

In The Manner Of E. A. Robinson

*She may be seen when poets read
In prestige places such as Yale;
A lady in her fossil weeds,
Victorian-pale.*

*Her preference is the mature:
Gray-templed, formal and serene.
She is disturbed by the obscure
Or the obscene,*

*For Georgian yet is her milieu,
Nostalgic as her reticule;
The sneering snouts of our day
Are not her school.*

*So, Flora in her floral hat
Snubs "la Galette" again this season.
It's not genteel enough, and that
Is ample reason.*

inscription

*at times my
verses burn in
defiance of the
civilized*

*whoever has
heard bones
snap or voices
twist*

*knows
what
i
mean*

-- Hans Juergensen

Tampa, Florida