

Kate Britt

O POETS!

In the city the cool black poets, street and beat
poets; third world singers of poverty and filth;
the caged voice of prisoners; and village bohemians
that speak in erotic riddling tongue.

O poets of loneliness, poets of wistfulness, poets
that weep because they know they will die,
poets as sad as the twilit mimosa,
poets of suicide, poets lost in fear.

Gays oiling closet hinges with ink from leaky
ballpoints;
Feminists, didactic and political, but painfully
well-informed;
Sensationalists openly sexual, and Confessionalists
quietly trusting, like a lonely, confiding friend.

O poets that are shy, that whisper in the night,
eyes lightly closed; poets of verse florescent,
of lyrical laughing, instantaneous, profound; poets
eloquent as silver teardrops; poets who speak gold.

Surrealists as oblique as martinis of kerosene;
Experimentalists, sound and found prophets; Avant-
Gardists
Intelligent, and quite innovative; Conceptualists
revealing experience; visual bards of word carved
in stone.

O villages of poets, this poem is for you;
O families of poets, reading in unison;
O poets that nurture their art with maternal
dedication,
this energy, this isolation, this word slowly dying.



drawing by Peter Watson