

About Poems

There is no such thing as an academic
Poet, the books explain and never speak
That higher language. The poetic
Credentials never bought the voice
Of human existence dancing in God's umbra.
You can buy yourself a Pound's
Or Eliot's cultured voice hidden
Sequestered in a marble gourmet's tower
And focus on a just or seemly cause, or
Overwhelmingly modern perspective.

The focus on thing's a child's
Playtool; morning dew on the
Lilac leave - the electric give in
Undulation of lovingly stroked breast.
Somehow experiences too safely human
To pen, too mute to describe; too
Full of power to ignore, I die for
The old monk's feeling or his
Thought blowing out an evening
Candle after reverence in a tomb.