

I Don't Understand Poets

by W. Scott Bowlin

The way they lay out their words in blocky formation
that seems to give impact to certain phrases
Stanzas, they say, and I don't understand
how shifting a word to the beginning of a new
sentence changes it
But it does you see, and there is something
to it that is subtle and in your face at the same
time.

I haven't read many of them, these poets
that they speak of — Whitman and his Leaves
Of Grass, Mary Oliver and her wild life,
I've never read Thoreau on purpose
but I have read Bukowski and his search for
The Word the Line the Way
and Darryl Price because he's here

They cheat you see, with their iambic pentameter
and sestina and free verse and haiku
They find small ideas here
in this beautiful world of
ours and strip them down
leaving off the flowing sentences
and the finely crafted scenes that transition
and somehow it still seems right and threatens
to make you smile or, sometimes,
Cry.