

Poem for the Poet

by Darryl Price

for Bill Yarrow

Poetry is a way of breathing
against the enemy's chest without
losing consciousness again. It
is a ghost dance. Poetry is to
be determined by the plight of bees.

Poetry is a waterfall on
a mailing list. I've never tasted
a finer whiskey than poetry.
Poetry is half immersed in mud
and water. Poetry's my dragon.

Poetry leaps to its feet and hails
Death's stealth riders as cowards and fools.
That's pretty cool. It emerges as
that unraveling feeling for the
new century of love. Poetry's no

military salute to speak of,
(Thank God for any human mischief!)
takes the guess work out of looking an
elephant in the eye by seeing
no citizen of the stars as a

mere foreigner. Poetry
has no government behind it dressed
all in black. Poetry's a pierced copper
small animal weather vane among
other presently punch-drunk things.

