

Metaphor

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Last night there was a knock on my door;
as I opened it, a metaphor
walked in and sat by the dying fire;
what do you want? I demanded; what's your business here?
I want to test, it said, if you're really a poet;
no problem, I whimpered, I take your bet;
tell me what I need to do;
you have to say who
I am;
and also, let me know if you know my name;
your name, I slowly began, is Metaphor;
and you're a trapdoor
that opens into a secret garden
where bubbles hasten to harden
before they melt into the air;
you're clever;
with these words the metaphor left through the door;
was it a dream? I'm not sure.

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No Compromise

The doors are all shut;
but
a small chink
lets in
noises from other shores;
what's more,
sunlight crawls in through the glass windows;
the whispers of meadows
play with moonlight
all night;
they've placed me under house arrest;
I don't write poetry about lofty things, they suggest;
what are lofty things:
gods, the flag fluttering in the wind?
I remain unrepentant
and like crazy Jane
have pitched the tent of my poetry
in all the joy and misery
of flesh and bone;
a true poet, they should know, never fears to stand alone.