

# Jihad of the Literary Sort

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(Written in the aftermath of 9-11, and a concurrent declaration of war against  
my writing style by a certain self-righteous editor, October 5, 2001)

Make no mistake about it  
A literary jihad has been launched:

This is no mere moonlight and  
Serendipity crusade;  
The hallowed ivoried halls of  
Orthodox expression  
Are under attack and must be defended!

For those who refuse to perish  
By the word  
Will die by the pen unpublished  
And be left underappreciated  
To rot upon the editor's cutting floor.

The conflict pits  
The stalwart defenders of  
Conventional idioms and form  
Against those who might favor  
Less academically validated  
Expression

The weapons of choice will be  
Incendiary words  
Fragmenting phraseology  
Bombastic verbal bombs hurled  
And finally, most fatally,  
Simple blockade, denial of access  
to academically acceptable and  
approved, controlled, outlets

(While the opposition will aim at disruption  
To weaken our resolve  
Distract from our objective  
Judgment about poetic expression  
They will seek to exploit new  
Media and venues to  
(Undermine our orthodoxy)

The masses unsuspecting and unlettered  
Will suffer shock and awe  
In the demonstration of our inherent  
Inherited learned superior tradition of  
the finer points of the Western Wind,

(Built as they are from unfounded assumptions  
Forcing all expression into  
Preconceived categories  
Inspired by shortsighted and  
Self-serving interpretations

And poorly trained interpreters)

Insurgency against the righteous

Will be defined as a lack of:

A set meter or standard rhyming;

Urgency in denouncing grammatic enemies; as well as

Questioning of official lies told in style;

And even tepid support of punctuation

will be considered giving aid and comfort

To those amateurs and outsiders against

Whom we wage our war

It should be clear to them:

You **MUST** Conform!

Keep in mind however

One person's terrorist

Is nonetheless and despite all

Appearances a freedom-fighter still

Justified by writing and performing on the

Supported side of history

So, you won't mind at all,

Will you?

That I don't bend down to

Kiss your smug self-absorbent

Editorial ass...

Long Live the Revolution!

I Don't Care that it Has No Meter!

I Don't Care that it Does Not Rhyme!

Free Verse Everywhere!

Break the Chains of Meter that Bind our Verse!

Refuse Expressive Orthodoxy at Every Turn of Phrase!

Down with Forced Rhyming!

Stop the Oppression of Free Expression!

All in all, it won't take long  
To win this victorious little war  
It's the one that comes after  
That will take some time