

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Michael Marrotti: Three Poems

Michael Marrotti · Wednesday, February 15th, 2017

Michael Marrotti is an author from Pittsburgh, using words instead of violence to mitigate the suffering of life in a callous world of redundancy. His primary goal is to help other people. He considers poetry to be a form of philanthropy. When he's not writing, he's volunteering at the Light Of Life homeless shelter on a weekly basis. If you appreciate the man's work, please check out his book, *F.D.A. Approved Poetry*.

Nothing Like Bukowski

I've written plenty
of shit poetry
this is only one
man's opinion

Somehow
I managed to fool
the publishers
close to a
hundred times
as my poems
have propagated
the small press
like chlamydia
in Beechview

I'll be the
first to admit

Apathy
has its firm
cold grip on
my obnoxious
catalog of crude
writing

But anything
is better than
being compared
to the greatest
poet of all time
Charles Bukowski

I know how
to take an insult
this face has been
punched more times
than I could remember
nobody ever
knocked me down
I'm still standing

Getting a review
is ridiculous enough
adding the Bukowski
death blow comparison
would be a technical
knockout

So far I haven't
heard anything
back from those
asshole critics
but silence

My miserable
significant other
can fuck off
I must be doing
something right

Stuck In A Paradox

I'm pro-life
and pro-choice
my entire life
I've been stuck
in a paradox

I'm anti-violence
for it serves no point
yet I'm all for violence
its been instrumental
in keeping the order

Marriage is a concept
I fully believe in
although I've fractured
my vows in the past
I've always been
a sucker for temptation

Life is prone to change
so are certain human beings
the thinking man
is constantly evolving
although plenty of folks
in my case wouldn't
agree with that notion

They'd tell you
I'm a selfish bastard
who romanticized
the works of Camus
Palahniuk and Nietzsche

A real class act
the type of asshole
who thought he
appeared to look cool
when he was ruining
his life and the lives of
those who mattered most
during a long bout
of self-destruction

Finger Banging Into Obscurity

The award for
distinguished
local poet
will never be
mine

I screwed up
by pissing off
all three of the
local editors

The greatness
of my writing
after 121
published poems

still hasn't been
acknowledged

Here I am
devoted to
writing poetry
for an apathetic
audience

They say
as you go
you'll make
the right
connections

All I have so far is
publishers telling me
my writing isn't good
enough

But thanking me
for the opportunity
to read these
lousy poems

How long
does a man
have to wait
when the
key word is
subjective

Is there a
secret code
or a special room
show me the door
Dr. Marten and I
will kick it in

At least I
haven't
marginalized
myself by
only sticking
to a single subject

The versatility of my
undesirable writing
keeps me producing
something new

One man on a keypad
finger banging
his way into
obscurity

This entry was posted on Wednesday, February 15th, 2017 at 11:45 am and is filed under [Poetry](#).
You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can skip to the
end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.