

Ars Poetica

Some poems
serve spaghetti and meatballs
decorated with a
tasteful mayonnaise,
dressing that
for better or worse
tastes bigger
than the meal.

The poetry lover,
to others' horror,
downs dishes like that
and wonders why
others don't get it.
"It's an acquired taste,"
says the lover,
offering pickled milk
like it would help.

The enjambed lines
or slant rhymes
adorn ideas
with syllables
that make them taste better
or at least
add a little flavor,
an unexpected texture
like meatballs
in your mayonnaise.

The skilled poet
finds the right spice
to compliment both
the mayo and the pasta,
using ornaments
to serve the reader
something new
and worth consuming.
The good poet,
on the other hand,
uses marinara.