Hank

Martin Jago

We're seeing more and more of this kind
of thing, a spokesman said, love

coming down from the mountains,
terrorizing whole communities,

but this latest love's far bigger than
the average. Still, we didn't

see it coming. What do they say?
Don't startle love in the woods, and yet

it's okay for this galoot to do
the same to us? Since last July,

love's broken into every heart
round here, causing extensive damage

in over thirty documented cases.
I guess it's easier to find leftover love

than go into the forest for it,
easier to rummage through people's back

stories and let itself into
our homes. Forget crack squads

of celibates and cynics, none
of those so-called deterrents

worked. This is a love that's lost
all fear of humans. If only people

didn't keep feeding it,
we wouldn't be in this mess.

And now they say we may need
to euthanize love. Well, who

invited love down from the mountains
in the first place? Love just sits there and eats.

Love doesn't growl. Love doesn't make rude faces.
So why should this big dummy die?

Cobalt Poets Series # 618 ~ May 7, 2024

Martin Jago is a British-American poet based in Los Angeles. He is the author of *Photofit* (Pindrop Press, 2023) and four critically-acclaimed books on Shakespeare (Smith & Kraus 2012 – 2018). His poetry has appeared in magazines like *Agenda, Acumen, The Moth, Presence, LIT Magazine, The Penn Review* and *Artillery Magazine*. He holds a Master's in Creative Writing from the University of Oxford where he was an F.H. Pasby Prize finalist and recipient of an H.E.F.C.E scholarship award. Learn more @ www.martinjago.net