

another literary debate and another civilized bare knuckle brawl.

what is poetry...

is it the sacred.

is it some primitive speaking in tongues.

is it some animal caged in style and meter.

is it something that makes us noble.

is it something in the root cellars of memory.

is it something that requires renewed debate.

hoping to avoid the bloodshed of poets

i say let us settle on the idea

that it is not fiction

hoping someone will join me in a toast

before we run out of wine

or the audience leaves the room.

all the dangers that abound.

wf.h.

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