SILENT PROTEST

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Who is Moore to measure poets but a half?  
What sorrowful flaw mixes poetry with math?  
If it doesn’t mix in with the classical norm,

Nor embraces the free verse storm,   
Does it mean it has no place?   
Because it lacks a voice,   
Does it indeed lack a face?  
Is not the chef, with his frying   
and scraping,  
All the more godly for lack of verbal draping?  
Does not the painter’s brush, and its colorful use  
Speak only of beauty, and   
poetic truth?  
What of the writer and his all-encompassing prose;  
Does not his pen speak of unearthly joys and timeless woes?

If all beauty be found in the land of rhyme and verse,  
And all other marked paper, be but a dark hollow curse,  
Then why do I find the glorious sensation,  
Hidden deep inside the euphoric jubilation,  
That lives inside the shining   
white nation,  
Of a day’s honest work, and a nights fantastic creation?

