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The Academic Poet

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The Academic Poet

As a teacher (*List publications*), I
Walked with the warm wind (*View of nature*) of
Literature at my mouth (*See Freud*). My
Early (*Significant influence*) love

Affair (*Discuss at some length*) with the word
Left me (*Level of meaning*) with a keen
Respect for sounds (*Read Poe age ten*) unheard
And birds (*Consider in context*) unseen

By mortal eyes (*See Jung-Archetype*). Now
Hearing the call (*Vacancy in June*) to
Woo (*Faculty housing*) the Muse, I vow
Continued (*Tenure*) support for those who

Preach that poetry in the hands of fools
Can become the most dangerous of tools.

*U. Harold Males*

Words for a Deaf Ear

Armored in modesty,
You sense the watching eyes
And act accordingly.
Your eye seeks mine and, wise

Beyond your fears, you move
To take my arm and shape
Your lips to promise love
Which will, I know, but ape

That love your audience
Conceives. I hate this game
For what it is. Reticence
Or fear or sense of shame