

# I Don't Understand Poets

*by* W. Scott Bowlin

The way they lay out their words in blocky formation  
that seems to give impact to certain phrases  
*Stanzas*, they say, and I don't understand  
how shifting a word to the beginning of a new  
sentence changes it  
But it does you see, and there is something  
to it that is subtle and in your face at the same  
time.

I haven't read many of them, these poets  
that they speak of — Whitman and his Leaves  
Of Grass, Mary Oliver and her wild life,  
I've never read Thoreau on purpose  
but I have read Bukowski and his search for  
The Word the Line the Way  
and Darryl Price because he's here

They cheat you see, with their iambic pentameter  
and sestina and free verse and haiku  
They find small ideas here  
in this beautiful world of  
ours and strip them down  
leaving off the flowing sentences  
and the finely crafted scenes that transition  
and somehow it still seems right and threatens  
to make you smile or, sometimes,  
Cry.