

I met a poem

I met a poem the other day
It greeted me in stanzas gay
It shook my hand and asked my name
And did I think it looked like rain?

We walked and talked in friendly style
It seemed quite simple, lacking guile
Its meaning was quite plain to see
Its rhyme and rhythm light and free

But its final verses told
Ideas obscure in stanzas bold.
Absurd and crazy things it said
It seemed to me its sense had fled.

Just as we said goodbye, it changed
Absurd and crazy things it said.
Rhyme vanished, then rhythm
What did it mean?

I left it there and went my way
Yet it stayed with me all that day
Its mystery dense had me beguiled
The hunt for meaning drove me wild.

I turned to leave, disconcerted.
But it came with me, opaque and monstrous.

Then an epiphany.

It's with me still. Its words resound
And in my head go round and round
I cannot sleep for thinking through
Those words, which surely can't be true.

Shark teeth bit me hard.
I gasped and cried in heartsore shock

Took a moment to breathe

It ate me up, then spat me out
My sanity I start to doubt

And reexamined all we'd said
Leading to this inviolable moment.

And now I fiercely rue the day

And now I'm grateful for the day

I met that poem upon the way.