Revenge poem for Sara, following her disparaging remarks about my unfamiliarity with the literary history of the East Coast

by Evan Winchester

In distant climes 'cross landlocked plains,
where history digs still-shallow roots,
From masonry a statue looms
And in her arms gay pigeons roost.

This home for wings despite the glance,
the stony hrumph that condescends--
It's Sara! But, immortalized in stone,
evincing sand-cast mastery of poem!

Robert Frost? You've never heard?
Come floating down the unsaid words
To smite the ears of passersby
Or clump and gather at her feet
as litter makes the autumn leaf.

This statue's sway had touched all nerves:
The B.F.F. of Robert Frost!

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/evan-winchester/revenge-poem-for-sara-following-her-disparaging-remarks-about-my-unfamiliarity-with-the-literary-history-of-the-east-coast»*
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Her fame shot up and down the coast;
She'd chilled with him and Dickinson

And at her feet a graven plaque
does in relief proffer the words
“He'd just as soon confuse R Frost
With Mr R Penn Warren.”

How personal! And how unjust!
The pigeons coo and tend their nests,
While I, her passerby, protest:
What slip of tongue or pen could warrant
Such un-tender, fickle treatment.

What Rhodes colossus is this, she?
Or should I say, Rhodes scholar?
As if the closer I'd approach,
The further she'd grow taller!

But now as sets the sun and pigeons stretch
Their wings and tuck for bed, one feature stands
Above the rest, more prominent than all,
Not of the statue but of him:
His penchant to exaggerate

Except of course where matters most:
In matters near, and matters true
(That is to say, of course, of *you)*
And so I'll gather at your feet,
As litter makes the autumn leaf.