

Reply to the Daughter Hoarder

A reason for having your daughter?
The goddess of reason was a French dancing girl.
The politics of poetry are littered
With leftover fathers. The reasonable man
Doctrine of poetry guarantees
Wiggling ears at breakfast
For former daughters, for the sun
Through dormers warms over passion
Faster than fathers can slice metaphors.
Q.E.D.

Postscriptum to this particular appeal:

YOU OWE ME
At least thirty dirty emotions;
They come in pieces too --
For the years I had to hunt for her.

Furthermore.

She is unique, like the private school
You brought her up in, and we can
Live on those emotions
For what the Court of Love
Used to call minimum security,
Our hearts burning long after
The rest is ashes.

You Shall Have Flowers ...

For roses shall pave your thoroughfare
And birds of the air shall be
Your clock and give you care.
The birds that walk shall hop
For you and bear you berries.

The flowers, the fairies, the fields
Shall count their time for you
And tinker's bells tune
To tones of love. Your days
Shall follow the maps of your dreams
As arrow in course would
Or hand in glove.

Yes, the planets and stars alike!
Bearing rings, bearing filters
Strew rays on your way, strew
Their soft sheen and gilt.
For you the pickets of your fence
Shall take the charge to guard
And the heart of home follow
... Wherever You Go