

## LEGACY OF PAST POETS

Poets die like everyone else--  
with one difference--  
they keep generating poems.  
Metered in other dimensions, implanted  
in living cells, fueled with comet tails.  
Waiting to be claimed and passed on.

You needn't be genetically related  
to inherit the treasures,  
to embrace and share the wealth.  
Some searching novice  
may stumble on Aiken's still warm premises  
and Eliot's promises, some conceived  
but never quite born. Waiting, not wasted.

All who grasp the gifts, the powers  
of Frost, Hughes, Brooks, Ciardi,  
will resonate, reflect the inner aura  
once worn unseen until transition freed  
the spectrum surrounding former flesh:  
sometimes visible in the dark  
of peoples' sleep,  
or on dawn's cusp before they wake.

Look deeper, young poet, higher, longer.  
Where the poems wait. You are the heir apparent.

-- Glenna Holloway