

Modern poems

It's out of fashion, out of time
to speak in stanzas, speak in rhyme.

Today the poets write in prose -
obscurity in overdose.

Hermetic phrases are sublime
and clarity's an evil crime.

Vulgarity in strange excess
create an infinite regress
of taboo-breaking word balloons
in isolating verse-cocoons.

This modern lyric is not whole
and communication's not the goal.

The poets shoot their shocking shells
and poems are like prison cells.

Oh modern times, you are so cruel-
I much prefer the older school
when beauty was still up to date
and poetry was more than great.

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