

## Philip Whalen Imitations

### **soul**

I'm sick of clever,  
of the satisfying smack of a line,  
shocking, gruesome images, creative twists, self-absorbed, unusual, double edged  
rhythm.

And aren't you a little old not to realize that cool is crap,  
sitting there in your little corner sneering at ironies.  
I don't even want to imagine who your heroes are,  
while you're listening to the buzzing or symphonies or hammering,  
or whatever damn sounds are shaking your head.

### **my fridge and I**

The fridge is humming  
although I shouldn't say fridge because it is really two parts,  
one part fridge and one part freezer,  
not the same weight because the freezer  
is really only about 3 inches deep,  
can't even fit a thing of frozen yogurt in it  
It's humming, and I should know why,  
I'm a chemical engineer after all 10.213,  
stuff with compressors and pumps and heat flow and I just don't remember anymore,  
as usual I'm worthless  
But it's not really humming, more of a growl,  
a growl some mechanical animal, some metallic wolf,  
or maybe dog, like they have in futuristic movies,  
like that one with Woody Allen where he had a pet that required batteries,  
I mean pooped batteries,  
I suppose I shouldn't say the word pooped in a poem but oh well,  
it's the best I can do

I swing around in the same circles,  
thinking the same things, I tell myself  
why, what's the point, why do you think  
you'll come up with something new after going down the same