

# Poetry



Self-Portrait with Palette (Painter and Faun), Florine Stettheimer

What is it?

Why write or read it?

How: either?

Tropes, quantitative song,

Qualitative beats,

Emotion in tranquility,

Being not meaning,

Rhyme, free, blank, feet,

Rich, wrong,

Neither.

Here is the manic mystery.  
Humanity is language,  
Language humanity,  
That's all ye know on earth.  
Or need? Almost.  
Poetry elevates,  
Opens a portal into a person,  
One person who is all persons,  
Parts of the bigger Person.  
Whatever rises from the norm,  
Judge it as ye will,  
Even be it ill of form  
Remains a poem, though swill.

How's that?

Know that dogs write prose.  
Poochie urinates on a post.  
"I was here. This is me.  
You go somewhere else to pee."  
Does it get more eloquent?  
Yet, not poetry, he knows.

Only we are poets.  
Our 'counterfactual anthologies'  
Sifting through the point  
Unless they see  
Language as a gift,  
And only to *homo sapiens*,  
And, therefore,

Somewhere, somehow,  
Nod to the Giver.