

On reading the “Lives of the Poets” by Michael Schmidt

by Donal O'Flynn

And now its done! Five months read!
This book is batoning in my head.
Its eleven o'clock AM and hot as hell, even
the breeze, billowing nets through the sliding
screen adds sweat, cuts me down to size.

I will needs again to skinny, gangly truths.
Re-read and add new poems, poets.
Refer to slanted views and write anew, cool
commandments. Do now only what I'm unable to.

Amongst my own- The Schoolyard Scribblers, The
Whitehouse Poets, pretence and all Obhéal, some
poets I've heard truths recite, there is a beginning.
A working towards an end.

