
you may as well come in.

You are, of course, in a poem  
by the talented and acclaimed poet, Simmerman.  
Now, now. No need for all that.  
This way, please.

Here is the poet's collection  
of Jimi Hendrix and Todd Rundgren albums.  
Here are his guitars, his congas, his buffoon.  
Listen, you can hear the poet now,  
whacking out a few "hot licks."  
Not bad, eh? I mean, he doesn't spend  
*all* his time writing, you know.

And here is where the poet keeps his narcotics:  
his Ripple, his croquet mallet, his M&M's.  
Please! No samples. This way.

Here we have one of the poet's  
forthcoming works. Please read with me:

A robin pecks  
at the ice  
in my rain gutter.

I make a big  
deal of it.

And in this stanza, an assortment  
of knock-out images:  
the stalled Studebaker of circumstance;  
abstinence, that flaccid halo;  
the rotisserie of despair.  
Now really! Put that back.  
What if every line-starved rhymster  
pilfered a trope here, an image there?  
Before long, everyone would be writing this well.

And now, what you've been waiting for,  
the poet himself during a routine day.  
Here he is nibbling a candy wrapper,  
gulping his morning cup of smoke.  
And here, lobbing turtles onto the freeway.  
Here he is bicycling  
through a Spanish concerto.

Here, performing *kata* on a wave.  
Here we find him conducting his own funeral.  
Here, making a face like an earthquake.  
Here he is carrying his head on a silver tray.  
And here, if you'll join him, stepping  
out of an elevator onto the Milky Way . . . .