

# Poetry

by  
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The  
words  
flow  
down  
then across, you see.  
Then just in time  
an inserted rhyme  
let's you know this is poetry.

The rhythm of the meter,  
the turning of a phrase,  
play with your emotions  
and help your spirits raise.

Words rise and fall like a breathing chest.  
Crest and trough, they have no rest.  
Message and meaning are at your behest  
when the wordsmith pointillist has given his best.  
The poet's cotillion, the sonneteer's fest  
beckons you to the doorway and makes you a guest.

Choose your poison, or a nectar sweet,  
for the bards of your choosing lay at your feet.  
Santayana and Shakespeare;  
Kilmer, Kipling, and Keats;  
Poe, Pope, and Potter;  
Austen and Yeats;  
Thomas and Tennyson  
and Thoreau, what a treat;  
Hayden, Hugo, and Homer;  
and the Twain shall you meet.

And don't forget Byron,  
and the call of the Wilde;  
Caedmon's calling you also  
and Frost brings a smile.

Longfellow with Revere did ride.  
Burns was at John Barleycorn's side.  
Dickinson's breast was fit for pearls.  
Milton lost paradise (that's John, not the Berle).

So many poems and so many rhymes,  
so many sonnets and so little time.  
Will you pick up a volume  
and read entire through?  
What's the value of poets?  
What's their words worth to you?