

## 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.