

Poetry

(Reading *Poetry* Magazine I can't understand much of anything)

Has that much changed, that we won't speak to the masses?
Everyone complains we're disappearing, read by less and less.
Is it Masters in Literature we have to thank for this?

Call me a neo-formalist or anything you want
but I can't understand much of
what's in the latest edition;
though I've thought and fought about those poems, and
sure it's life and death,
but they cloak their words in obscurity
so that I won't remember them.

Pondered so much less,
I can see Frost stop his sleigh on a snowy eve
though I was never there;
know a rowdy man's life in Dylan's "Lament"
when I never dared to live him;
feel Ezra Pound's *imagism*
look down from above at what it's become
confused--
hear the cracks in real art
when you lay the danged thing down.

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