Poetry is the last refuge of the unimaginative. Poetry has little to offer outside of poetry itself. Writing—on the other hand—is a much more dynamic space. Poets chose to be poets because they do not have the drive to become something better. Readers are a book’s aphorisms. All bad poetry springs from genuine feeling. To be natural is to be obvious, and to be obvious is to be inartistic. Poetry, sadly, knows it’s poetry, while writing doesn’t always know it’s writing.

Art is a conversation, not a patent office. Poets in ostrich-like ignorance of the potential of sharing—as opposed to hoarding—their texts, are ignoring potentially the most important artistic innovation of the 20th century: collage. What’s at stake? Nothing but their own obsolescence. If you don’t share you don’t exist. We expect plumbers, electricians, engineers and doctors to both have a specific and specialized vocabulary & be on the forefront of new advancements in their field, but scorn poets who do the same. Poets are now judged not by the quality of their writing but of the infallibility of their choices. Having been unpopular in high school is not just cause for book publications. Immature poets imitate; mature poets steal. The worst thing about poetry is poetry.

The true artist is known by the use he makes of what he annexes. In theory, there is no difference between theory and practice. But, in practice, there is. Rules are guidelines for stupid people. In poetry we applaud mediocrity and ignore radicality. Poetry has more to learn from graphic design, engineering, architecture, cartography, automotive design, or any other subject, than it does from poetry itself. Poets should not be told to write what they know. They don’t know anything, that’s why they are poets. The Internet is not something that challenges who we are or how we write it IS who we are and how write. Poets—being poets—are simply the last to realize the fact. At its base, the Internet is a Borgesian library of perversions and pornography whose only redeemable feature is the card catalogue itself. If writing a poem is inherently tragic it is because it is hard to believe that the author had nothing better to do. It is inherently tragic because we still chose an outdated form as a medium for argumentation. If we had something to say would we chose the poem—with its sliver of audience and lack of cultural cachet—as the arena to announce that opinion? Please, no more poetry.
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