

The poets never talk about the money

Not the *little* money, the hundreds-money
that buys a fancy meal, that cheeky frock,
the special tree or bench for the back garden.
No, I'm talking about the BIG money, the three
or four zeroes money, the I-can't-believe-one-poem-
earned-me-all-this-money money. I want to hear about *that*
money, want to hear how it changed everything, not those
worthy trot-out phrases how it made you a better writer,
focus on your craft, yawnblah yawnblah. Show some
imagination - you can tell me about the new writing
shed in the garden but give it some bling, tell me
there's a backroom with a hot tub and bar, pink
furry handcuffs dangling on a diamanté hook
while the glitterball picks out all the tongue-
and-groove on steamy nights when the moon
is high and so are you. Tell me how that long
holiday to Barbados had you nakedwrithing
in the sea with so many men you lost count.
Tell me you blew it all in Vegas, wrote an epic
monologue so brilliant it paid off all your gambling
debts and you married the hitman sent to snuff you out.
I want to read PR puffs that show the truly transformative
powers of the Bridward-Forport-Costaplough. I want photos
of you at The Eliots in a white suit with a deep tan, golden buzzer
showerspraying from the ceiling while Ant and Dec shove a mic under
your reconditioned, peeling nose and then someone else, somewhere else
in a small room with the latest flatscreen but not much in the bank might just think,
I could do that.