The Poets' Calavera

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The Poets’ Calavera

Nancy E. Wright

We enjambed, breaking
lines in places where nuance was rendered.
No consistency in our days
of feast and famine, in which we reveled in the least—
a perfect verb discovered, or a breakthrough
after we examined a punctuation mark for hours,
only to decide it was not needed. Were we?
The world usually responded, “Indeed!”
But little did they know how we agonized alone,
our solidarity only with others as ridiculous as we.
For who else would spend hours pondering Keats’
negative capability or flowery conceits?
Who else would devour a reader’s pondering and praise?

Even our obituary has poetic ways.
Each strophe numbers lines that make a twin prime,
the first an emirp, this one a palindrome.
Here in our spiritual home, we remain unshaken by reversal
from life to death . . . we’ll rise again,
for we connect earthly and divine.
We give you time.
We preempt your ridicule with our own parody.
Now if you see the grasses flutter,
as you trudge through your earthly clutter,
that flit signals our vitality We live forever through our poetry.