

MASTER POET DISMISSED AS MERE FABULIST

If this man's moving epics were a lie,
Time's tonnage would reveal the bogus pose.
No rhyme or metric foot could falsify
The jagged wedge of life this author chose.
The incunabula of all we know
Derives its breath from witness of the world.
No residential mortal here below
Could fabricate it; neither knit nor purled
Could fiction improvise such vivid facts.
What writer needs invention from himself
To dramatize real people and their acts?
It's he exposed upon the public shelf,
Fair game for book reviewers, pedants, worse:
Empirics crying "Not so!" --that's the curse.