

**A.D. Winans**

**POEM FOR WHITMAN**

It is late afternoon at the beach and  
I think of you  
Walt Whitman  
Eyes squinting over notebook  
Poetic mechanic keeping the  
Words humming

Not like this new breed of poets  
Talking about cars and charge accounts  
Courting one another's funeral

Walt  
These poets would make  
You weep

They rob the grave  
For the right to that name

Singing to no one but  
Themselves

**R.W. French**

**WALT TO EZRA**

A pact, you say? A pact takes two,  
and why should I agree? You knew  
your craft, but not your soul.  
Detesting me, and fleeing your land,  
you fell to confusion and bitter rant  
until you sputtered, at last, to silence.  
—But let it be, O sullen son,  
and take my sustaining hand:  
in time's great space we two are one.