

Where are the Eliots?
Where are the Pounds and the Yeats?
They've drowned in the watery, unreal world
that they created with god-like pen
and fevered brain.
Life is a word: harsh and often ugly
and bitter to the taste.
Life is the hypo hunting for a collapsed
vein,
and the search for a lost soul,
and living under the threat of ashes that turn
flesh to burnt sores --
and that's where your poetry is now --
how can you make an image out of that.

-- Robert Nelson Moore, Jr.

Normal, Illinois

Homage to Stephen Crane

A man, strangely attired in bright clothes and feathered hat,
Was stopped at the border by a guard who,
Consulting with some others,
Handed him over to the enemy army.

"I am an Imagist poet!"

The man in the bright clothes and feathers shouted.

"I know," said the guard,

"Your costume gives you away."

-- Robert Onopa

Honolulu, Hawaii