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A LETTER FROM A MAN OF MANY LETTERS

by Glenn Holloway

Everything and anything
Has been said all ways anyway.
No thing is a new thing.
So why should I kowtow to modern dictum
And avoid roses and summer
And God and love
Or whatever things I love?
The subjects of peasants
Please other peasants.
(Take that any way you wish.)
Besides, what is more hackneyed than man
Himself, or worse,
What is more trite than
Yet another pedant poet?
At least my hair is short.