

Maisie Dear

by Con Chapman

Maisie dear, I can't forget her--
I only wish her poems were better.
If they partook of lyricism
there'd be no reason for our schism,
but it's too bad, that won't be happening
because her lines are all quite sapping.

Me, by contrast, I write junk
to lift a poetessa's funk;
the kind who loves her stormy weather
and sips tea in the altogether
because she's too depressed to rise
and pulls the covers to her eyes.

But Maisie, she likes unicorns--
she sees the rose but not the thorns.
She dreams of fairies, elves and sprites
when she retires for the night.

So when I write a poem in jest
she holds it closely to her chest
and there against her blouse's yoke
she doesn't get my feeble joke.

We could, if she had half a mind,
become as one, enamored, kind.
We'd stay indoors as rainstorms raged
and write our poems page by page
and when the sun perchance did shine
we'd go outside where she'd read mine
and then she'd say "Now it's your turn,
here's one about a Grecian urn
that fell and broke, from where it sat
quite high above a welcome mat."



No Maisie, we must sadly part
for I possess an antic heart
while yours is pure, and sweet and simple--
as naughty as a cupid's dimple.

I'll miss your lashes and brown eyes
until the very day I'm dead;
I do not mean to criticize
but jokes of mine fly o'er your head.

