

On Modern Poetry

Douglas Feaver

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 tuneful 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(not “out of date”—that rhymes, which is not a Good Thing)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 te dun of old-fashioned poetry.
Words that travel with a quickening
Pace will be 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.

it's hard riting poetry now
u can't have rhyme, reason or metre,
nothin!
Shucks!