

Deliberate Music

by Gary Hardaway

I can enjoy the linguistically lavish operations
wherein the poet makes deliberate music out of words:
the gaudy mysteries of Stevens,
the o'erwrought speeches of the Bard.

My emulations always fail. At heart,
I don't want bougainvillea nor blushing pilgrims
but knives and sharp tined pitchforks
piercing complacency with tidy slash and thrust

