

**John Foy**

**Mania**

I would meet you upon this honestly. I am sick,  
but not with cacospectomania,  
neurotic staring at repulsive things,  
and not with coprolalomania,  
that hunger for the scatological.  
And dipsomania, I don't have that,  
the morbid need for steady alcohol  
– but let me circle back to you on that.

I don't go 'round with empleomania,  
the insatiable urge to hold public office.  
And lagneuomania? Well, I declare  
I'm not preoccupied with lechery.  
My problem, here, is metromania,  
the catastrophic need to write in verse.  
At least it's not ophidiomania,  
an excessive interest in reptiles.

John Foy

### **My Love of Poetry**

I remember now, I don't know why,  
in fourth grade I think it was,  
I called a kid  
a douchebag.  
His name was Howard Hutchinson.  
He ran to tell the teacher  
that I had called him  
a douchebag.  
The teacher, Mrs. Nathan, promptly came  
to talk to me  
in the harshest possible terms  
and asked me why  
I had called him  
a douchebag.  
"Because he looks like one," I said,  
although back then I didn't know  
what a douchebag was.  
I did, though, like the sound of it.  
Detention was my just reward.  
In point of fact,  
he wasn't that objectionable,  
but the frisson of *douchebag*,  
a sonic equivalence I could not deny,  
was so exact, given what I saw,  
that I gave in, alas,  
to the dark allure of accuracy,  
and thus began my love of poetry.