

TO THE MUSE OF LYRIC POETRY WHEREVER YOU ARE

If Erato is dead, likewise the rose
And tender symbolisms of the heart,
Then blame the pseudo poets hacking prose
Who never knew the higher forms of art.

The rappers, punkers, slam-freaks play a part;
Some audiences like their angry shows,
A stab at neo-chic. Could be it's smart
If Erato is dead, likewise the rose.

Some have no words of beauty or repose;
They live to overturn the apple cart
With acid verse and voice that overthrows
The tender symbolisms of the heart.

If strident modern minstrels try to chart
New ground with sleaze, or posture in the throes
Of repetition like an aging tart,
Then blame the pseudo poets hacking prose.

Instead of seeking what tradition knows,
Some writers glorify the poison dart,
Or borrow heavy-handed angst from those
Who never knew the higher forms of art.

While clumsy bards find buyers at the mart,
Spare us their bogus literary pose.
Give us another muse, another start,
Its root in ancient music as it grows...
 If Erato is dead...