

A Poem by Paul Smith

Give Me No Books

People give me books
I don't read
I repay them by
Giving them advice they don't take
Don't eat red meat
Floss regularly
Check your colon annually
I mean annually
Don't give me books I won't read
Following my own advice
I bent over to inspect my backside
And there it was
The advice I gave you
Right where you shoved it
Beside *The Great Gatsby* and *Huckleberry Finn*

Paul Smith lives in suburban Chicago with his wife Flavia, writes prose and poetry, sometimes performs poetry at an open mic in Chicago. He enjoys reading history, biographies and any kind of poetry that is understandable and tries to tell a story.