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My Poet

Pete Cooper
Western Michigan University

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Robert Frost Goes Somewhere He Has Never Travelled

Your silent eyes remind me of a wood
I've seen some distance off, but never could
Find time to enter: for your memory, dear,
Reminds me "Git fer home 'f ya know what's good!"

Your fragile power I respect and fear;
You, even more than snow, or leaves, or deer,
Or all the sweaty joy of chopping wood
Or mending wall, strike my poetic ear.

But just this once I've come to think I could
Slip out and pay a visit to that wood.
Enticed by bird-calls, quick I'll disappear;
But I'll be back, and after this be good.

Ogden Nash Chats with the Stone Cutters

What, besides not enough money, do you get for being a stone cutter?
Sooner or later (or sometime in between) it all wears away just as
if you had hacked away at cakes of scented soap or oleomargerine
or even better, butter.
Time and tide, wind and weather, and all that rot, will wear away the
fullback-shouldered letters you carved in the marble;
And even those proud presidential faces will eventually lose their
hard noses, and ultimately look pretty har'ble.
Also the poet, and even me too in spite of my being so clever,
Can't immortalize anything forever
(Even when I use exacting rhythms
To avoid abuse in critithithims).
Everything including death and taxes is going to the dogs slow or fast,
And maybe even the catchall canines themselves won't last.
Yet some of those carved characters who are stone-cold whether they
have any clothes on or not have been standing around or sitting
on their horses for quite a while, such as this British "Henge"
fellow, or Greece's statues, or Rome's,
And although they're rather painful to memorize for the dear Dr. So-
And-So, there are some pretty darned old pomes!

Pete Cooper