

# This Poem Has No Title

*by* Iain James Robb

...Or perhaps it has;  
It depends which way you look at it.  
Perhaps the reader may cite laziness  
As my reason for not titling this  
Any other than I would have done  
As now, with such a title  
As it has, since for some reason  
I never gave it one.

“Alas”, you sigh, “You lie, your little poem has a title”;  
It's called ‘This Poem Has No Title’.  
This is true, but do observe  
That it is actually the poem's first ‘verse’  
(Meaning ‘line’, not meaning ‘stanza’).  
Do I presume to waste your time  
With such a trifling dissertation,  
On the nature of things existent  
In a state of frippery?

Do I presume to waste my own time here?  
Well, how can I presume to?  
One can't presume against one's self  
Except unconsciously:  
If someone knows not their own mind.  
I am not that kind of masochist,  
Or at least don't want to be one.  
“Whatever is the reason  
Mr Iain James Robb is doing this?”,  
I think I hear you question,  
If at least you do not groan.

Well, a word is a word is a word is a word:  
Things just require appellations  
As far as discourse or as art's concerned.  
Nothing living other  
Than our selves, or others' selves concerned  
In us, require a title.  
Nothing dead or not having  
Lived yet does;  
Both grass and dust, or bough or bird,  
Resist their appellations.  
Perhaps a poem can function just as those  
Without a purpose  
For semantics.  
I offer you this voiceless thing  
That you may take or turn it down.

Perhaps I lied and always meant  
The poem's first line  
To be its title.  
I shall leave you to be the judge of that  
Or whether I meant meaning,  
Since perhaps the thing is meaningless;  
I'll give a hint, it has a title,  
And I'll even offer hints at it  
If you look hard enough...

Those last three periods are the  
Clues you need;  
I need a cup of coffee soon.

