

False Villanelle

Sitting here devoid of inspiration,
Filling empty forms with poetic strain,
Finding there's *no such thing* as intention,

I shatter critics' sacred assumption
By achieving nothing as I remain
Sitting here devoid of inspiration.

It is my sour, discreet revelation,
In the know with those who share this domain,
Finding there's no such thing as intention:

Privy to secret information,
A deceit that in public we sustain –
Sitting here devoid of inspiration

I am become a kind of Freemason.
I realise it time and time again,
Finding there's no such thing as intention.

Yet as form-filling nears completion
I find coherence in spite of the strain,
Sitting here with unknown inspiration,
Finding that *form-filling* counts as intention!

Well I'll be damned.