

# 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.