

Poetry Lesson

by Tom Frazier

for James Still (1906-2001)

Convocation of the end.
Point of no return
when poets to be
ride winged Pegasus
and read offerings
to the nine sisters
(verse extraordinaire,
in their minds at least)
and to other wannabes
or those afraid to try
but promise,
“When I get around to it.”

“You want to hear another reading?”
he asked.

“No,”
I answered.

“Then let’s go to the farm
and harvest some poems
all our own,”
he said.

And we did.