

This Poem Has No Title

by Iain James Robb

...Or perhaps it has;
It depends which way you look at it.
Perhaps the reader may cite laziness
As my reason for not titling this
Any other than I would have done
As now, with such a title
As it has, since for some reason
I never gave it one.

“Alas”, you sigh, “You lie, your little poem has a title”;
It's called ‘This Poem Has No Title’.
This is true, but do observe
That it is actually the poem's first ‘verse’
(Meaning ‘line’, not meaning ‘stanza’).
Do I presume to waste your time
With such a trifling dissertation,
On the nature of things existent
In a state of frippery?

Do I presume to waste my own time here?
Well, how can I presume to?
One can't presume against one's self
Except unconsciously:
If someone knows not their own mind.
I am not that kind of masochist,
Or at least don't want to be one.
“Whatever is the reason
Mr Iain James Robb is doing this?”,
I think I hear you question,
If at least you do not groan.

Well, a word is a word is a word is a word:
Things just require appellations
As far as discourse or as art's concerned.
Nothing living other
Than our selves, or others' selves concerned
In us, require a title.
Nothing dead or not having
Lived yet does;
Both grass and dust, or bough or bird,
Resist their appellations.
Perhaps a poem can function just as those
Without a purpose
For semantics.
I offer you this voiceless thing
That you may take or turn it down.

Perhaps I lied and always meant
The poem's first line
To be its title.
I shall leave you to be the judge of that
Or whether I meant meaning,
Since perhaps the thing is meaningless;
I'll give a hint, it has a title,
And I'll even offer hints at it
If you look hard enough...

Those last three periods are the
Clues you need;
I need a cup of coffee soon.

