

Self Publishing

Home alone, just got off the phone
with an enabling galley guy, not reviewer, who's agreed to publish my tome;
well, only twelve poems about what keeps my thoughts in clover.

The pages opaque, the font Garamond, and I picked the cover art.
For a start, my poetry friends think it's easier now
to cart many copies from open mikes to coffee klatches.

My next collection, from juvenilia to maturity,
forgives the lagging rejections, strings together some observant verses,
and for the first time, a shirt, a tie, and impish smile compose a pricey jacket.

by Paul Turner © 2006