

A Word

Poets

POETS are a race apart:
Flavoured phrases all imply
Heart-felt words and skilful art,
To shape what's seen by poet's eye.

Sing their praises to the skies!
Insight cannot be ignored.
Only poets could devise
The poignant passions we applaud.

Only poets can prepare
Simple things in wondrous ways.
Only poets can declare
An inward self in magic phrase.

Lucky we, that we should see,
Briefly, through a poet's eye,
Things unseen by you and me,
To make us laugh or make us cry.

Plaudits thus have come their way,
For many years beyond recall.
The time, alas, has come to say
It should not be like this at all.

Sadly, we just can't be sure
Poets' words and poets' eyes
Mean their thoughts are true and pure:
Perhaps it's just an exercise!

*Pick a subject, just for fun:
See if I can shape a sham.
It's easy, now that I've begun:*

A Word

Who'll guess that I don't give a damn?

What can you and I believe,
If their truths are simply lies?
If they chatter to deceive,
Believe the lies that they devise!

What a devastating thing!
If our poets can imbue
In poets' truths a hollow ring,
Perhaps the sham is hollow, too. . .

Poets' status loses clout!
What is truth and what is lies?
Curse these verses, sowing doubt!
(Perhaps they're just an exercise).
