

(You ought to see the coins done in the Cos.)
His name is Omar. I as a Rhodes scholar
Pronounce it Homer with a Cockney rough".

"Freedom is slavery some poets tell us.
Enslave yourself to the right leader's truth,
Christ's or Karl Marx', and it will set you free.
Don't listen to their play of paradoxes.
The only certain freedom's in departure.
My son and I have tasted it and know.
We feel it in the moment we depart
As fly the atomic smithereens to nothing.
The problem for the King is just how strict
The lack of liberty, the squeeze of law
And discipline should be in school and state
To insure a jet departure of our going
Like a pip shot from 'twixt our pinching fingers."

"All this facility disheartens me.
Pardon my interruption; I'm unhappy.
I guess I'll have the headsman execute me
And press your father into being King."

"Don't let him fool you; he's a King already.
But though almost all wise, he makes mistakes.
I'm not a free verse singer. He was wrong there.
I claim to be no better than I am.
I write real verse in numbers, as they say.
I'm talking not free verse but blank verse now.
Regular verse springs from the strain of rhythm
Upon a meter, strict or loose iambic.
From that strain comes the expression strains of music.
The tune is not that meter, not that rhythm,
But a resultant that arises from them.
Tell them Iamb, Jehovah said, and meant it.
Free verse leaves out the meter and makes up
For the deficiency by church intoning.