

Poetry As Social Exercise

excitement is outlawed
in this wooden room
lined with dustsealed books

the poets slither in
wriggling through an orgy
of mourning names names names

more than wine will take the night
a thunderbolt from Hopkins perhaps
or Crane's ghost on a narcotic binge

the poets slip away
the others sip tea from bone china
and remember to be gracious

--- Ottone M. Riccio
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