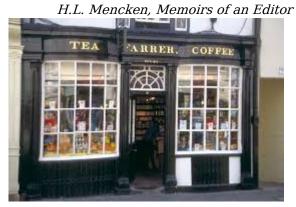
Trapping for Poetesses

by Con Chapman

In these days . . . so many ingenious traps for catching and hamstringing female poets have been invented that it is a rare editor who ever really sees one.



I set a snare before the door of a shoppe that brewed its coffee bitter. An Adrienne Rich-type took the bait, and scurried through where the deadfall hit her.

She was stunned, to say the least, her poetic gifts, for the time, suspended; her close-cropped hair couldn't go awry but her *derriere* was, of course, upended.



"Why'd you do that?" she finally asked when sense and sensibility returned. "Has a bounty been offered to those who trap a female poet, by passion burned?"

"Sorry," I said, "just doing my job, don't think of me as your natural predator. I was asked to capture all feral bardettes by an overworked, underpaid poetry editor."



"I assume," she said, "that you speak of a he, a man with a plan to bar feminine verse." "Uh, yeh," I replied, "it's an editing guy who decreed that distaff stuff's the worst."

"What about Dickinson, what about Moore?" What about Sappho, to give you one more? What about Edna St. Freaking Millay? I could name you so many you'd probably get bored."



"Sure, they're fine, each in her way," I danced in response, I practically *pavaned* her. "The problem is not just the poems in themselves, They're written on paper that's scented with lavender."