

# How?

*by sean m. poole*

The poet paused  
Pen poised in hand  
A wrinkle on his brow  
He'd but to rhyme the final verse  
The only problem  
How?

He'd wrote himself into a corner  
A tight unyielding place  
From which his sole escape relied  
On how he played his ace.

He had one up his sleeve, you see,  
And was not ashamed to use it  
But like any desperate poet man  
He was careful not to choose it  
Without first considering his options  
And rhyming each of those  
Hearing how they'd sound  
Before on paper he'd compose.

Blue moon in June  
A crooning loon  
Sang sweetly soft and low  
Come hear my dear  
Please do not fear  
The blackly feathered crow  
Though he is dark  
And foul of mind  
And eye-to-eye you glare  
You must not wither  
From his gaze

But return his baleful stare.

Then hearken to the trumpets' blare  
That sounds from towers high  
A wondrous bright uplifting song  
Upon whose notes you fly.

