

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.

