

Sanford Pinsker

AMERICAN POETRY

As plain-talking as a Yankee trader,  
American poetry thumbed its nose  
At schoolmarms and "proper" English.  
Hung out on the streetcorners, spoiling  
For a fight or somebody's sister.  
And then, puffing out his chest, one of them said:  
"Let's move it, bub," all the way down  
That ever-expanding Open Road.

THE PATIENT, NOISELESS SPIDER INSIDE MY CAMPUS MAILBOX

Peering in, I dared not disturb  
All that patient, noiseless meditation,  
As it spun out filament upon filament  
Across the floor of my post office box.  
The way I figure it, Whitman must have sent  
Me a sample of his work and, in general,  
That has been my only delivery to date.