

ALICE MAJOR

Multi / Verse

It's foaming up like bubbles in a bowl
of suds – a madly cloning cosmos,
in which our universe is merely one
surrounded by billions of its kind.
And so, by logic's numbing numbers,
all poets are repeated endlessly
and dreadfully identical.

Oh god! Who hopes to be original
in such a multiplicity of verse?
Refrains regurgitated, tromped-over tropes
and metaphors re-echoing
ad infinitum! Not to mention
all those re-used rhymes we're sick of.

On planet after duplicated planet,
our mirrored selves are throwing in the towel,
throwing down the glove, threatening
to bash their heads against the wall
and howl

Not spring again! Not love!