

ON MODERN POETRY

I don't know,
I always thought
That poetry was beautiful, melodious and so
I sought
Words which, in their syllables alone,
Sung:
I looked for sentences whose tone
Hung,
Like the power of a silver bell,
In rhyming lines and floral
Phrases, well
And logically conceived: moral
Sermons, love-filled lyrics, sonnets bold
In chaste pentametre--the themes I told.
But shucks!
I was born too late.
I find this is all out of style.
(Not "out of date"--that rhymes wich is not a Good Thing).
Words must be ugly or dull,
Or both.
They must run around but heaven help you if they fall in--
To the dum te dum of old fashioned poetry!

Words that travel with a quickening
Pace are the object of a poet's search.
They rush pell-mell scattering hither and thither breathlessly
dashing into the unknown and stopping with a sickening
Lurch.

And such subjects too!
Iron, dirt, bugs, blood, and topics
Not discussed in church.

Its hard writing poetry now.
You can't have rhyme, reason or metre,
Nothin'!
Shucks!